

MARVEL

"Everything you can want from a super-hero-team book is here." — COMIC BOOK REVELATION

X-MEN



HOMECOMING

JED MACKAY RYAN STEGMAN JP MAYER MARTE GRACIA



HOMECOMING



THE ISLAND-NATION OF KRAKOA was a safe haven for all mutants. But now that it is no more, mutants find themselves once again displaced across the globe--and the fate of the X-Men has yet to be determined...



BORN WITH INCREDIBLE SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES, MUTANTS HAVE LONG BEEN PERSECUTED FOR THEIR DIFFERENCES. THE MUTANT HEROES KNOWN AS THE X-MEN WERE TRAINED BY PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER TO USE THEIR POWERS TO PROTECT THE WORLD THAT HATES AND FEARS THEM AND TO BRIDGE THE GROWING DIVIDE BETWEEN HUMANITY AND MUTANTKIND.

X-MEN

HOMECOMING

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MAGIK



JUGGERNAUT

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#1 2nd Printing Variant by RYAN STEGMAN, JP MAYER & MARTE GRACIA



"FIRE-BAPTIZED SPECIES"

**TWENTY MINUTES OUTSIDE
OF MERLE, ALASKA.**



WELL.

**X MONTHS
LATER.**



HERE
WE GO.



BZZZZZZZ

HELLO?

CHIEF
PAULA ROBBINS,
MERLE POLICE
DEPARTMENT.

OH! YES!
FANTASTIC!

I'M
HERE TO SEE
SCOTT SUMMERS.
HE SHOULD BE
EXPECTING
ME.

JUST
A MOMENT,
PLEASE.



K
A
C
H
U
N
K



HELLO! CHIEF
ROBBINS!

THANK YOU
FOR COMING!
COME IN,
PLEASE!

AH!



DON'T WORRY
ABOUT YOUR BOOTS.
WE'RE STILL WORKING
ON THIS AREA.

DR. HENRY
McCOY, BASE
DIRECTOR.

I'M
SORRY ABOUT
THAT, DR. McCOY.
THAT REACTION. IT'S
EMBARRASSING.

OH, THINK NOTHING
OF IT, CHIEF ROBBINS.
HETEROMORPHIC
GENETIC EXPRESSION
CAN OFTEN BE
STARTLING, AND I
AM QUITE USED TO
IT BY NOW.

CHUNK



MR. SUMMERS INVITED ME TO COME
AND SEE WHAT YOU ALL HAVE BEEN
DOING HERE. ONCE THE TOWN
CALMED DOWN AFTER, WELL,
YOU KNOW.

IS HE
AROUND?

AH.

WELL.

AS THE
COMMANDER OF
THE X-MEN, SCOTT
HAS HAD TO TAKE
THE TEAM INTO
THE FIELD.

SOUNDS
DANGEROUS.

SANTO MARCO.

"OH, I ASSURE
YOU, IT IS."

"BUT SCOTT SUMMERS IS
THE MOST GIFTED *COMBAT*
LEADER I'VE EVER KNOWN,
AND I WAS AN *AVENGER*."

YOU'RE @&%\$,
SUMMERS!

KRAK
KRAK

KRAK KRAK

KRAK
KRAK

KRAK

YOU'RE @&%\$,
AND I NEVER
SHOULD'VE JOINED
YOUR %\$#@&\$#
TEAM!

PLEASE,
QUENTIN. YOU'VE
DIED MORE TIMES
THAN ANY OTHER
MUTANT. YOU
SHOULD BE USED
TO THIS.

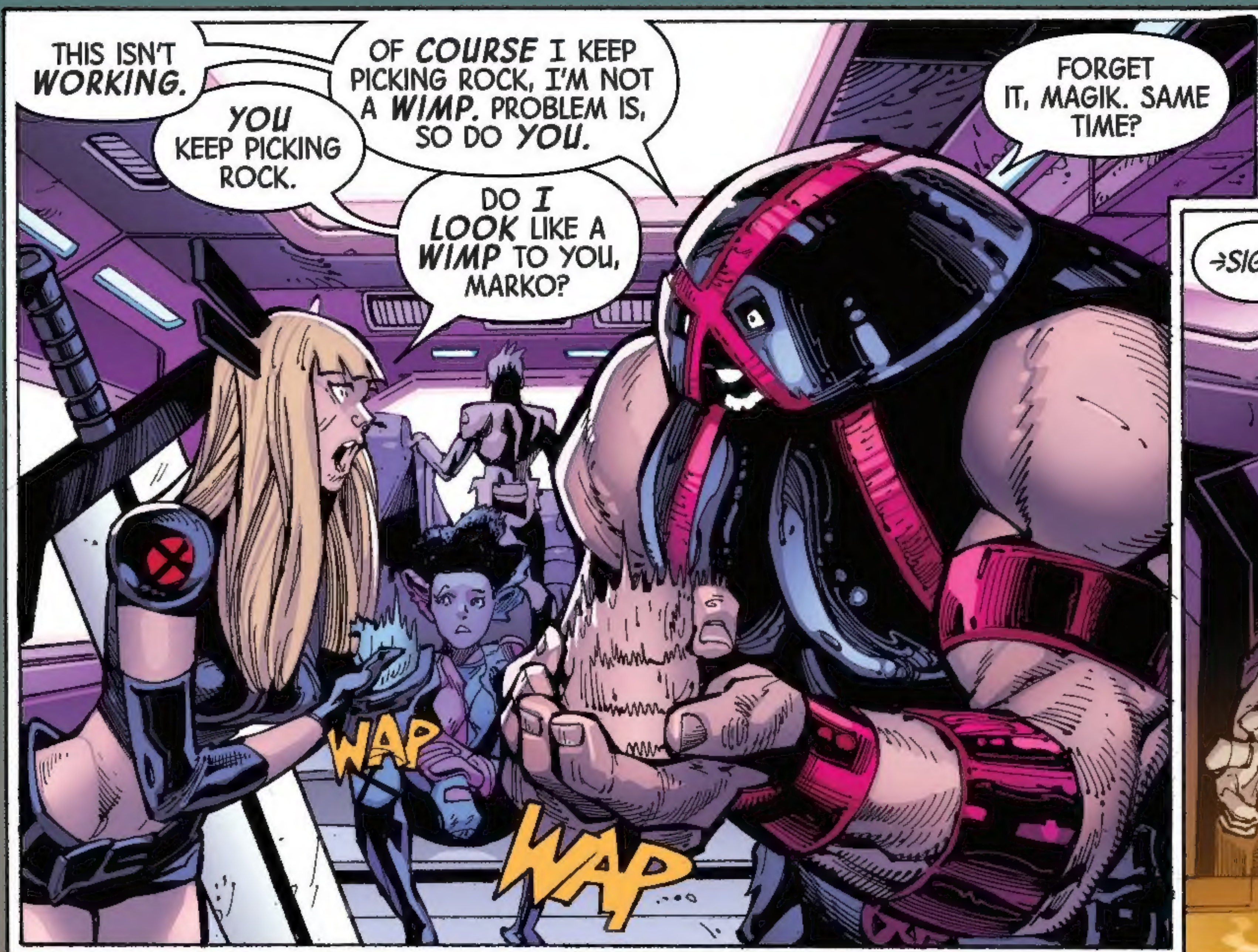
ASSAULT
TEAM!

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

X-MEN

"FIRE-BAPTIZED SPECIES"





THIS ISN'T WORKING.

YOU KEEP PICKING ROCK.

OF COURSE I KEEP PICKING ROCK, I'M NOT A WIMP. PROBLEM IS, SO DO YOU.

DO I LOOK LIKE A WIMP TO YOU, MARKO?

FORGET IT, MAGIK. SAME TIME?

WAP

WAP



→SIGH←

IT'S NOT AS GOOD AS FIRST, BUT IT BEATS LAST.

JUST TELEPORT US IN--I'M ITCHING FOR THE FIGHT.

I SAID, ASSAULT TEAM!



NOT REALLY A "TEAM" IF IT'S JUST TWO OF US.

PSSH.

TWO'S ALL WE NEED.

KTANG

PING

BLAM



EXECUTE PSYCHIC E.M.P. ON ALL DESIGNATED TARGETS ON MY MARK.

YEAH, YEAH, I'M WORKING ON IT.

YOU'RE AN OMEGA-LEVEL TELEPATH, QUENTIN. ACT LIKE IT.



"MARK."



MARAUDER'S AUTOPILOT IS ENGAGED.

WINDOW FOR A COMBAT LANDING IS GOING TO BE TIGHT, SO MOVE SWIFTLY.

ROGER THAT, PSYLOCKE.

TEMPER! SET US UP SOME COVER. QUENTIN, BOOT UP THE TELEPATHIC COMMS.



GOT IT.

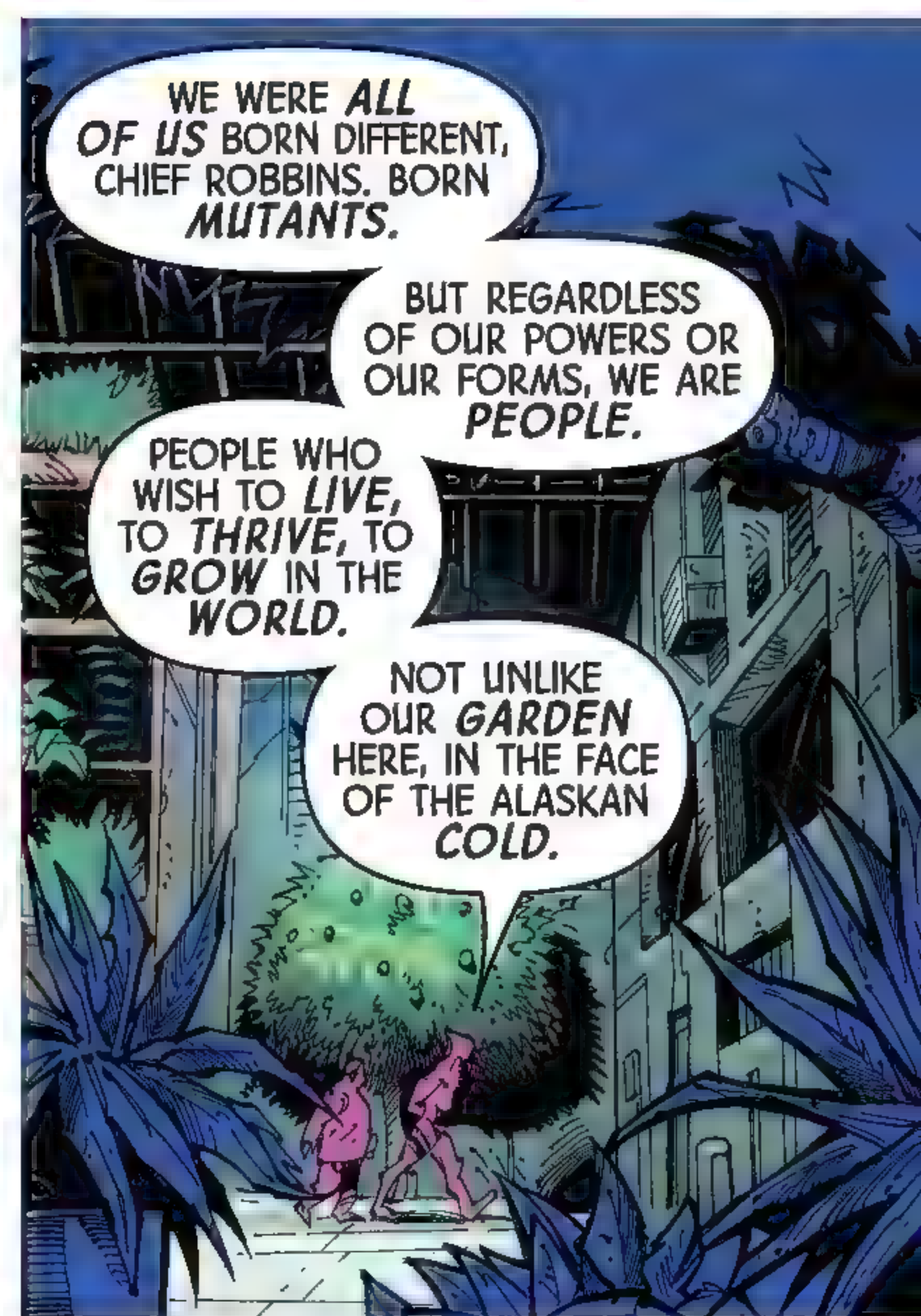
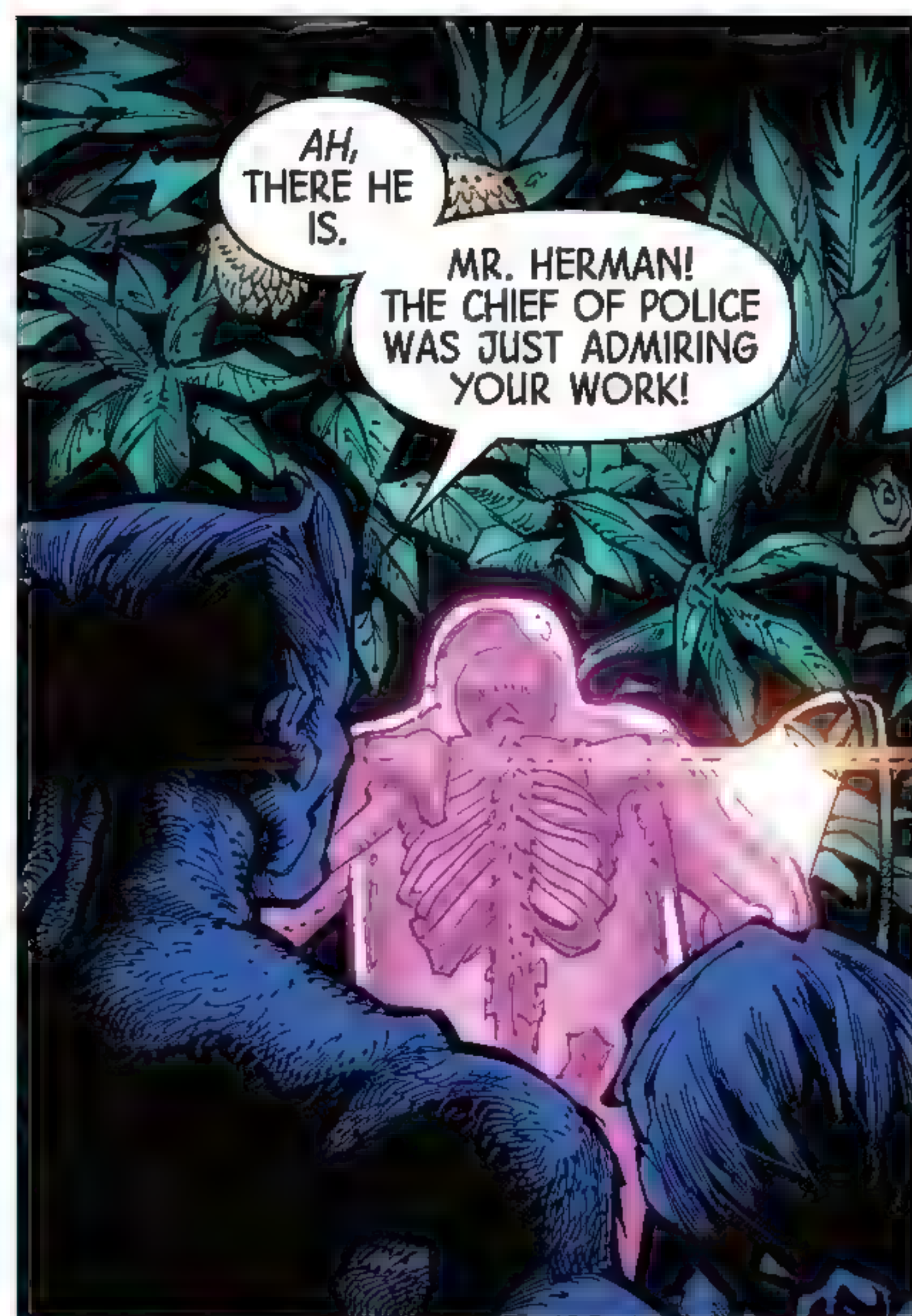
JUST HAVE TO PLAY WITH THE TEMPERATURES...



ANTI-AIR
DEFENSES ARE
DOWN.

OUTSTANDING.

LET'S GET
OUR PEOPLE,
X-MEN.





FRESH PRODUCE.
HUH.

THERE'S A LOT OF TALK IN TOWN ABOUT WHAT THE X-MEN ARE DOING IN THE FACTORY, DR. MCCOY.

YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND, THERE'RE SOME HARD FEELINGS. A LOT OF PEOPLE MADE THEIR LIVELIHOODS HERE, BEFORE THE PLANT SHUT DOWN.



YES, A SENTIMENT THAT WE ARE NOT UNAWARE OF.

IT'S NOT THAT WE'RE NOT GRATEFUL FOR WHAT YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE DID FOR THE TOWN. WE ARE.

IT'S JUST THAT TIMES HAVE BEEN HARD SINCE THE MANUFACTURING STOPPED AND THE JOBS WENT AWAY.



I SUPPOSE SO.

BUT I MUST SAY, CHIEF ROBBINS, "MANUFACTURING" IS A BIT OF DISINGENUOUS WORDPLAY, IS IT NOT?



THIS IS WHERE YOUR PEOPLE BUILT SENTINELS.

BOOOOM BOOOOM

I KNOW
THAT SOUND.

SHUT UP.

THAT'S THE
X-MEN.

THEY'RE
COMIN' FOR
ME.

AND
I WOULDN'T
WANNA BE
IN THEIR
WAY.

SHUT UP.
SHUT UP.

THERE'S NO
WAY THEY COULD
KNOW YOU'RE HERE.
WE **SCANNED** YOU
FOR TRANSPONDERS.
AND YOU'RE NOT
PSYCHIC.

HA!

I DON'T
GOT TO BE
PSYCHIC.

BUT JEAN GREY?
EMMA FROST, QUENTIN
QUIRE? CELESTE, ESME,
MINDEE, PHOEBE AND
SOPHIE CUCKOO?

I BEEN
THINKING PRETTY
LOUD, BUB.

BOOOOM

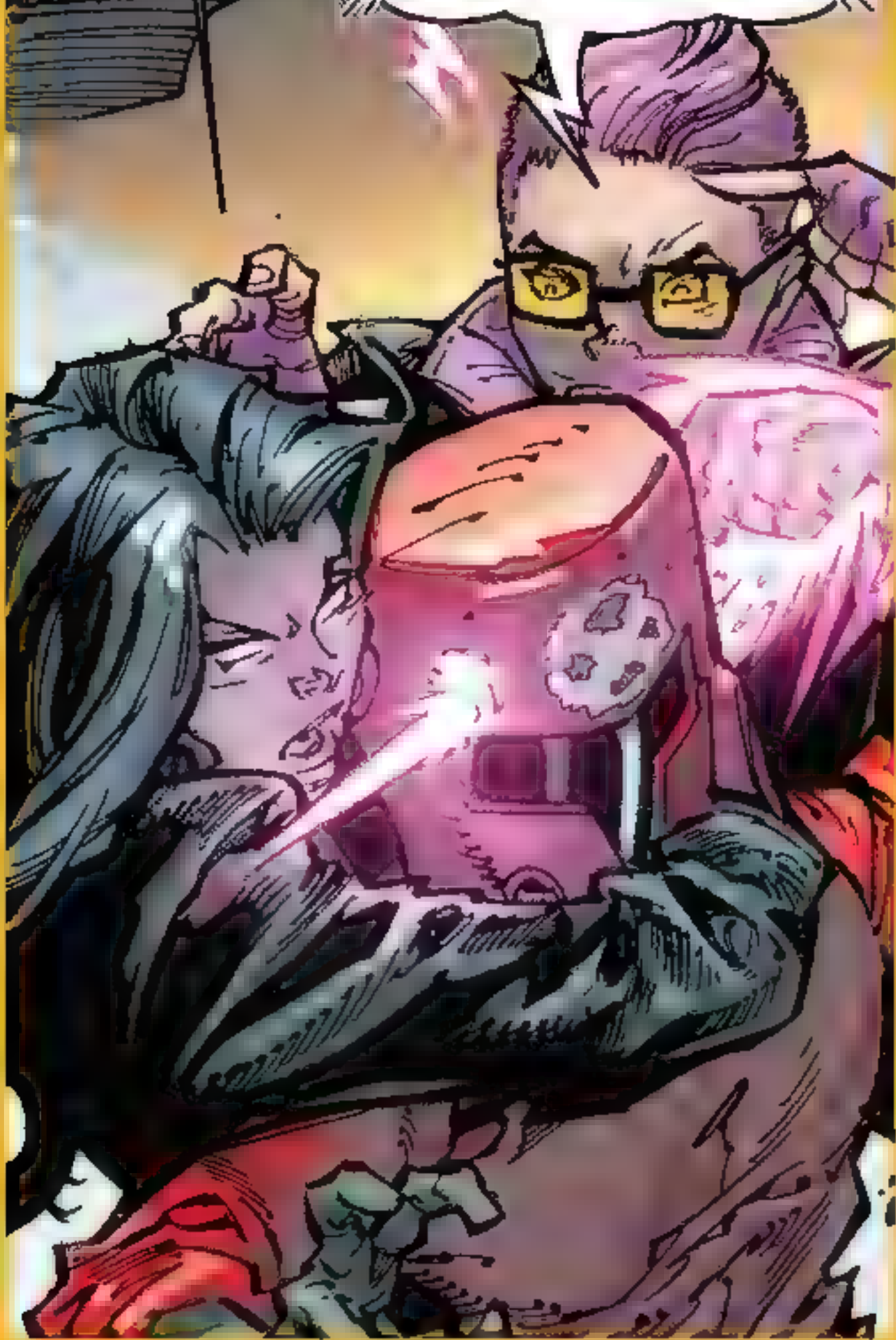
AND IT
SOUNDS LIKE
ONE OF THEM
HAD THEIR
EARS ON.

I'VE DUG THE DATA
FROM HIS HEAD WITH
MY PSI-KNIFE.

PULL IT FROM
MY SURFACE THOUGHTS.
DIVE ANY DEEPER AND
YOU DIE HERE.

FACILITY MAPS
COURTESY OF PSYLOCKE,
DUMPING THEM INTO THE
COMMON KNOWLEDGE
POOL.

HEY, ANYONE KNOW
WHY THESE ORCHIS
CLOWNS ARE WEARING
OUR X?



DID YOU
SERIOUSLY SLEEP
THROUGH **ANOTHER**
BRIEFING, Q?

IT'S LIKE THE
JEAN GREY
SCHOOL DAYS
ALL OVER
AGAIN.



LOOK, I USED
TO DO A LOT OF
KICK, OKAY?

MY MEMORY
ISN'T WHAT IT USED
TO BE.

KACHUNK



I'M
GOING FOR
LOGAN.

WE'LL
RENDEZVOUS
WHEN YOU FIND
OUR NEW
MUTANTS.

AND
SOMEONE
PLEASE CATCH
QUIRE UP.



ORCHIS REMNANT,
"FOURTH
SCHOOL."

AFTER THE
A.I. BETRAYED THE
HUMAN PARTS OF ORCHIS,
FOURTH SCHOOL SPREAD
LIKE CRAZY THROUGH
WHAT WAS LEFT.

A MISHMASH
OF ORCHIS SCIENCE-
PROPAGANDA AND HALF-
BAKED JOHN SUBLIME
U-MEN MEMES.





CAIN,
I WANT YOU TO
KNOW HOW PROUD
I AM OF YOU
RIGHT NOW.



TEACHER'S
PET.

BRAT.

VRRR
VRRR



FOURTH SCHOOL
BELIEVES THAT THE
"THIRD SPECIES" PREDICTED
BY JOHN SUBLIME IS
ACTUALLY A.I.--AND SO THEY
NEED TO BECOME THE
FOURTH SPECIES, A
MIX OF HUMAN, A.I.
AND MUTANT.

HA!

WHEN I
KICKED THE @#\$\$
OUT OF U-MEN AT THE
XAVIER SCHOOL, YOU WERE
ALL UP IN MY GRILL,
SUMMERS!

LOOK
AT US NOW!
I WIN!

THE GOOD
NEWS IS THAT
THEY NO LONGER
HATE US.

THE BAD
NEWS IS THAT THEY
WANT TO *BECOME* US
BY *CONSUMING*
US.

NEVER LET
IT BE SAID I
WON'T MEET YOU
HALFWAY,
QUENTIN.



AND SINCE
IT SEEMS TO
AMUSE YOU TO
HAVE ME REPEAT
THINGS YOU
ALREADY
KNOW:

THREE DAYS
AGO, WE PICKED
UP SIX NEW PINGS
VIA CEREBRO.

SIX
NEW MUTANTS.
HERE.



WOLVERINE
WAS IN THE AREA,
AND I ASKED HIM TO
INVESTIGATE. AND THEN WE
RECEIVED HIS PSYCHIC
DISTRESS CALL.



AND
NOW WE'RE
GETTING THEM
ALL BACK.



LOOK.

YOU'RE NOT
WRONG.

I DIDN'T
LIKE THAT THE **TOWN
INDUSTRY** WAS BUILDING
MURDER ROBOTS, AND A
LOT OF PEOPLE THOUGHT
THE SAME.

BUT NOW
I HAVE A TOWN WITH
A LOT OF FOLKS WITH NO
JOBS WHO HAD BEEN HOPING
THIS FACTORY WOULD OPEN
UP AGAIN SOMEDAY, WHICH
VERY OBVIOUSLY IS
NOT GOING TO
HAPPEN NOW.

FIRST, ORCHIS
AUTOMATED IT,
THEN THE AVENGERS
SMASHED IT AND NOW...



I UNDERSTAND,
CHIEF ROBBINS.

THE TOWN
OF MERLE AND
THE X-MEN ARE
NEIGHBORS.

YOU'RE
TRYING TO KEEP
THE **PEACE**. MILK,
SUGAR?



BOTH,
PLEASE,
DR. MCCOY. I'VE
GOT A SWEET
TOOTH, I'M
AFRAID.

AH! AS DO
I. HAD I KNOWN
YOU WERE COMING,
I'D HAVE MADE MY
FAMOUS BABKA.



YOU'LL
HAVE TO
COME BY THE
DINER IN TOWN
SOMETIME,
THEN.

THEY DO
A CHERRY
PIE THAT'LL STOP
YOU IN YOUR
TRACKS.

IT'S A
DATE!



SO.

YOU
GROW FOOD
AND RUN RESCUE
MISSIONS.

WHY **HERE**?
WHY **ALASKA**? BECAUSE
YOU SEEM LIKE A SMART GUY,
DR. MCCOY. THIS ISN'T THE
EASIEST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO
GROW FOOD AND TRAVEL FROM.

OUR AGRICULTURAL
ENDEAVORS ARE JUST
ONE PROJECT THAT
WE'RE PURSUING.

BUT THE
LONG AND THE SHORT
OF IT, CHIEF ROBBINS,
IS THAT WE'RE TRYING TO BUILD A
LIFE IN A PLACE THAT WAS
GOOD FOR NOTHING
BUT **DEATH**.

SENTINELS BUILT
HERE HAD A HAND
IN THE BURNING OF
MYKINES.

WE HAD AN
EDEN, CHIEF
ROBBINS.

ONE THAT
WAS **TAKEN**
FROM US.

AND SO NOW
WE MUST FIND OUR PLACE
IN THE WORLD ALL OVER AGAIN,
AND EVER HAVE **REFUGEES** HAD
TO SETTLE FOR THE **BROKEN**
AND **UNWANTED** PLACES
OF THE EARTH.



I'M...

I'M SORRY,
DOCTOR. I HADN'T
THOUGHT OF IT
THAT WAY.

THIS FACTORY
MUST BE A FAR CRY
FROM KRAKOA.



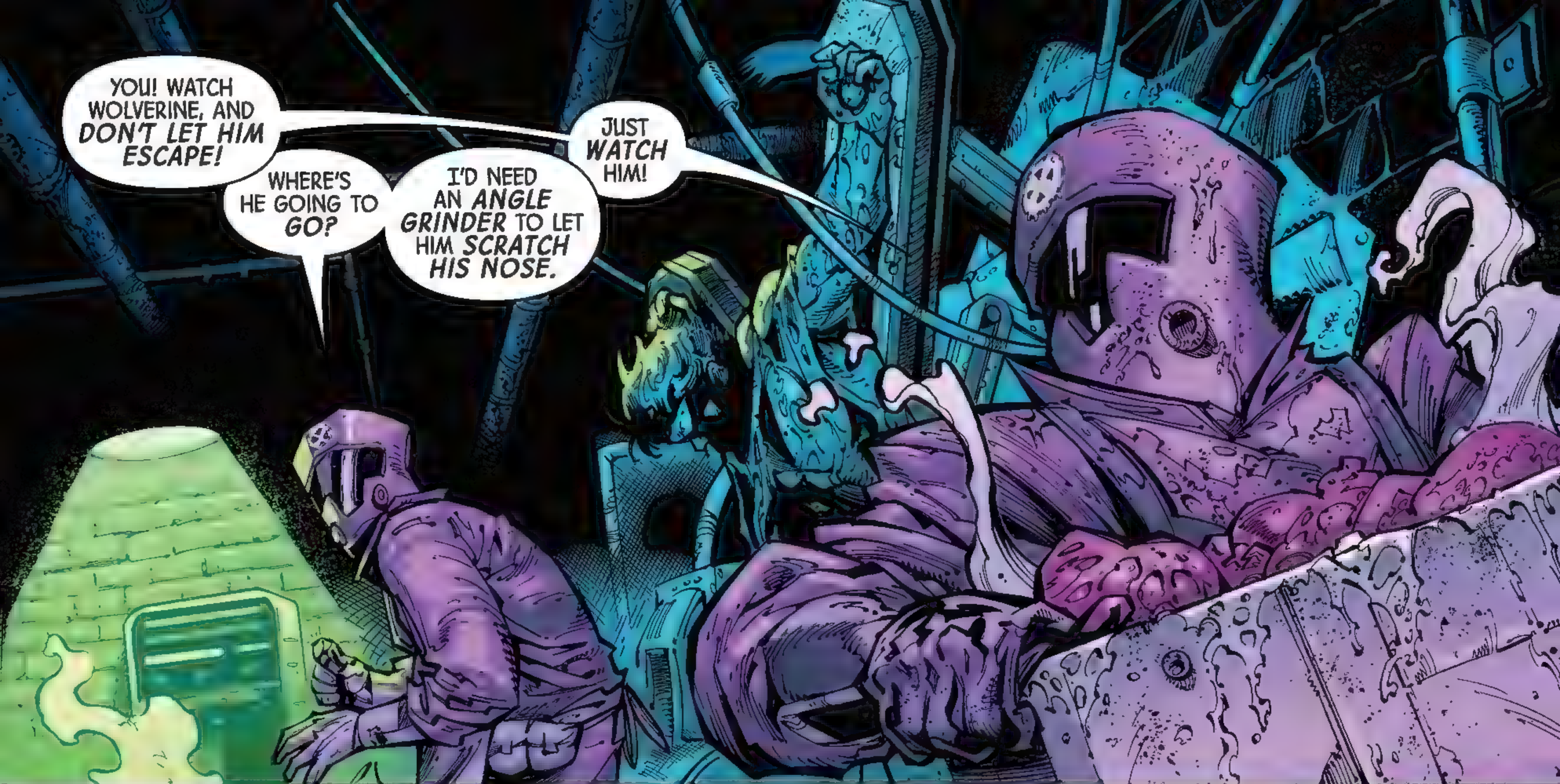
I WOULDN'T
KNOW.

EXCUSE
ME?

I'M AFRAID IT'S TERRIBLY COMPLICATED. TOO COMPLICATED
FOR THE EARLY MOMENTS OF WHAT I **HOPE** IS A
NEW FRIENDSHIP, AT ANY RATE.



I'LL LEAVE
IT AT, "FOR
MY SINS."



YOU! WATCH
WOLVERINE, AND
DON'T LET HIM
ESCAPE!

WHERE'S
HE GOING TO
GO?

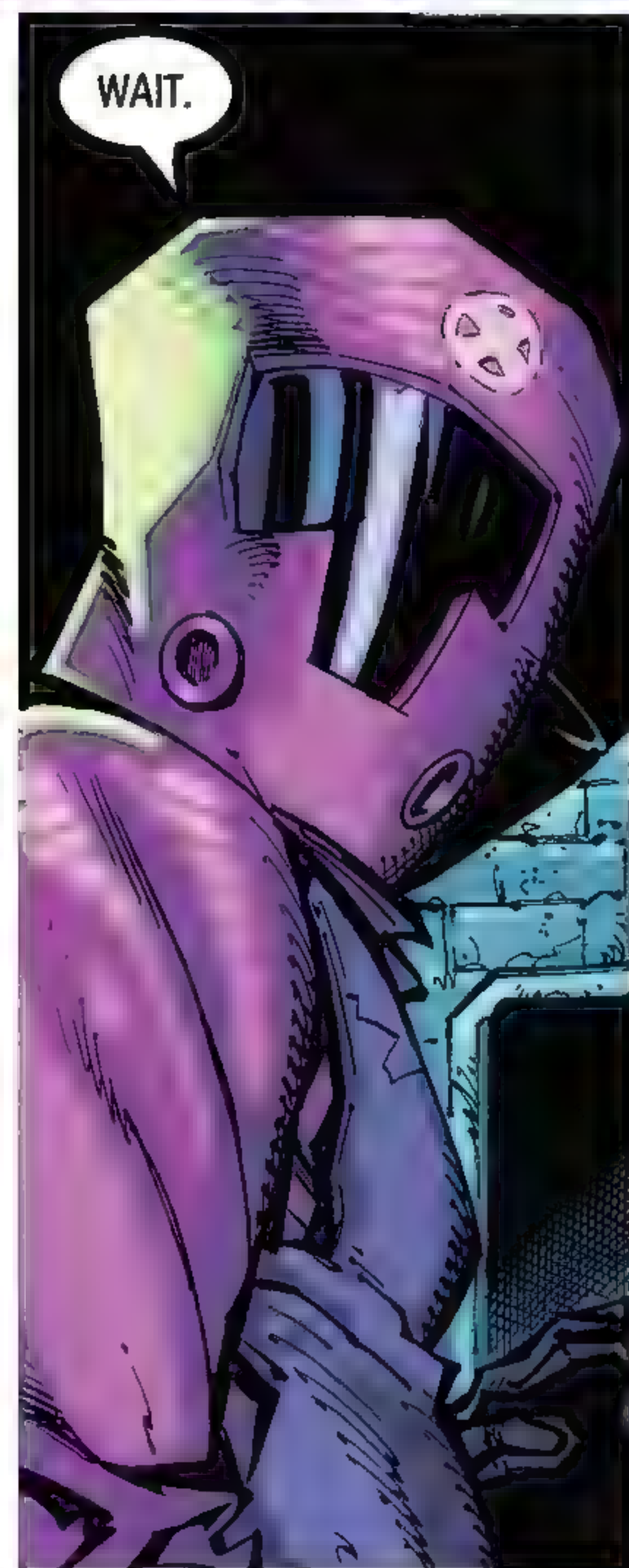
I'D NEED
AN **ANGLE**
GRINDER TO LET
HIM **SCRATCH**
HIS NOSE.

JUST
WATCH
HIM!



→SIGH←

WASNT
SUPPOSED
TO **BE** LIKE
THIS...



WAIT.



CHK

IS
SOMEONE...?



OH NO.



...PLAYING
THE GOOD LITTLE
SOLDIER?

HOW
MANY TIMES
HAVE *CYCLOPS* AND
THE *X-MEN* FAILED
YOU, IDIE?

WHY DO YOU
THINK I'M HERE,
QUENTIN?

I'M NOT
GOING TO LET
THE *X-MEN* FAIL
ANYONE
ELSE.

BESIDES, I DIDN'T
SEE MY EX-BOYFRIEND
COME TO MY RESCUE WHEN
THEY THREW ME INTO THE
PIT ON *KRAKOA*.

ERR...
WELL...



NO, YOU
WERE OFF DOING
WAR CRIMES WITH
X-FORCE--

IT WAS
COMPLICATED--

HEADS UP,
LOVEBIRDS!



HURR HURR,
TROUBLE IN
PARADISE?

SHUT
UP!



HE'S RIGHT,
IDIE.

I **DID** FAIL
YOU.

BUT YOU'RE
RIGHT TOO--
THAT'S WHY I ASKED
YOU TO BE ON
THIS TEAM.



LOOKS LIKE
THEY'VE RUN OUT
OF **ROBOTS** AND
RUN OUT OF
GUYS.



OUTSTANDING,
JUGGERNAUT.

WE NEED
TO FIND OUR
MUTANTS AND
MEET UP
WITH--

WITH
YOUR OLD PAL
LOGAN.



GOOD
TO SEE YOU,
SLIM.

AND
THE REST OF
YOU SORRY
MUTIES.

GIMME A
SECOND. MY
HEALIN' FACTOR'S
STILL KNITTIN' ME
BACK TOGETHER.



PSYCHIC
ALERT FROM THE
MARAUDER--BOMBERS
INBOUND.

LOCAL MILITARY.
SCAN FOR THE
NEW MUTANTS,
QUENTIN.

I'M
TRYING--

THERE'RE
NO KIDS **HERE**.
BUT THE **X-GENE**
ACTIVATES AT
PUBERTY...



...AND ALL
MY TELEPATHY'S
PICKING UP ARE
ADULTS.



--AND THIS IS OUR *HEALER*, MR. XORN.

PLEASUED TO MEET YOU.

A PLEASURE, CHIEF ROBBINS.

AND I MUST COMMEND YOU, YOU ARE TAKING MY *UNIQUE APPEARANCE* BETTER THAN MOST.

I'VE HAD A BIT OF PRACTICE LATELY.

I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO THINK THAT WE HETEROMORPHIC TYPES ARE *RESTRICTED* TO THE FACTORY, OF COURSE.

BUT XORN'S POWER IS TO HEAL, AND MY TRUE STRENGTH WAS NEVER MY MUTANT ABILITIES (FORMIDABLE AS THEY MIGHT BE).

AND THE SLIME KID?

GLOB? OH, HIS POWERS ARE *USELESS*.

WE ARE FREE TO PURSUE OUR INTERESTS, WHILE OUR MORE MARTIAL BRETHREN ACT IN A MORE...*KINETIC* DIRECTION.

THE X-MEN ARE NOT *HIDING* OUR *MONSTERS*, WHATEVER YOU MIGHT THINK.

ARE YOU QUITE *CERTAIN* ABOUT THAT, HENRY?

BUT THEN,
PERHAPS OUR
GREATEST MONSTERS
APPEAR NOT SO
DIFFERENT FROM
THE HUMANS?



HELLO,
MAX.

I WAS
JUST SHOWING
THE CHIEF OF POLICE
OUR LITTLE
OPERATION.

MAGNETO.



SHE'S
GOING FOR HER
GUN.

WHY *IS*
THAT, DO YOU
THINK?

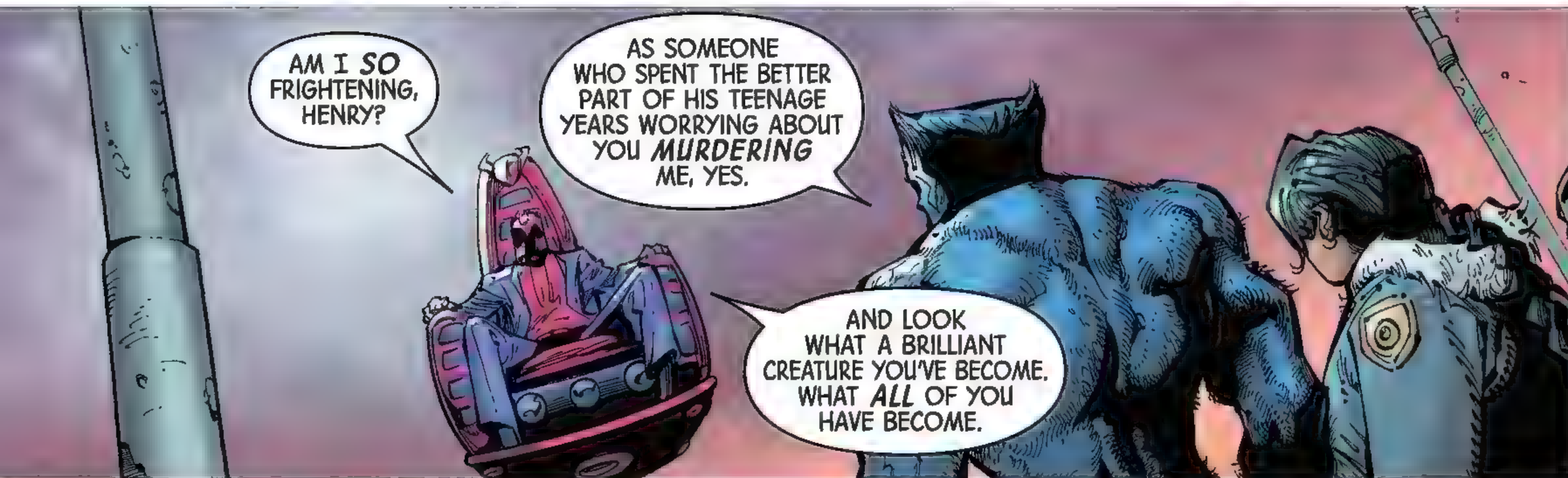


BECAUSE **YOU**
ARE SCARING
HER, MAX.

AS
WAS YOUR
INTENT.

IF I DIDN'T
KNOW BETTER,
I WOULD SAY THAT
PROVOCATION
WAS YOUR MUTANT
GIFT.

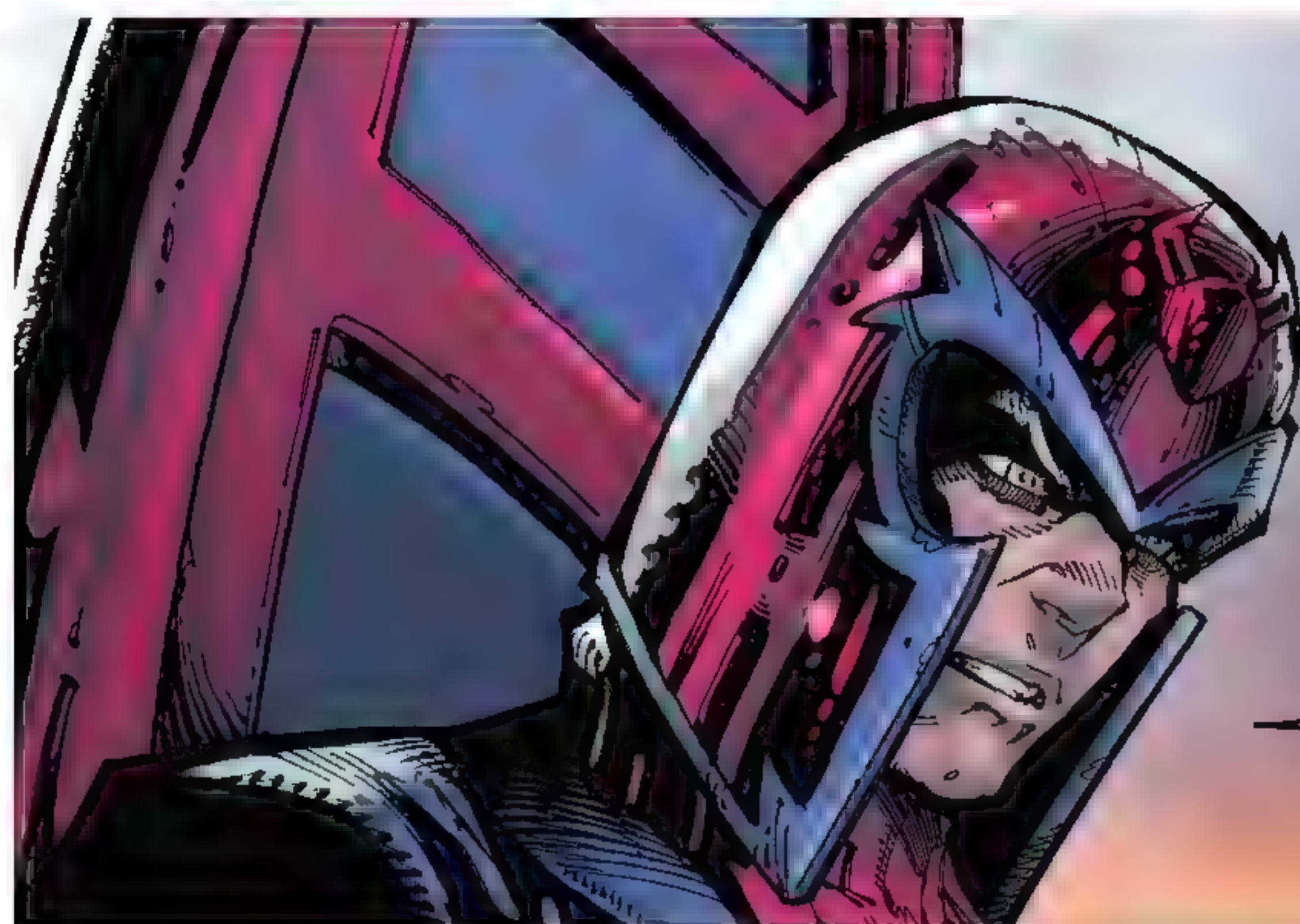




AM I SO FRIGHTENING, HENRY?

AS SOMEONE WHO SPENT THE BETTER PART OF HIS TEENAGE YEARS WORRYING ABOUT YOU **MURDERING** ME, YES.

AND LOOK WHAT A BRILLIANT CREATURE YOU'VE BECOME. WHAT **ALL** OF YOU HAVE BECOME.



IT WAS **FEAR** OF ME THAT **HONED** SCOTT INTO A LEADER. THAT MADE **JEAN** STRONG ENOUGH TO WIELD COSMIC POWER, GAVE **WARREN** THE STRENGTH TO SURVIVE **APOCALYPSE**, GAVE **ROBERT** THE STRENGTH TO DISCOVER HIS OMEGA POTENTIAL. **CHARLES** GAVE YOU STEEL, BUT I **TEMPERED** IT.

I UNDERSTAND METAL VERY WELL, HANK. AND I UNDERSTAND **METTLE**.

I **WAS** WHAT YOU **NEEDED** ME TO BE.

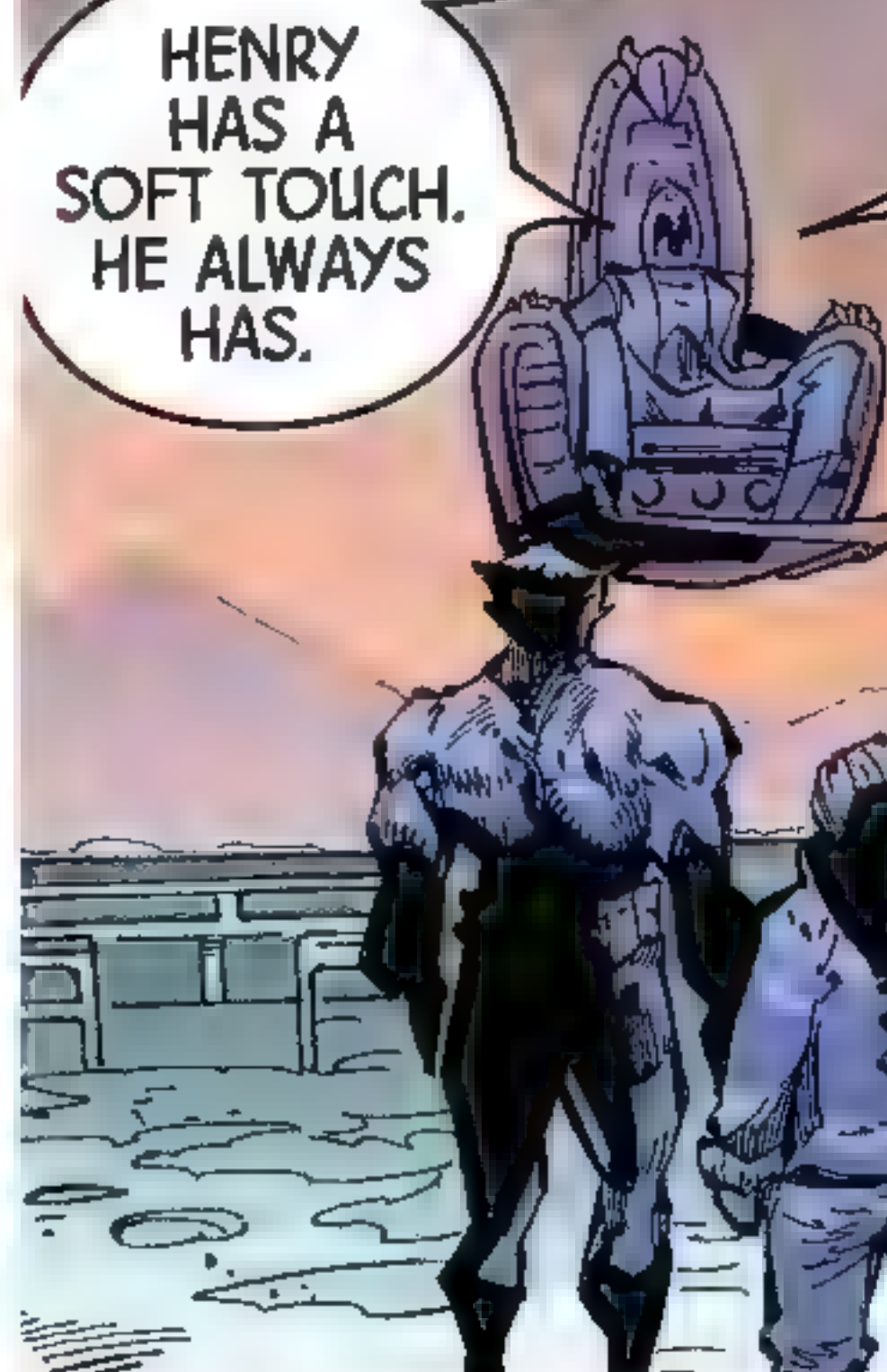


AND WHAT DO THEY NEED YOU TO BE **NOW**?

NOW? NOW I AM THE **DRAGON**.

HENRY HAS A SOFT TOUCH. HE ALWAYS HAS.

HE MAKES YOU TEA, HE SHOWS YOU HERMAN'S GARDENS, XORN'S HEALING. HE PUTS YOU AT EASE. HE WANTS YOU TO GO AND TELL ALL THE OTHER HUMANS THAT WE ARE FRIENDLY, THAT THEY HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.



I AM HERE SO THAT YOU CAN TELL THEM **MY** SIDE.

I AM MAGNETO. I HAVE **NEVER** BEEN FRIENDLY, AND I **AM** TO BE FEARED.

THESE ARE **MY** CHILDREN OF THE ATOM, AND THEY WILL BE **ALLOWED** TO THRIVE.



PSYCHICS!

WHAT ARE
WE LOOKING
AT?

CEREBRO
PSI-SIGNATURES
MATCH!
THEY'RE--

--THEY'RE THE
MUTANTS! THE
ONES WE CAME
HERE FOR!



IMPOSSIBLE--

--SIX
X-GENES
ACTIVATING ALL
AT ONCE? IN
ADULTS?

--tooslowoldman--



SCANNING--

WHAT? THEY'RE
NOT FRANKENSTEIN
GRAFT-JOBS, THEY'RE
REAL MUTANTS!

WAIT--

SOMETHING'S
EATING MY
THOUGHTS!



WHO
ACTIVATES AS AN
ADULT?

WE DO,
X-MAN.

THE GAME'S
CHANGED.



...URGH...

...SO
WHERE ARE
WE...

...ON
SAVING
THEM?

KPK

KPK

KPK



LISTEN TO
ME. YOU KNOW
WHO I AM. YOU
KNOW WHO
WE ARE.

IF YOU
SIX ARE *MUTANTS*,
WE HAVE MORE REASON
TO BE *FRIENDS* THAN
ENEMIES.

WE DON'T
NEED TO
FIGHT.

OH,
I DON'T
KNOW.

I THINK
WE DO.



I DON'T
THINK THEY'RE
LISTENING,
CYCLOPS--



TOO
LATE.



YEARRRGHH!



THIS FOURTH SCHOOL CELL WAS A PAPER TIGER. BUT WE LUCKED OUT ON THE GENETIC MATERIAL THEY HAD TO OFFER. LOOK AT THEM, BABY. SIX VIABLES.

3K HASN'T HAD SUCH A STRING OF SUCCESS SINCE WE BEGAN THE GREAT WORK.

HM.

CAN THEY DEFEAT THE X-MEN, MOTHER?



IF YOU DON'T SETTLE DOWN, I WILL BOIL YOU!

YOWCH!

"NO."



"THEY WERE ALL SPIES AND TERRORISTS...BUT THEY ARE TOO NEW IN THEIR POWER."

"ALREADY THE X-MEN ARE TURNING THE TABLES ON THEM."



"BUT SINCE FOURTH SCHOOL RENEGED ON OUR PAYMENT--WOLVERINE--I'M INCLINED TO REPOSSESS THE PRODUCTS OF ALL OUR HARD WORK."

"LET'S SEE WHAT
WE CAN MAKE OF
THESE MUTANTS."



THE FACTORY.



...AND FOR WHAT?



"FOR WHAT?"

FOR US, LOGAN. FOR OUR PEOPLE.

SLIM...

...DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED OF LOSING THE CIVILIZATION GAME?

BECAUSE... BECAUSE AFTER KRAKOA, AFTER THE WAY THE WORLD'S TURNED ON US AGAIN...

...I'M DONE.

I CAN'T DO IT ANYMORE. I CAN'T BUILD FROM THE BEGINNING AGAIN.



YOU CAN'T--

WOLVERINE CAN'T GIVE UP--

I AIN'T GIVING UP.

OR MAYBE I AM. MAYBE I'M GIVING UP THE PARTS THAT DON'T WORK.

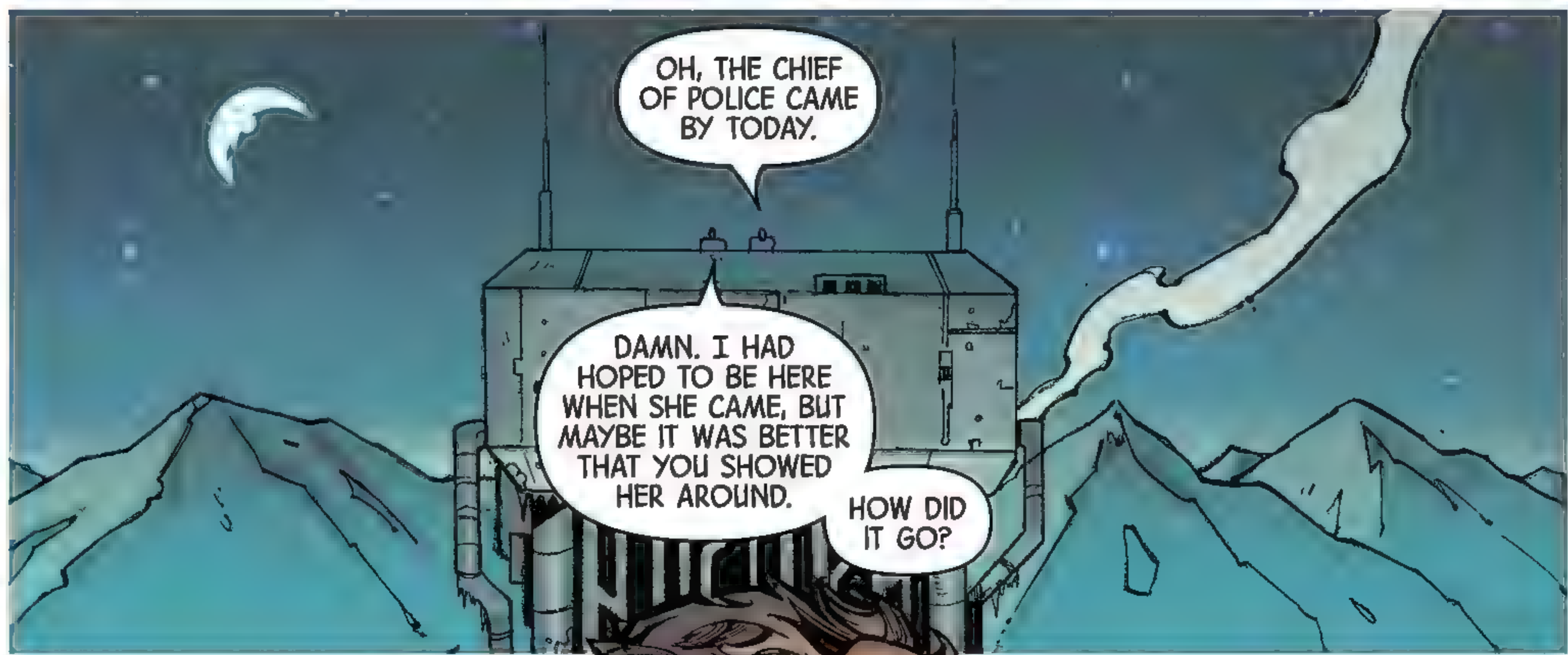
MAYBE I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE WOODS.

THAT LIFE, I UNDERSTOOD.

DON'T COME LOOKING FOR ME, SLIM.







OH, THE CHIEF OF POLICE CAME BY TODAY.

DAMN. I HAD HOPED TO BE HERE WHEN SHE CAME, BUT MAYBE IT WAS BETTER THAT YOU SHOWED HER AROUND.

HOW DID IT GO?



OH, YOU KNOW.

I DID AN EXTRAORDINARY JOB OF PUTTING HER AT EASE, AND THEN MAX WENT AND DID WHAT HE DOES.

HM. HOW DID YOU HANDLE IT?

I DID MY BEST. ALL TOLD, I THINK SHE LEFT **MOSTLY** FAVORABLY INCLINED TOWARD US.



GOOD.

WE'LL **NEED** HER. WE'RE VULNERABLE HERE UNTIL WE NORMALIZE RELATIONS WITH THE TOWN.



SPEAKING OF THE TOWN, I'M READY TO START STRIPPING THAT THING FOR PARTS IF YOU CAN LEND ME CAIN, ILLYANA AND QUENTIN.



NO. NOT JUST YET.

"I WANT TO BE
SURE THEY DON'T
FORGET WHAT
THEY **OWE** US."



THE ZEALOT.

--WHAT
I SAID.

FOURTH
SCHOOL IS
A WASTE OF
OUR TIME AND
RESOURCES.

THE GREAT
WORK WILL NOT
BE ACCOMPLISHED
WITH ALLIES SUCH
AS *THESE*.

THE DOCTOR.

POLITICALLY?
MILITARILY? I AGREE
COMPLETELY.

BUT WE
NETTED *SIX*
VIABLES FROM
THE SUBJECTS
THEY OFFERED.

CALL IT
LUCK IF YOU WANT,
BUT *3K* HAS BENEFITED
FROM OUR RELATIONSHIP
WITH FOURTH
SCHOOL.

WHICH MEANS
THE *GREAT WORK*
HAS BENEFITED.

THE MEANS.

THE "GREAT
WORK" IS *NOT*
BENEFITING FROM
INTERFERENCE.

THESE *X-MEN*
NEED *HANDLING*,
SOONER RATHER
THAN LATER.

THE CHAIRMAN.

PATIENCE.

WE ARE
CONSTRUCTING
A *MAGNUM OPUS*,
PREPARING A *CRUCIBLE*
FROM WHICH A *WHOLE*
NEW WORLD WILL
BE BORN.

A *GREAT*
WORK IS NEVER A
QUICK ONE.

3K.

AND OUR
WORK IS GREAT
INDEED.



SAN FRANCISCO.

THEY'RE
COMING.

THEY'RE
COMING BACK.
COMING BACK
FOR ME.

BEN?



BEN, IT'S KEITH, THE
SOCIAL WORKER,
REMEMBER?

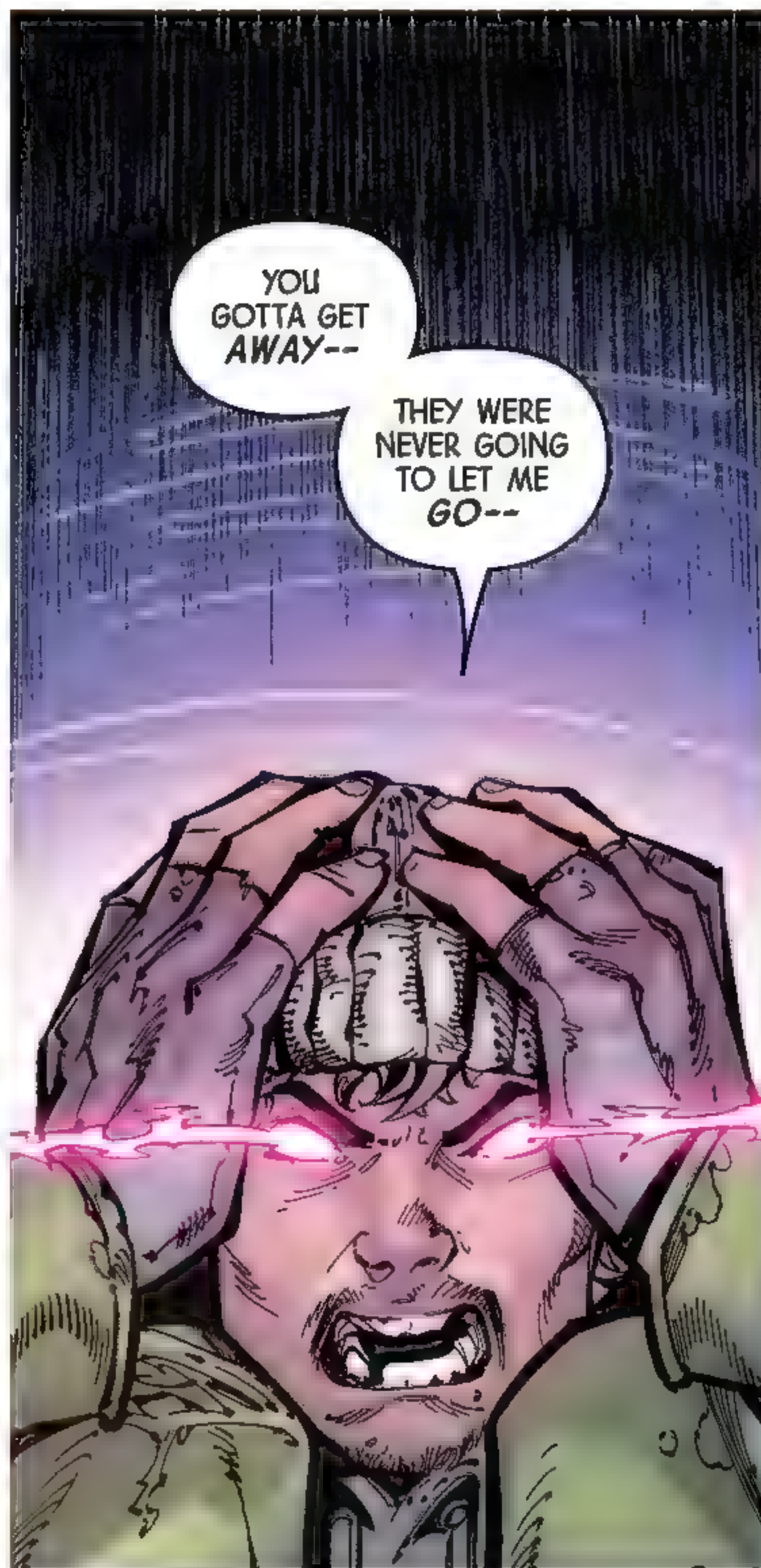
WHO'S
COMING BACK?
HAS SOMEONE
BEEN HASSLING
YOU?

WAIT, WHAT'S
HAPPENING---



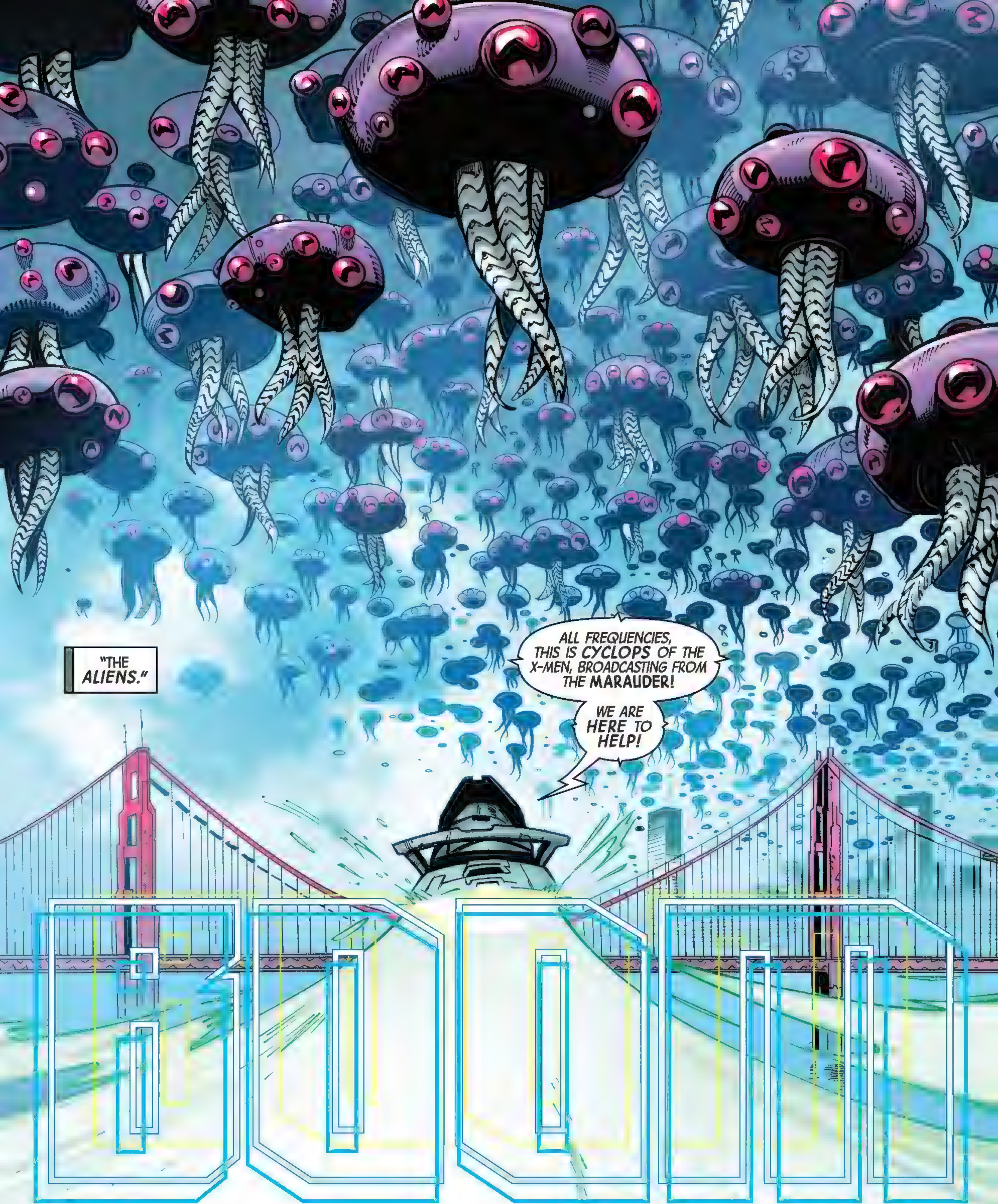
YOU
GOTTA GET
AWAY--

THEY WERE
NEVER GOING
TO LET ME
GO--



THEY'VE
COME TO TAKE
ME BACK.





MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS

X-MEN "INVASION"



"HERE TO HELP"?

GOD, SUMMERS. BLOW THEM KISSES, WHY DON'T YOU.

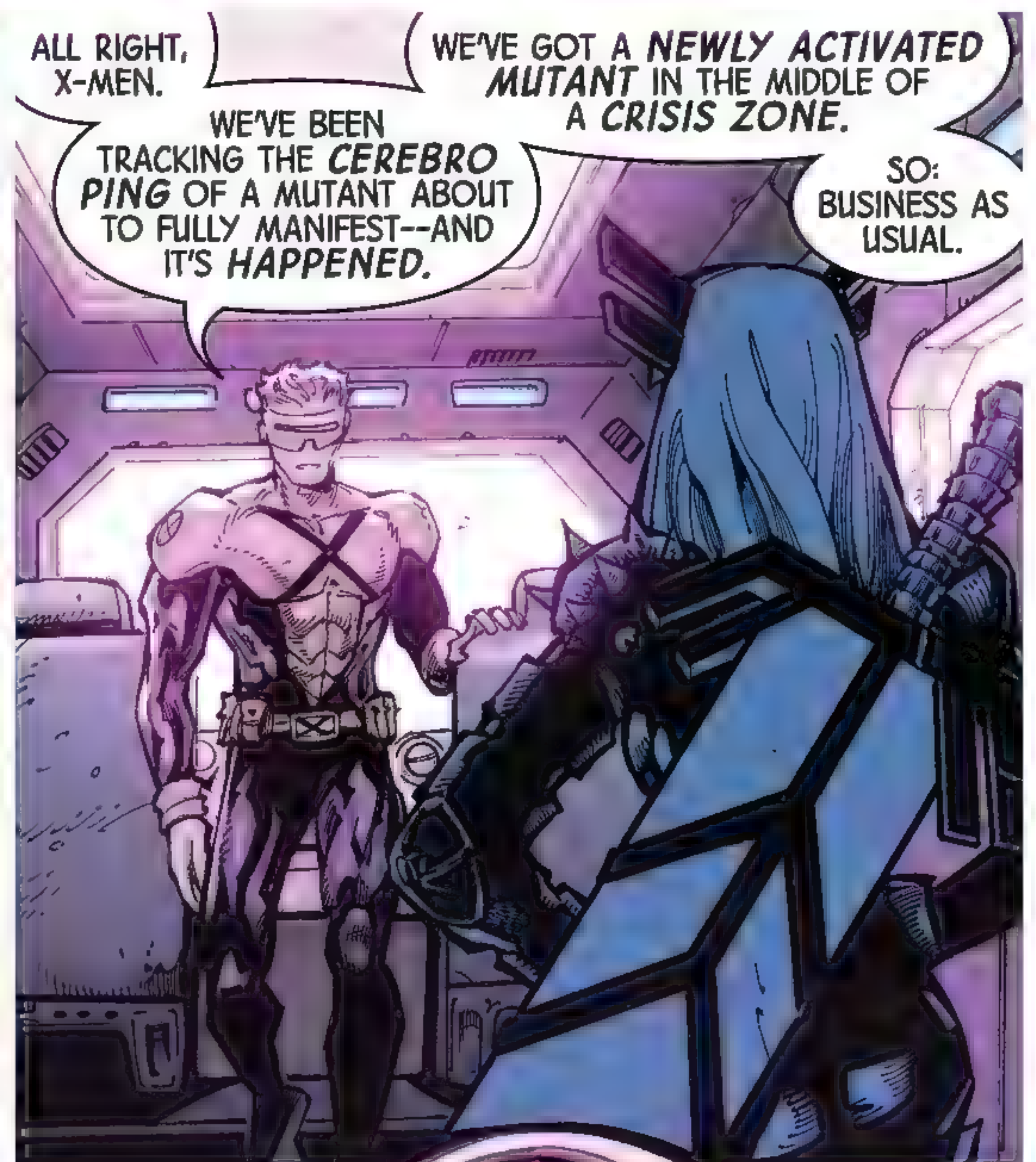
IF I TOLD THEM WHY WE WERE REALLY HERE--TRACKING AN X-GENE ACTIVATION FLARE WHILE AN ALIEN INVASION IS GOING ON--THEY MIGHT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS.



ILLYANA, STATUS?

WELL, INTERFACING WITH THE X-DRIVE FEELS WEIRD, BUT WE JUMPED THE MARAUDER THREE THOUSAND MILES, SO I SUPPOSE WE CAN CALL IT A WIN.

OUTSTANDING.



ALL RIGHT, X-MEN.

WE'VE BEEN TRACKING THE CEREPRO PING OF A MUTANT ABOUT TO FULLY MANIFEST--AND IT'S HAPPENED.

WE'VE GOT A NEWLY ACTIVATED MUTANT IN THE MIDDLE OF A CRISIS ZONE.

SO: BUSINESS AS USUAL.



THE MUTANT IS OUR PRIMARY OBJECTIVE, BUT WE'RE NOT GOING TO IGNORE THE ALIENS--SAN FRANCISCO HAS BEEN GOOD TO THE X-MEN. REMEMBER THE **IRON NIGHT**--HELPING HUMANS MAKES OUR LIVES EASIER.

MAGIK, PSYLOCKE, YOU'RE WITH ME. WE'RE ON THE GROUND, SECURING THE MUTANT.

TEMPER, JUGGERNAUT AND QUENTIN, YOU'RE ON ALIEN DUTY. TRY TO KEEP PROPERTY DAMAGE TO A MINIMUM.

IT'S KID OMEGA, SUMMERS.

YOU KNOW I HATE CALLING YOU THAT.

WHICH IS WHY I INSIST.



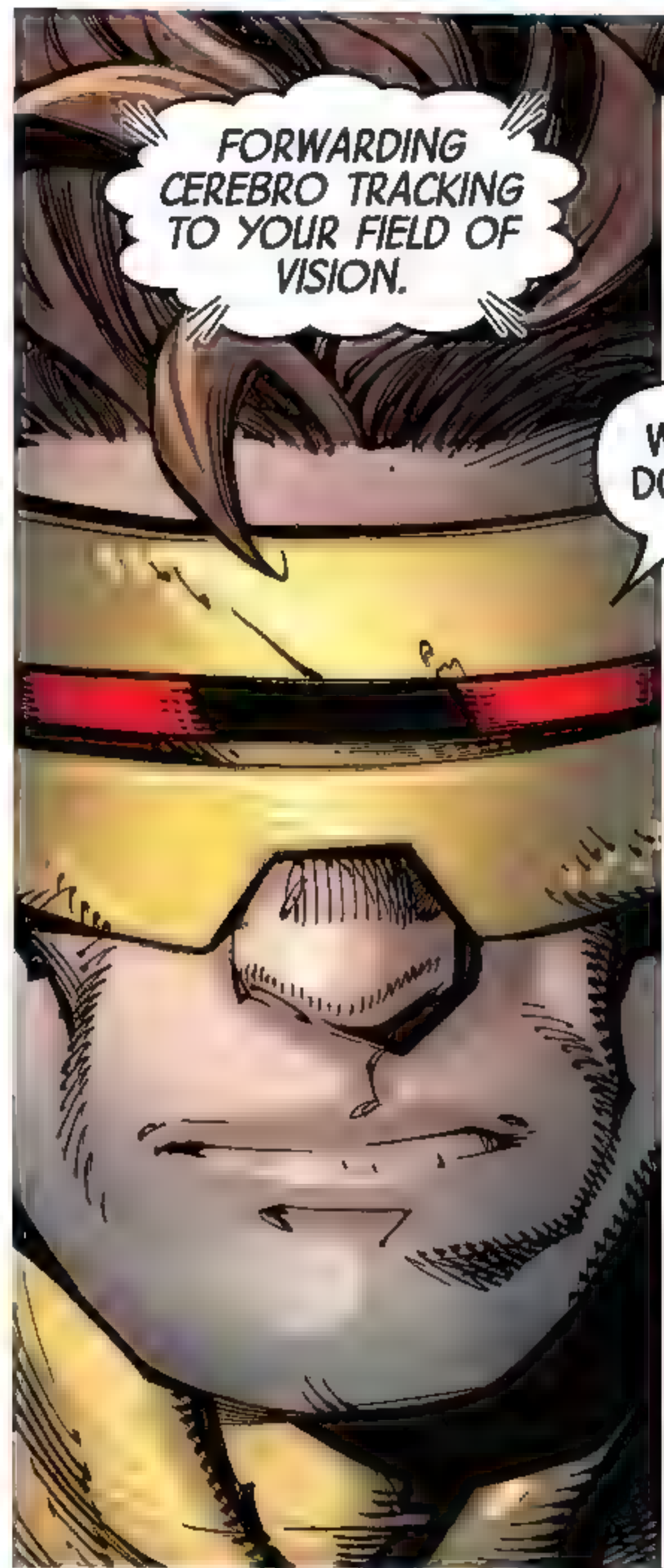


QUENTIN,
PSYCHIC
COMMS.

AHEM.

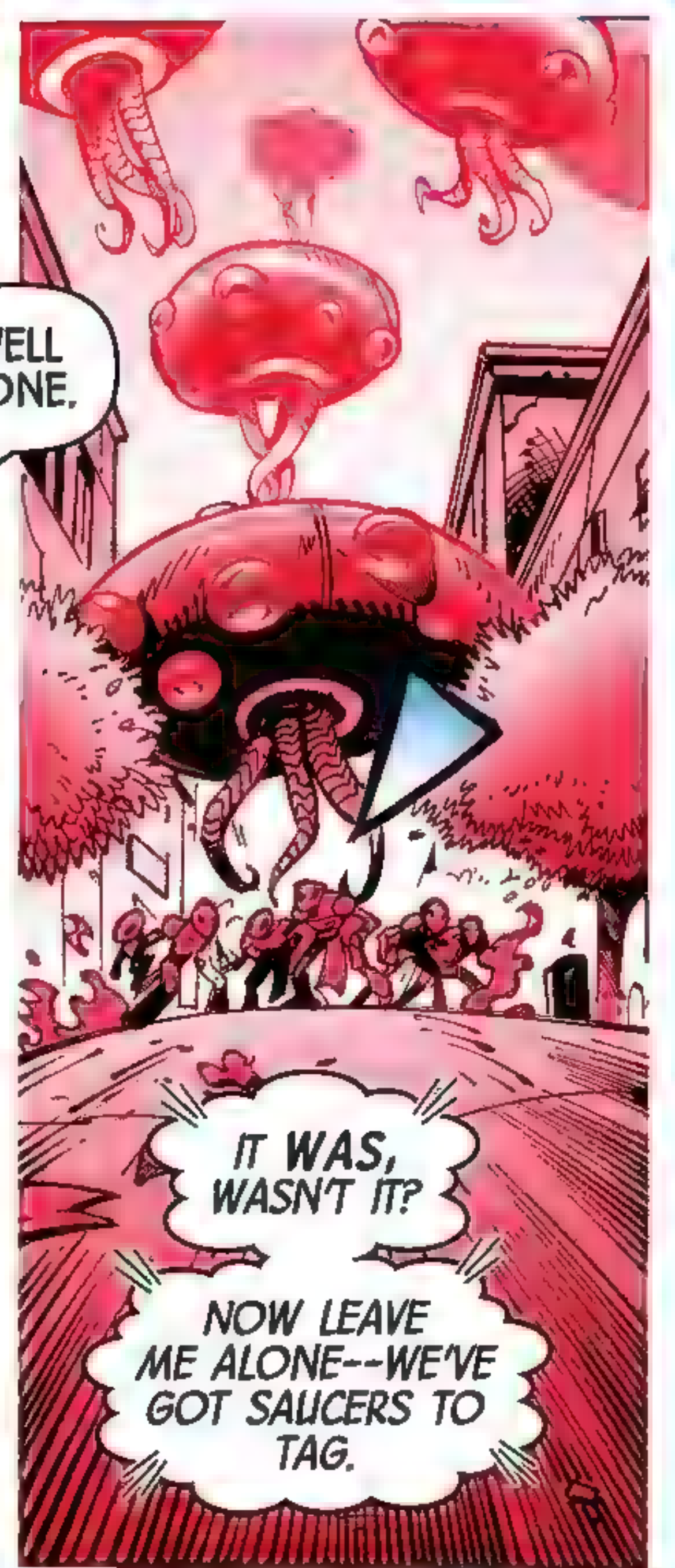
KID
OMEGA, PSYCHIC
COMMS.

ONLINE.



FORWARDING
CEREBRO TRACKING
TO YOUR FIELD OF
VISION.

WELL
DONE.



IT WAS,
WASN'T IT?

NOW LEAVE
ME ALONE--WE'VE
GOT SAUCERS TO
TAG.



WORRIED ABOUT
THE LITTLE GREEN
MEN, CYCLOPS?

WORRIED?
I HAVE TWO WILDLY
DANGEROUS WOMEN
WITH ENORMOUS SWORDS
LOOKING OUT
FOR ME.

WHEN
I WAS 13, I
THOUGHT THIS WAS
WHAT HEAVEN
LOOKED LIKE.

HRMF.



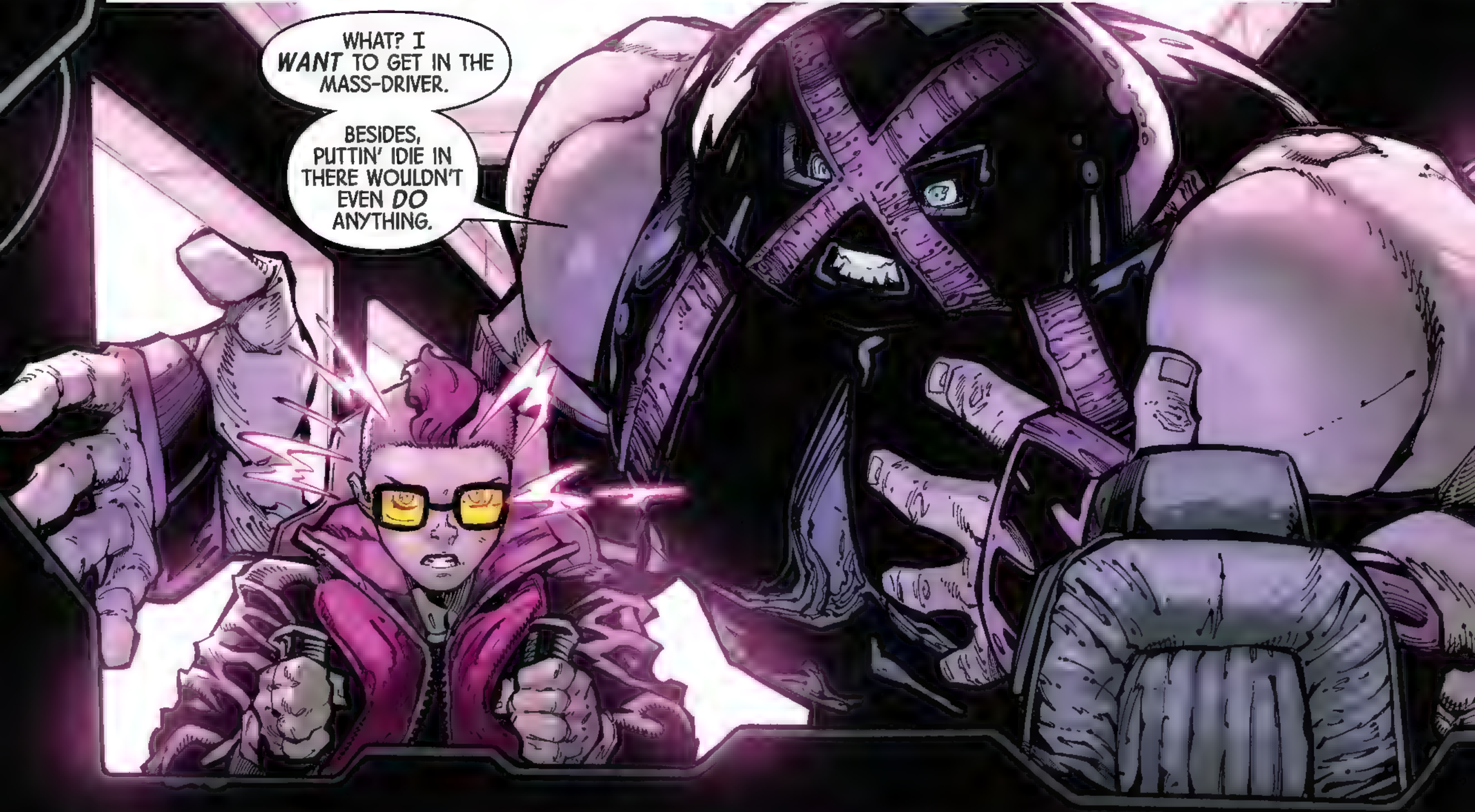
YOU
GOOD,
Q?

MY BRAIN IS FULLY
INTERFACED WITH THE MARAUDER'S
AVIONICS. I'M SHOOTING MIND BULLETS
AT ALIENS VIA INTEGRATED
TK CANNONS.

I'VE
NEVER BEEN
BETTER!

THEN
ENOUGH OF
DEALING WITH
THE **SMALL**
FRY.

I WANNA
TAKE A SWING AT THE
MOTHERSHIP.







THERE'S BEEN
CONTACT WITH *TWO*
DIFFERENT ALIEN SPECIES
THAT FIT THIS PHYSICAL
DESCRIPTION.

THE *BRLL'NAH*
ZHHK AND THE
GREY FAMILY.

BUT
THESE AREN'T
THOSE.



WELL, WHY
DON'T WE ASK
ONE?



LET'S.



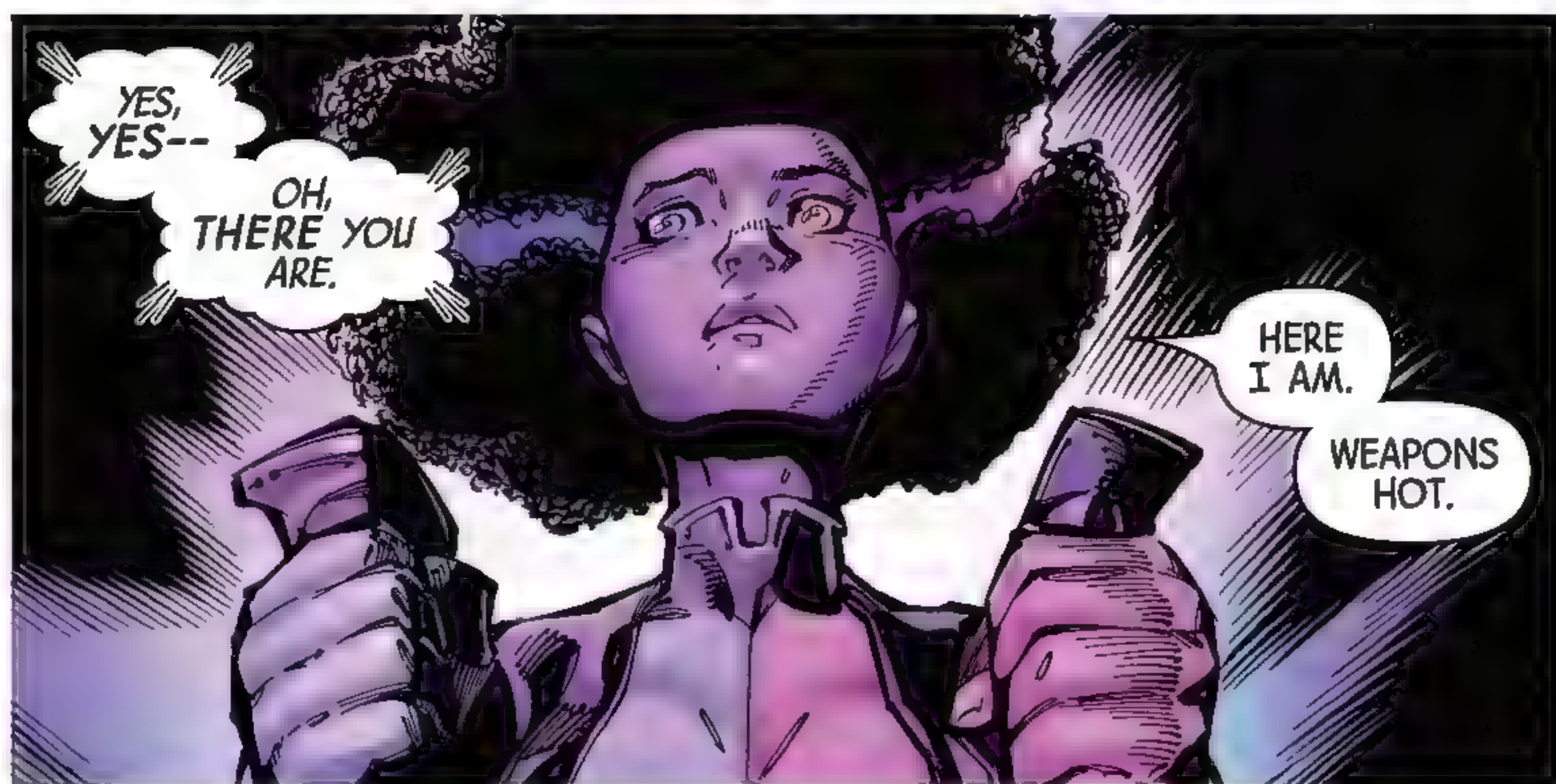
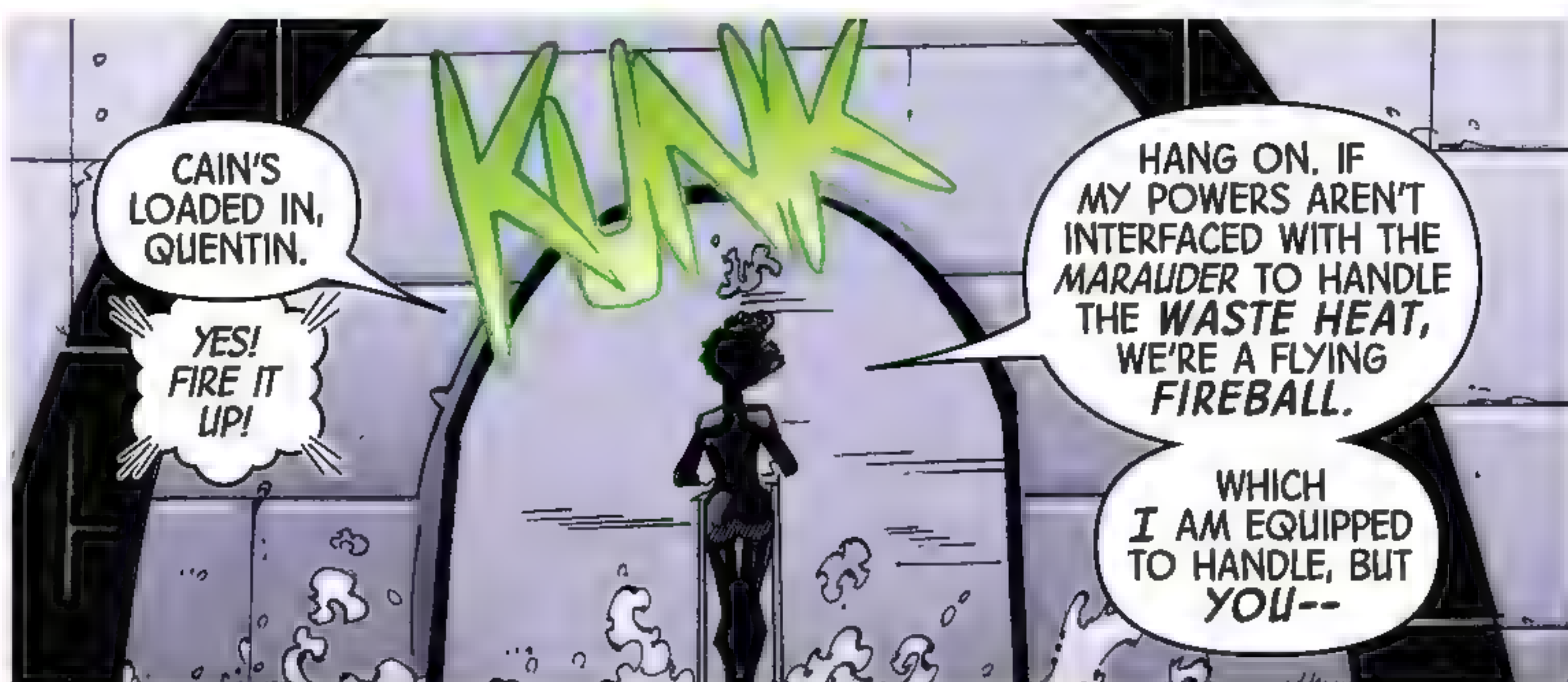
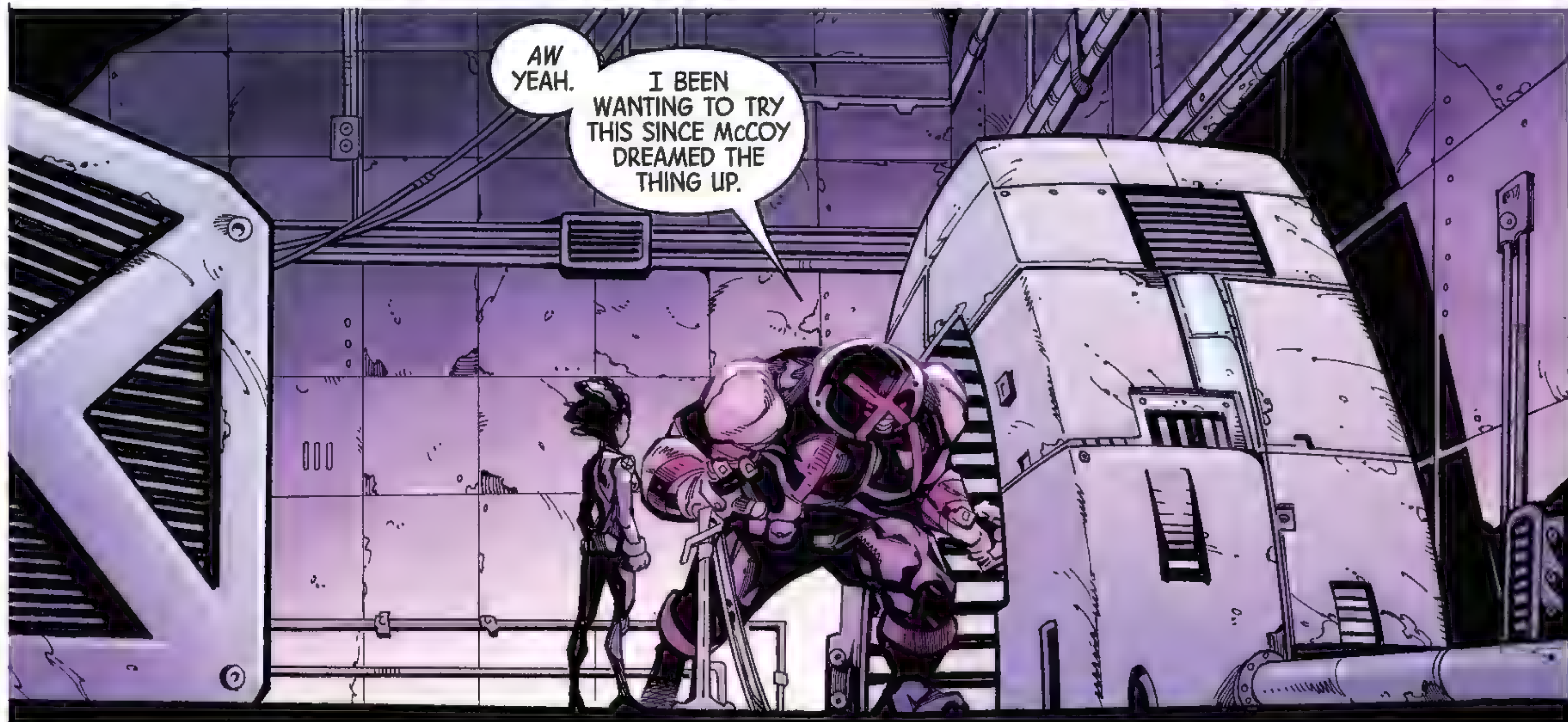
WAIT. IS
BRAIN-TO-BRAIN
CONTACT WITH AN
ALIEN MIND A
GOOD IDEA?

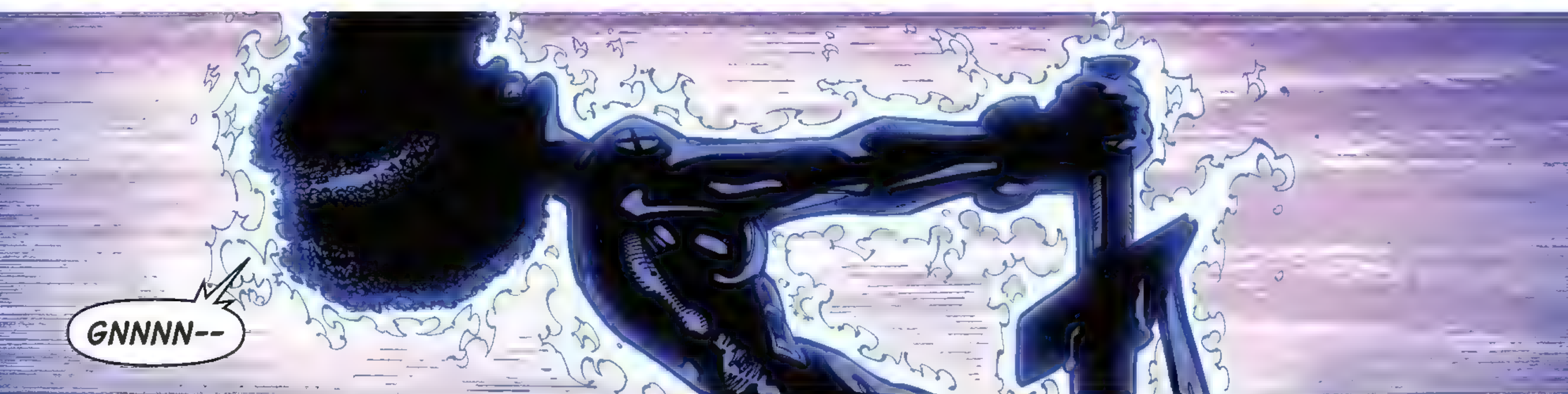
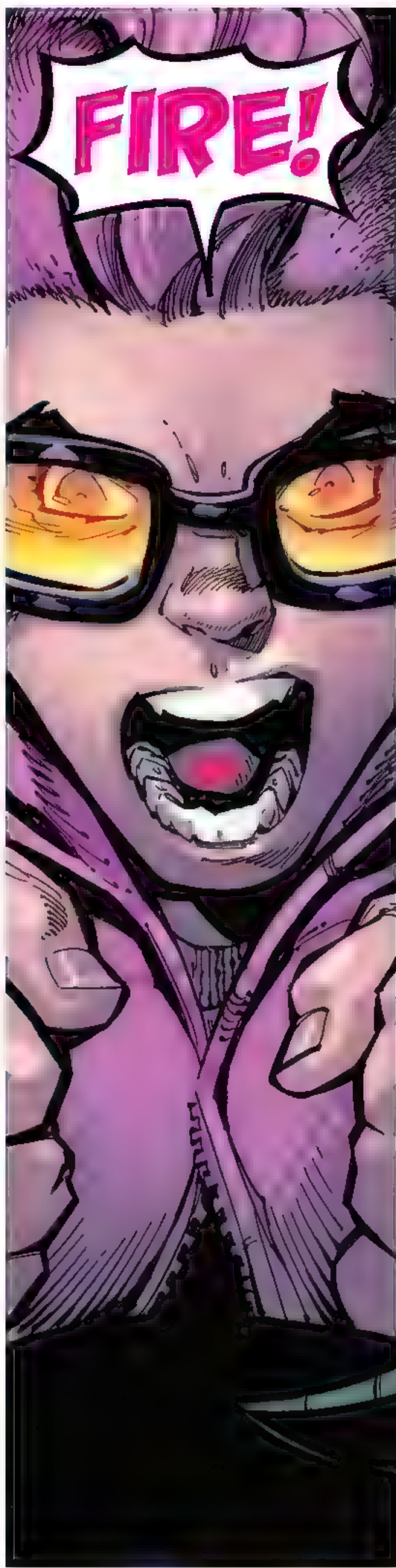
QUIRE MAY
BE A STRONGER
TELEPATH THAN
I AM, CYCLOPS.

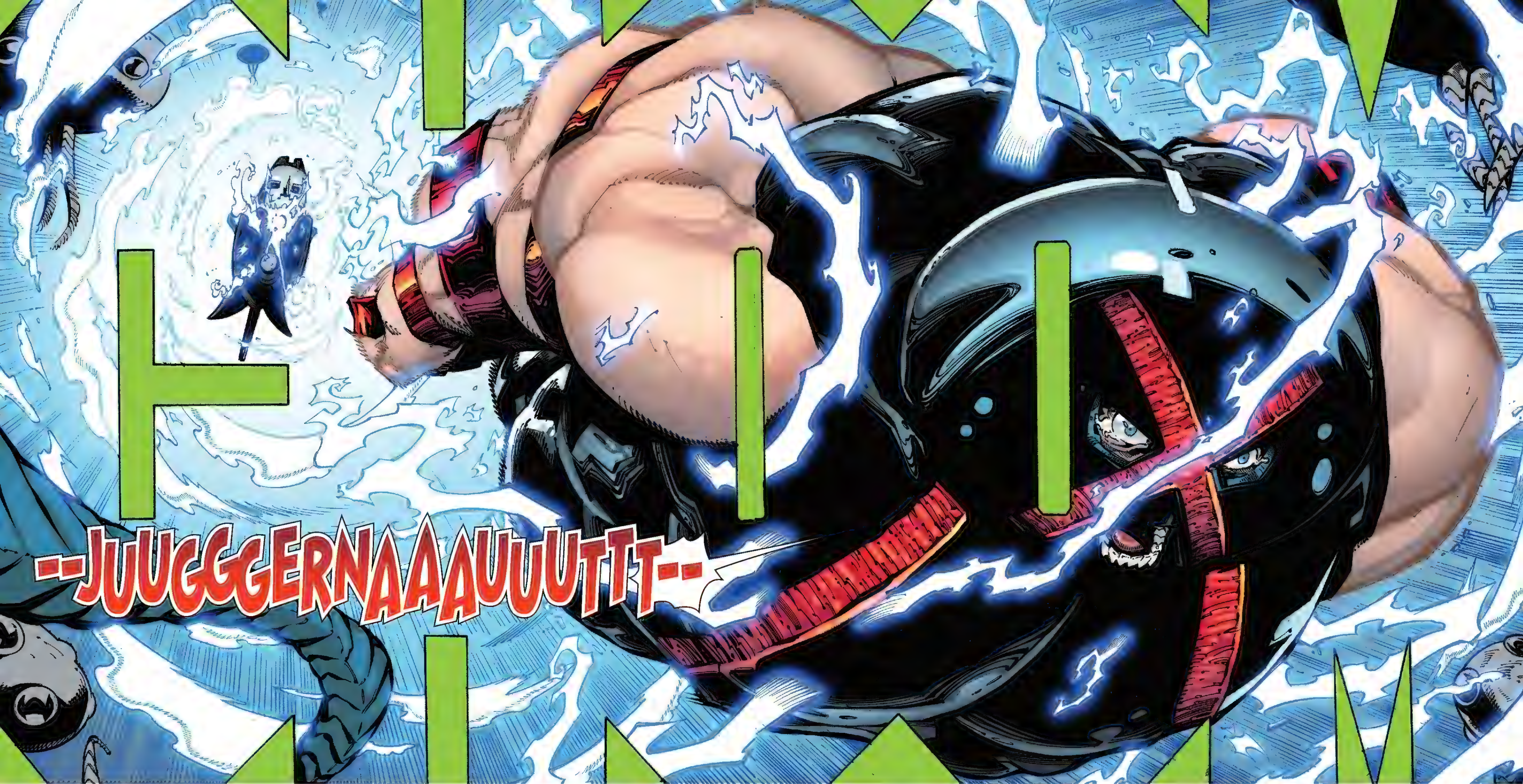
BUT *MY* MIND
IS OF A *STEEL* THAT HE
COULD *NEVER* COMPREHEND.



I HAVE
NO FEAR.









...LOOKS LIKE
HANK'S *HUMAN RAIL
GUN* WORKS.

...THEY *SHOT*
JUGGERNAUT AT THE
MOTHERSHIP LIKE
A *BULLET*?

I LOVE
IT.



LOOKS
LIKE HE DOES
TOO.

PSYLOCKE?

IT...



IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY
THOUGHTS.

CYCLOPS...
I DON'T THINK
IT'S *REAL*. I DON'T
THINK *ANY* OF
THIS IS REAL.



LOOK--

THE SAUCERS,
THE MOTHERSHIP...
WHEN THEY GET
DESTROYED, THEY JUST
DISINTEGRATE.
FADE AWAY INTO
SMOKE.

DIDN'T
YOU NOTICE THE
BATTLE SUITS DOING
THE SAME WHEN
WE TRASHED
THEM?

WHAT?



OH GOD.

THIS ISN'T AN ALIEN INVASION.

IT'S OUR MUTANT.

WHETHER THEY KNOW IT OR NOT, THEY **CREATED THIS WHOLE THING.**



REALITY WARPING?

I'D BET ON IT.

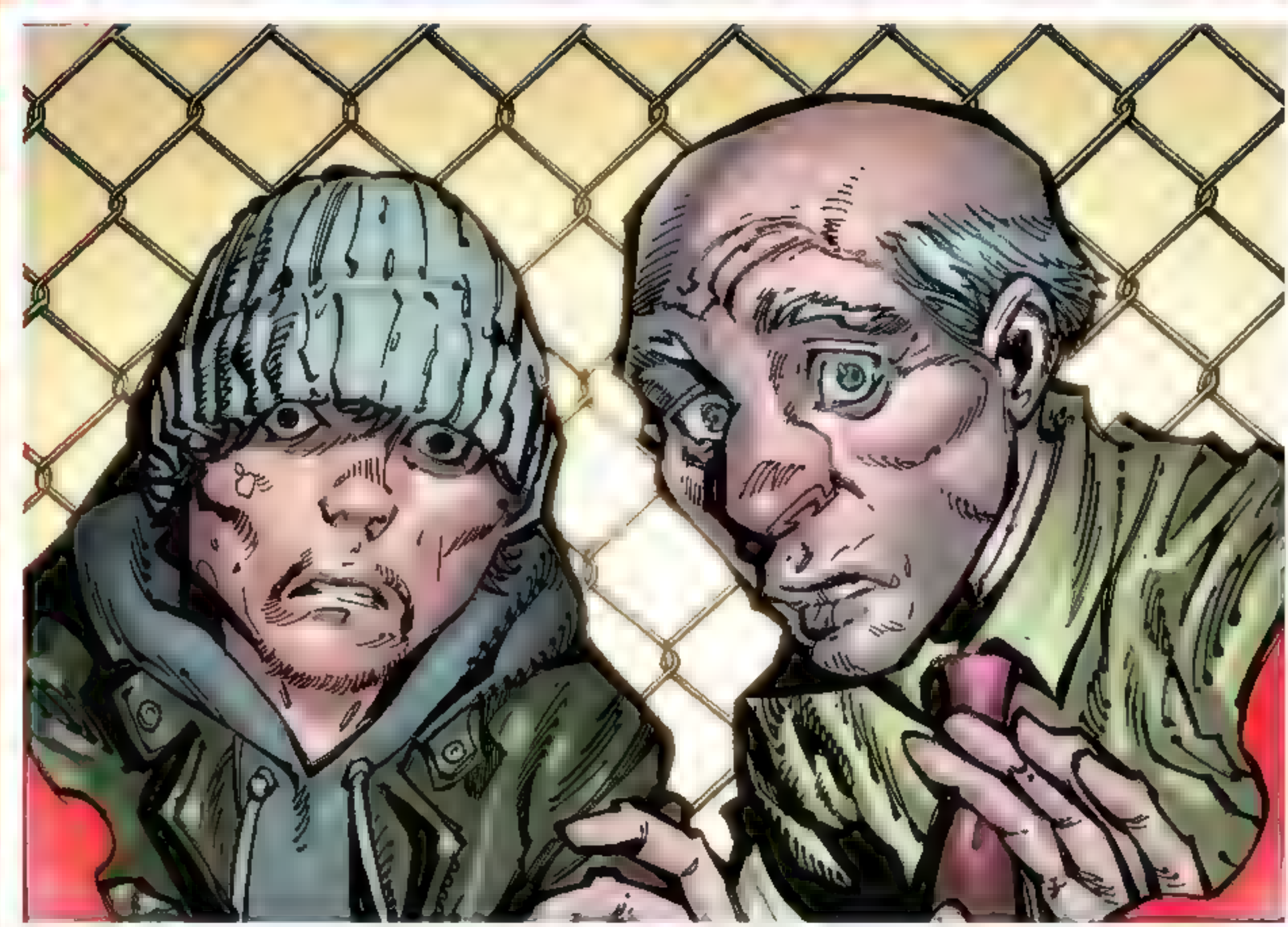
WE NEED TO SECURE THEM AND GET THEM THE HELL OUT OF HERE BEFORE ANYONE **ELSE** FIGURES IT OUT.



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE **FIGHTING** OUR WAY THROUGH.

PROBLEM?

NEVER.





ARE...
...ARE
YOU WITH THE
ALIENS?



NO.
WE'RE WITH
YOU...

PSYLOCKE?

BEN.

WE'RE
WITH YOU,
BEN.



I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



MY NAME'S
SCOTT. I'M A
MUTANT.

AND SO
ARE YOU. AND
IT'S OKAY.

THE ALIENS,
ALL OF THIS...IT'S
YOUR **POWERS**. BUT
WE CAN **HELP** YOU
GET THEM UNDER
CONTROL.



I CAN'T BE
A MUTANT--

I'M TOO
OLD, I'D HAVE
KNOWN--

BEN, **LISTEN** TO ME.
LISTEN TO MY **VOICE**.

WE TRACKED
YOUR **X-GENE**
ACTIVATION
SIGNATURE. YOUR
POWERS ONLY
MANIFESTED
TODAY.

I DON'T
KNOW WHY IT
DIDN'T HAPPEN WHEN
YOU WERE YOUNGER,
BUT IT'S **HAPPENED**,
AND WE NEED TO GET
YOU **OUT** OF
HERE--





NO.

YOU WANT
TO TAKE ME
AWAY IN YOUR
SPACESHIP--



WELL...

...THE
MARAUDER IS A
SPACESHIP.

YES, PSYLOCKE,
YOU'RE SO CLEVER--



EMERGENCY
STATUS.

PSYCHIC
COMMS
ONLY.

DO NOT
SPEAK OUT
LOUD.



...

...

...

...OKAY.

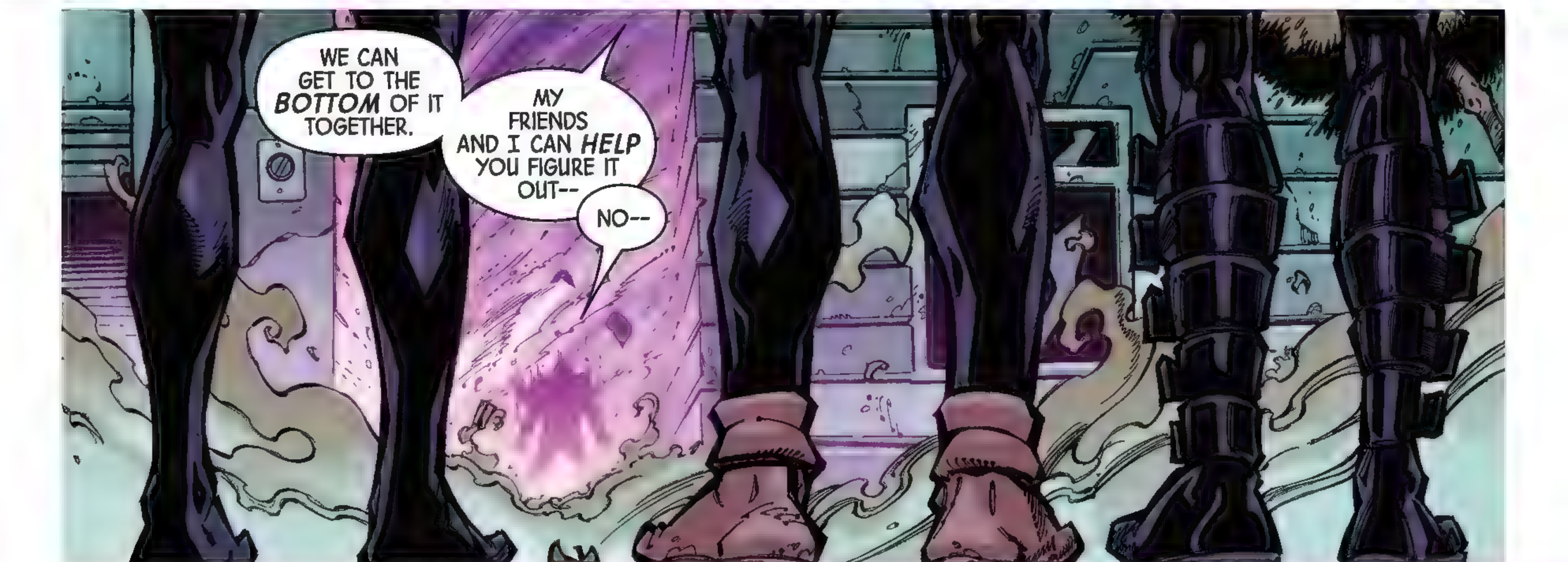


BEN!

**CALM DOWN,
PLEASE--**

I...

**I WAS
ABDUCTED. THERE
WAS A FLYING SAUCER,
A LIGHT, THEY DID
THINGS TO ME--**



**WE CAN
GET TO THE
BOTTOM OF IT
TOGETHER.**

**MY
FRIENDS
AND I CAN HELP
YOU FIGURE IT
OUT--**

NO--



**I'M
NEVER
GOING
BACK.**



**BEN,
DON'T--!**



**THE FACTORY,
ALASKA.**

AND THAT WAS THAT.
ONCE WE FISHED CAIN
OUT OF THE BAY, WE
CAME HOME.

AND BEN LIU
**BURNED HIMSELF
OUT OF EXISTENCE**
ON THE STREET IN
SAN FRANCISCO.

WHICH
IS WHAT
WE **NEEDED**
PEOPLE TO
THINK.

BETWEEN
ILLYANA AND
QUENTIN, IT WAS A
VERY CONVINCING
DEATH. BUT
NOW...

...IT'S UP
TO US TO
FIGURE OUT WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM.



#3



"SCOTT SUMMERS VS. THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA"

**THE FACTORY,
ALASKA.**

AAAND
WE'RE IN.

YEESH, THE
X-MEN LIVE HERE?
TALK ABOUT **COMING
DOWN** IN THE
WORLD.



SHRIKE
TEAM ONE, WE
ARE GO.

YOUR OBJECTIVES
ARE PROGRAMMED
INTO YOUR HUD MAPS.
REMEMBER: **NO
CASUALTIES.**

LUNDQVIST
HAS US PLAYING
TOUCH WITH THE
MUTIES.

NOT A
REAL **NICE**
WORD...



SHUT IT,
VANISHER. YOU DO
YOUR **JOB**, LUNDQVIST
GETS YOU WHAT
YOU **WANT**.

HEY, I'M
COOL.

BUT
YOU GUYS, YOU...
SHRIKES...

...HOW ARE
YOU GOING TO
GET PAST THE
X-MEN?



EASY.
WE
VANISH.





STAND
DOWN, ROGUE.
PLEASE TRUST
ME.

ANNA
MARIE--

DAMN
IT.*

*FOR THE OTHER HALF
OF THIS CONVERSATION, SEE
UNCANNY X-MEN #2! --TOM



...DON'T KNOW
WHAT I EXPECTED,
"ROGUE" IS RIGHT
THERE IN THE
NAME...

BEEP
BOOP



HANK?

AHOY
HOY!

SHE DIDN'T
SAY IT, BUT SHE
DIDN'T HAVE TO.
ROGUE IS GOING
TO MOVE ON
GRAYMALKIN.



WHAT? WITH WHAT
RESOURCES?

GAMBIT,
JUBILEE AND
LOGAN.

AND?

THAT'S
IT.

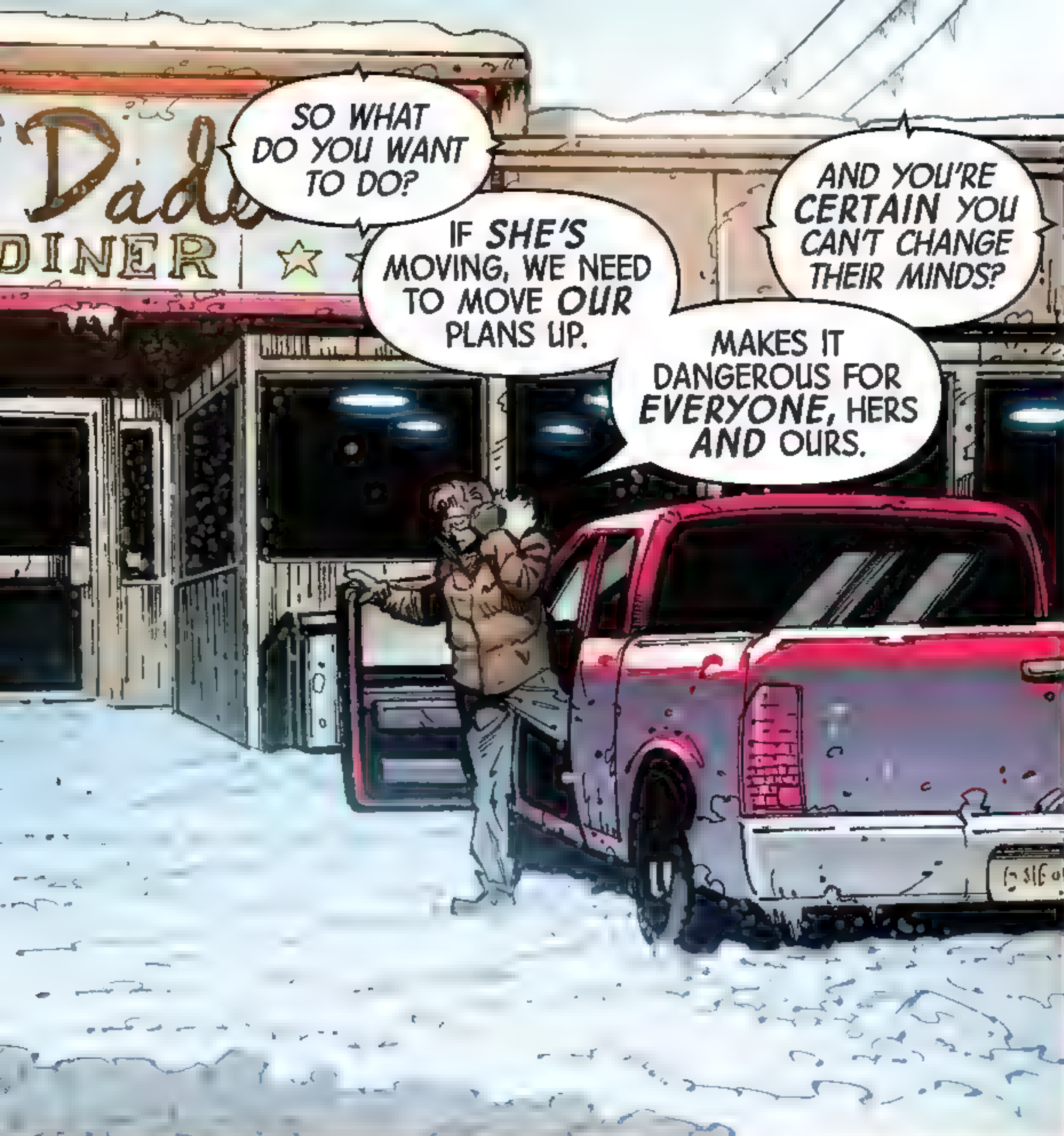
THAT'S
IT?



YEAH. THEY'RE
LIVING IN THE WOODS
AND JUST TOOK IN FOUR
STRAYS. WHICH
MEANS...

...THEY'RE GOING
TO GET PINCHED, IF
NOT KILLED.

THEM
AND
THEIR NEW
KIDS.



SO WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?

IF SHE'S MOVING, WE NEED TO MOVE OUR PLANS UP.

AND YOU'RE CERTAIN YOU CAN'T CHANGE THEIR MINDS?

MAKES IT DANGEROUS FOR EVERYONE, HERS AND OURS.

TELL ROGUE GAMBIT, JUBILEE AND WOLVERINE--

--POSSIBLY FOUR OF THE MOST PIGHEADED MUTANTS TO EVER EXIST--

--THAT THEY'RE WRONG?

SURE, HANK. NO PROBLEM.



GOT TO GO.

GIVE MY LOVE TO AGENT LUNDQVIST.

BEEP



CHIEF ROBBINS.

I'M SORRY I MISSED YOU THE OTHER DAY.

MR. SUMMERS. NICE TO SEE YOU.



McDade's Diner

SO AM I TO UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS GOING TO BE A REGULAR OCCURRENCE IN OUR TOWN?



→SIGH←

I APOLOGIZE,
CHIEF ROBBINS.
SINCERELY.

I'LL
TALK TO
HIM.



SO, THAT'S HOW
IT'S GOING TO BE, AGENT
LUNDQVIST?

MAKING
ME LOOK
BAD IN FRONT OF
THE WHOLE
TOWN?



YEAH, THAT'S
HOW IT'S GOING
TO BE.

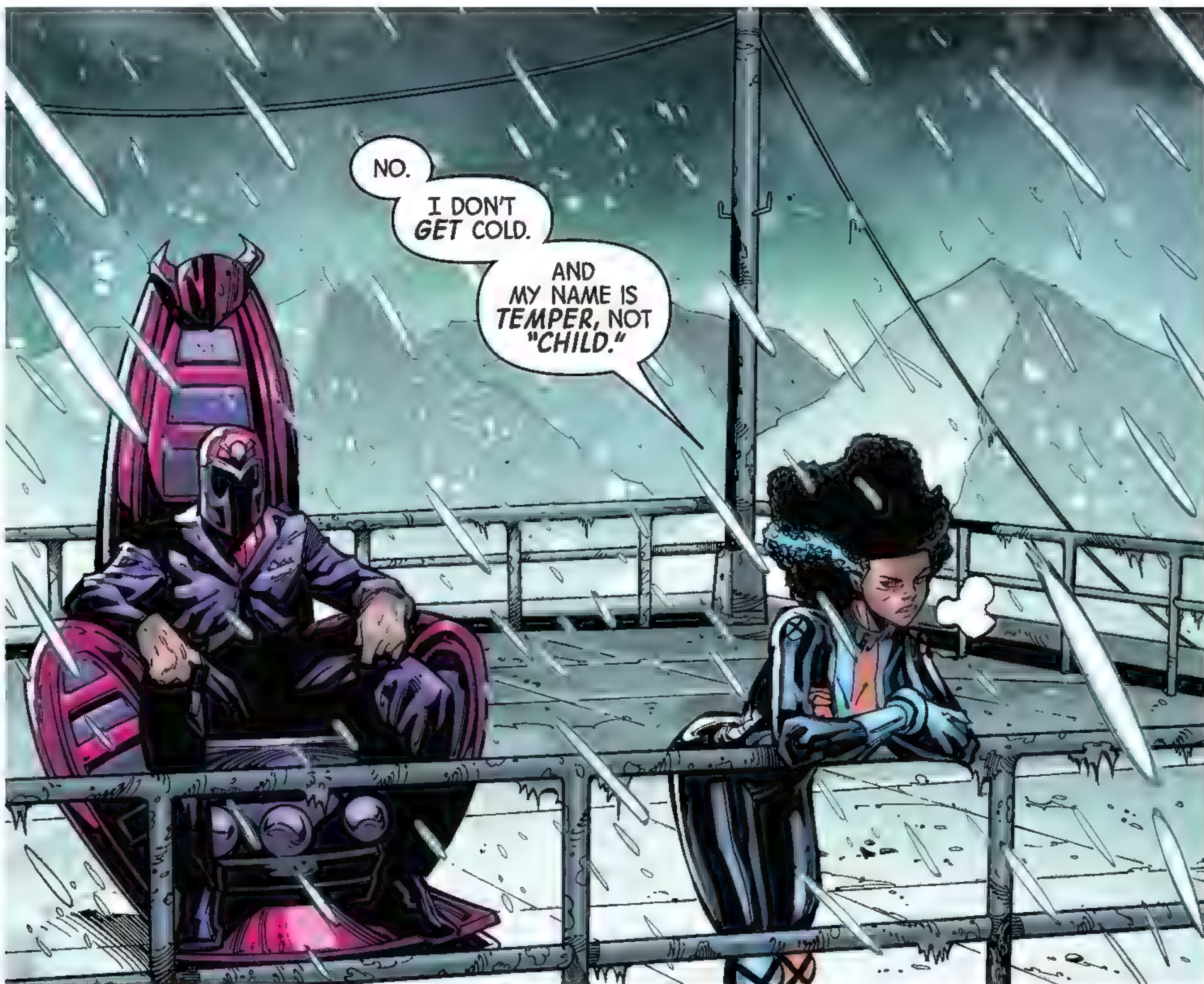
YOU MADE
ME LOOK BAD IN
FRONT OF THE ENTIRE
COUNTRY,
SUMMERS.



"WELL."

"TO
ANYONE THAT
MATTERS."

ARE
YOU NOT COLD,
CHILD?



NO.

I DON'T
GET COLD.

AND
MY NAME IS
TEMPEER, NOT
"CHILD."



"TEMPEER."

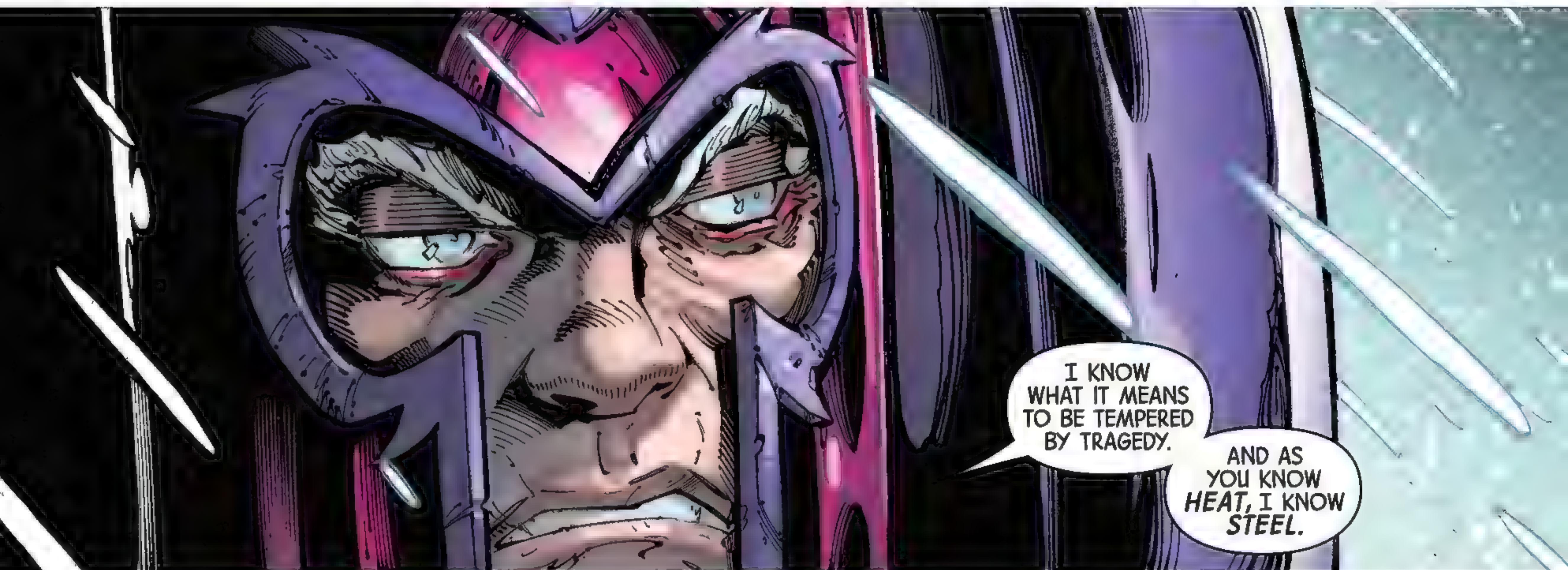
SO NAMED
BECAUSE YOU
CANNOT BE **BURNED**
BY FIRE OR ICE, BUT ONLY
MADE **STRONGER**.
LIKE GLASS. LIKE
STEEL.

AND
YOU **HAVE** BEEN
TEMPERED, HAVEN'T
YOU?



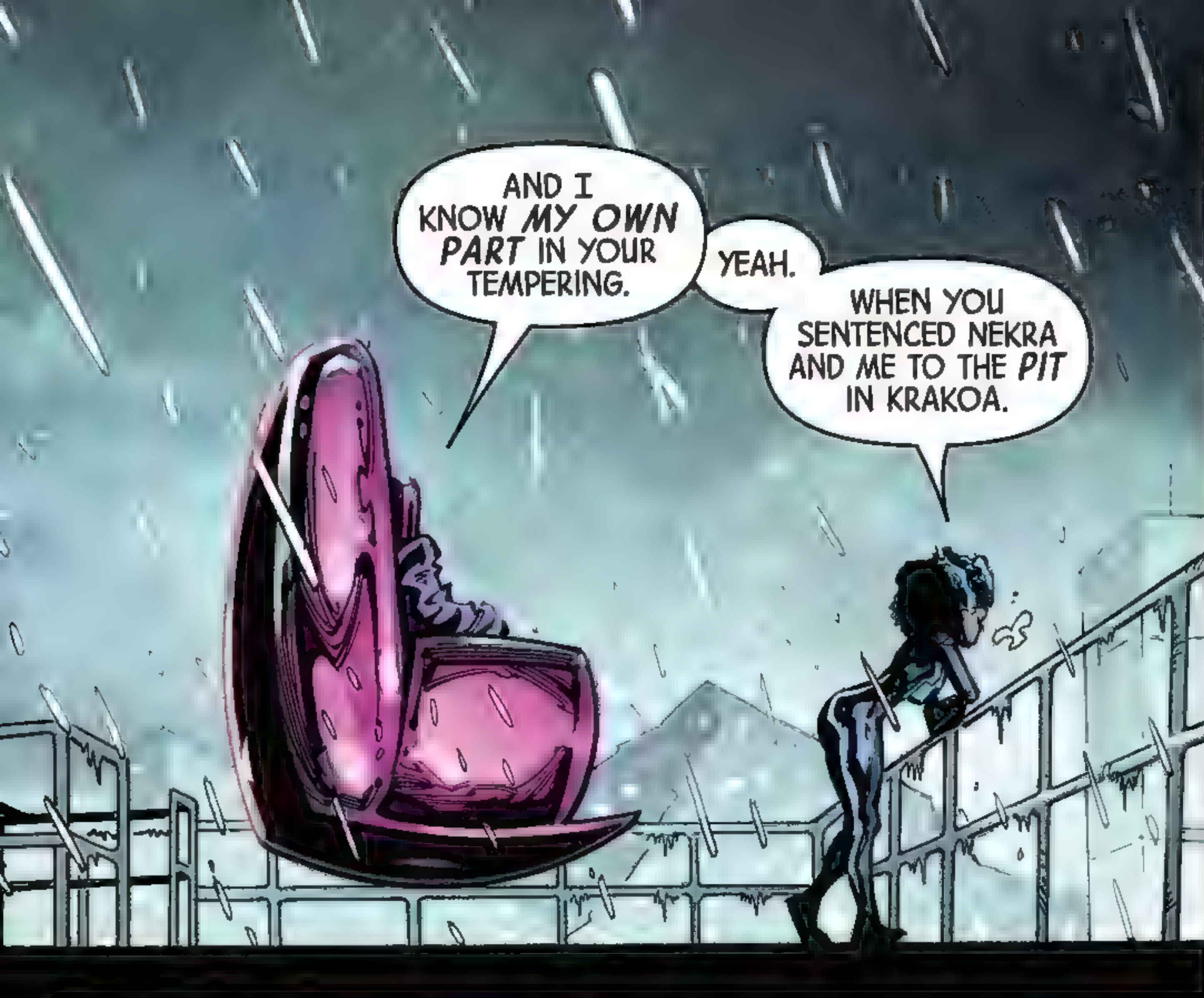
I HAVE.

AS
YOU WELL
KNOW.



I KNOW
WHAT IT MEANS
TO BE TEMPERED
BY TRAGEDY.

AND AS
YOU KNOW
HEAT, I KNOW
STEEL.



AND I KNOW MY OWN PART IN YOUR TEMPERING.

YEAH.

WHEN YOU SENTENCED NEKRA AND ME TO THE PIT IN KRAKOA.



"KILL NO MAN." IT WAS OUR LAW.

DO YOU HATE ME FOR MY HYPOCRISY, TEMPER?



DO YOU KNOW, MAGNETO, THAT OF ALL OF US AT THE FACTORY, ALL OF US X-MEN...

...I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO DOESN'T MISS KRAKOA?

WHY DO YOU THINK THAT IS?



HANK WASN'T EVEN THERE. HE MISSES SOMETHING HE'S NEVER SEEN.

BUT NOT ME.



I WAS MADE TO SEE KRAKOA'S UTOPIAN MORALIZING FOR WHAT IT WAS.

AND I SEE YOURS FOR WHAT IT IS.

BRITTLE STEEL, IN BOTH CASES. EASILY BROKEN.



IT'S KID OMEGA, TEAM PSI-COMMS ARE ONLINE.

AS MUCH AS IT PAINS ME TO ADMIT IT...

...CYCLOPS WAS RIGHT.



YOU SEEM
UPSET, AGENT
LUNDQVIST.

OH, I
SEEM THAT WAY, DO
I, SUMMERS?

I ASSUME
THIS IS ABOUT SAN
FRANCISCO.



WHEN THE U.S.
GOVERNMENT
SO KINDLY GAVE YOU
AND YOURS THAT
FACTORY...

...THE
UNDERSTANDING
WAS THAT YOU WOULD
STAY THERE.



THERE WAS
NO UNDERSTANDING,
AGENT LUNDQVIST. ONLY
AN IMPLICATION.

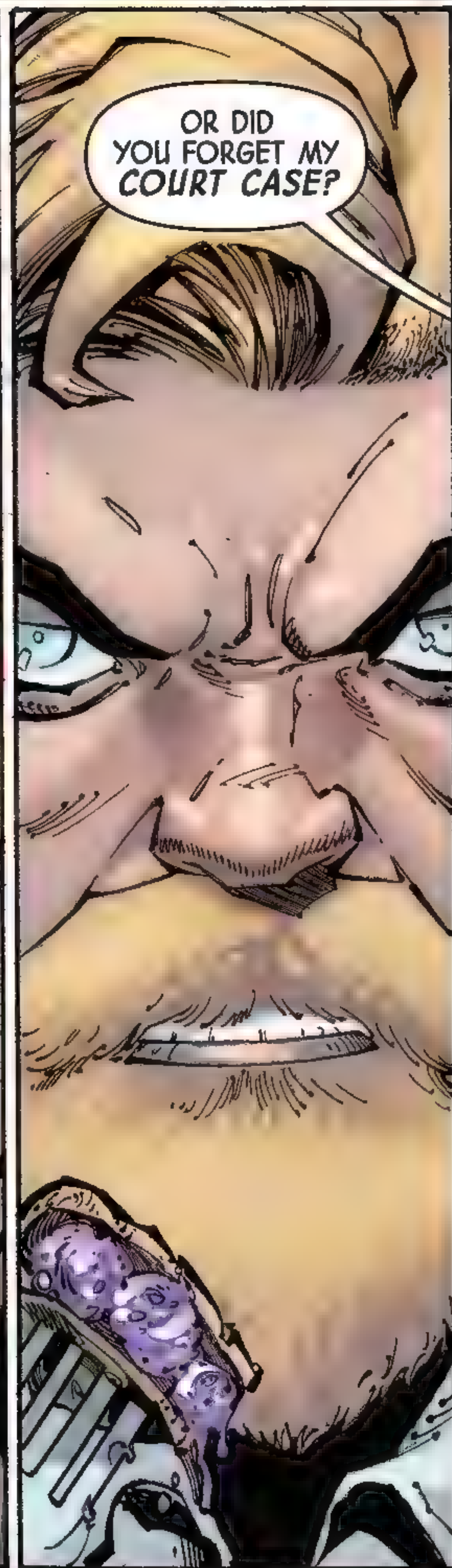
AND I
DON'T DEAL IN
IMPLICATIONS.



DO YOU
KNOW WHAT WAS
UNDERSTOOD?

THAT I WAS
DOING THE GOVERNMENT
A FAVOR BY TAKING
THE FACTORY.

BECAUSE IT
WASN'T A GIFT. IT WAS
A SETTLEMENT.



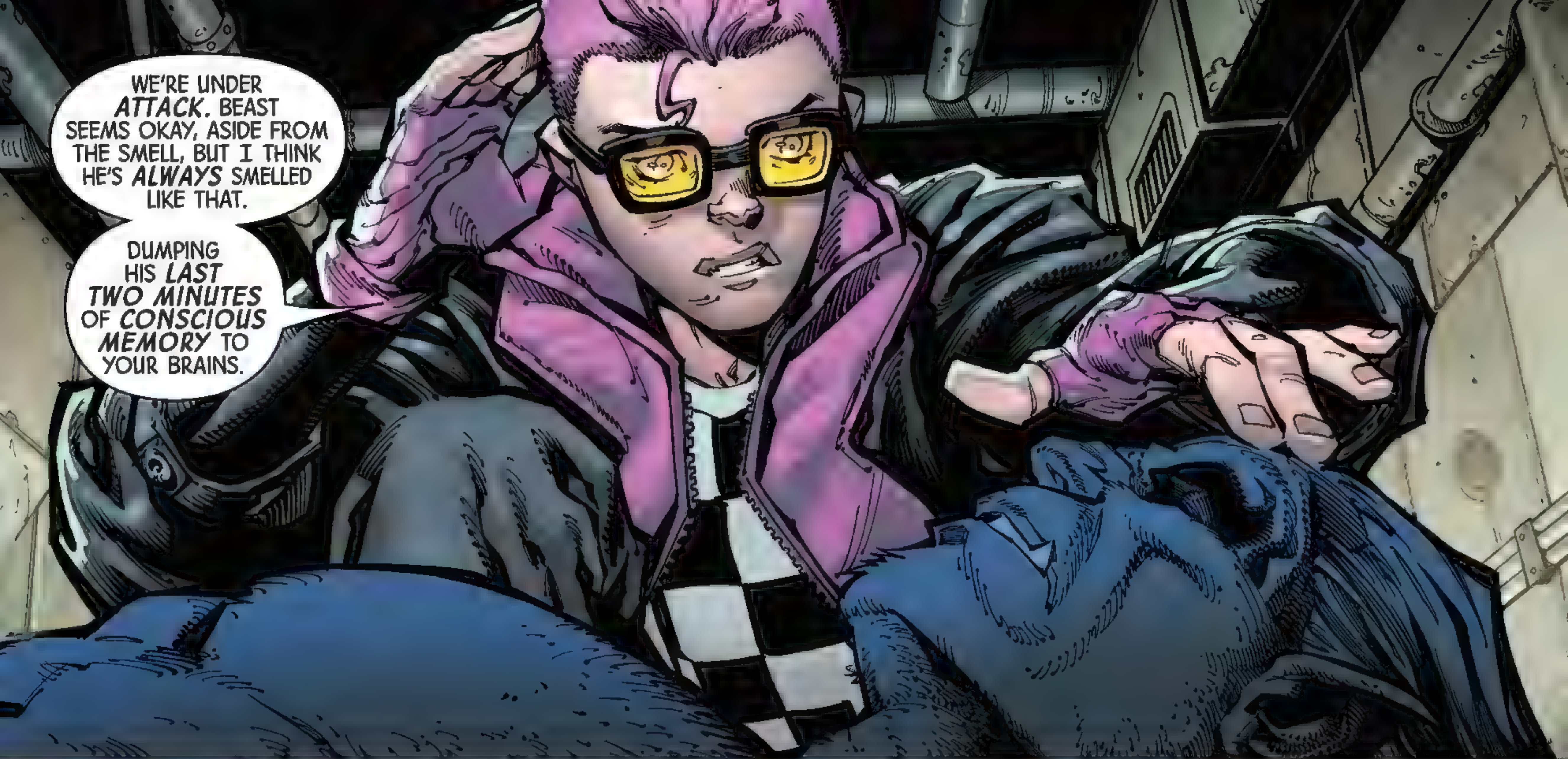
OR DID
YOU FORGET MY
COURT CASE?



HARD TO
FORGET, I'D IMAGINE,
WHAT WITH THE NAME
AND ALL.

SCOTT
SUMMERS VS.
THE UNITED
STATES.





WE'RE UNDER
ATTACK. BEAST
SEEMS OKAY, ASIDE FROM
THE SMELL, BUT I THINK
HE'S ALWAYS SMELLED
LIKE THAT.

DUMPING
HIS LAST
TWO MINUTES
OF CONSCIOUS
MEMORY TO
YOUR BRAINS.



--LIKE AN
ICE-CREAM
HEADACHE,
EVERY TIME--

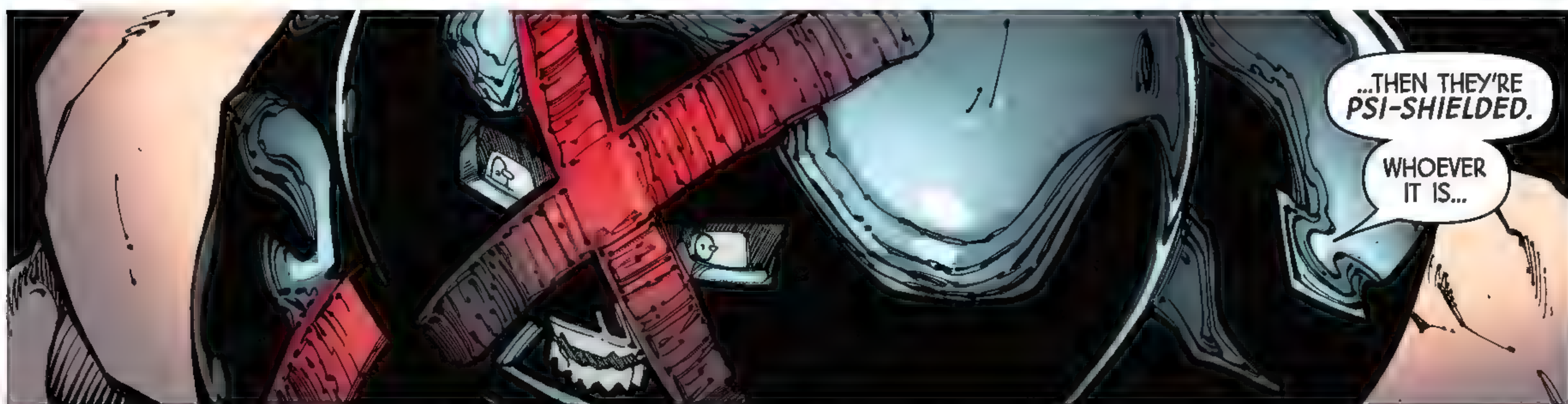
HM.

HANK WAS HIT
WITH AN ENERGY
BEAM FROM THE
FRONT, BUT HE DIDN'T
SEE WHOEVER
DID IT--



ACTIVE
CAMOUFLAGE.
INVISIBILITY.

AND IF
NEITHER QUENTIN
NOR I PICKED UP
THEIR MINDS...



...THEN THEY'RE
PSI-SHIELDED.

WHOEVER
IT IS...

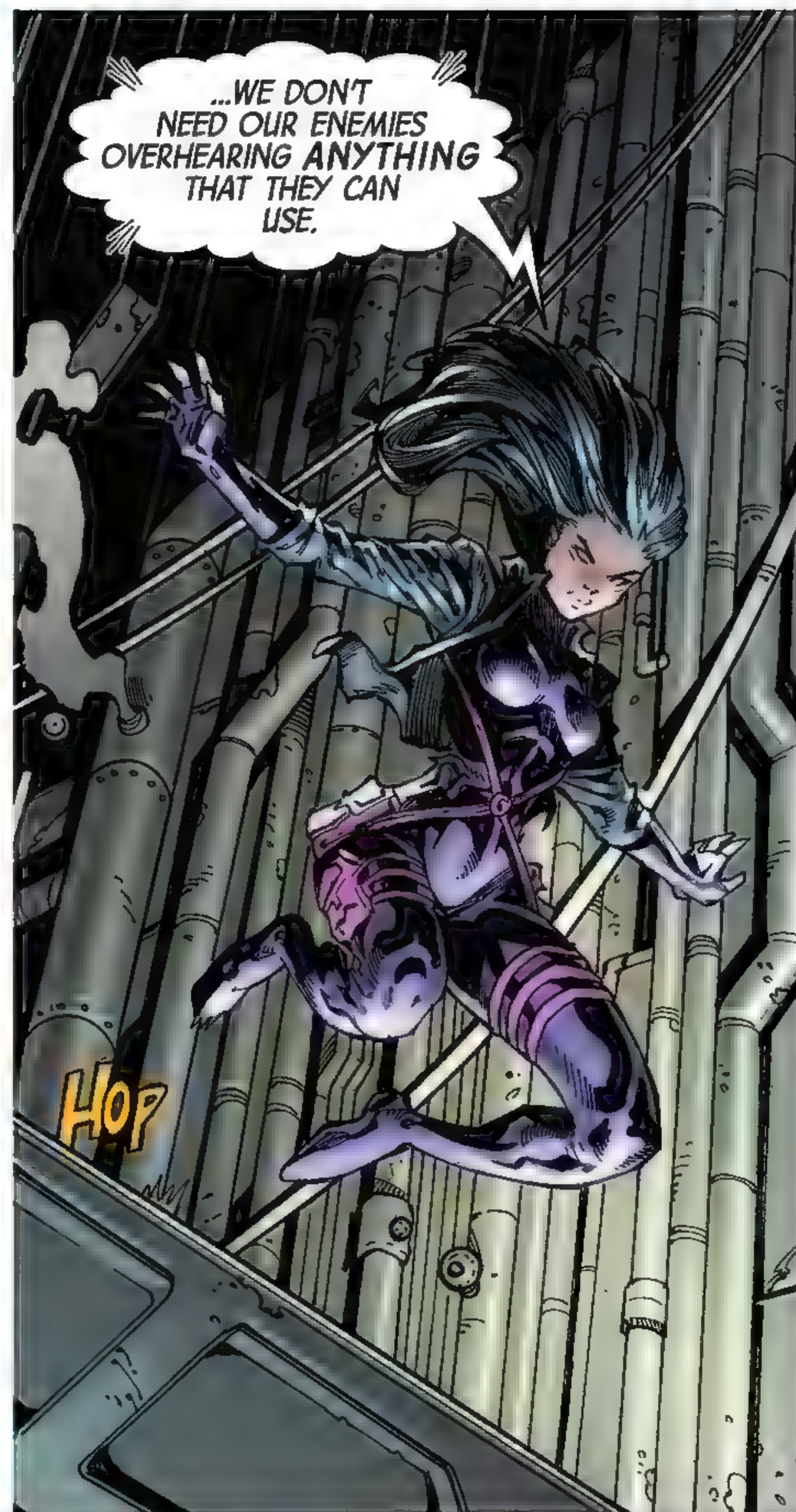


...THEY'RE
PREPARED.



THEY'VE
GOT TO BE AFTER
MAGNETO. HIM
OR--

DO NOT
SPEAK BEN LIU'S
NAME OUT LOUD,
YOU IDIOT...



...WE DONT
NEED OUR ENEMIES
OVERHEARING ANYTHING
THAT THEY CAN
USE.



WELL, HOW
THE HELL AM I
SUPPOSED TO HIT
SOMETHING I
CAN'T SEE?



GET YOUR
HEAD IN THE *GAME*,
CAIN.

THEY'RE *VERY*
CLEVER.

SHIELDED
TO PSYCHIC
SCANS, THERMAL
IMAGING AND
THE NAKED
EYE.

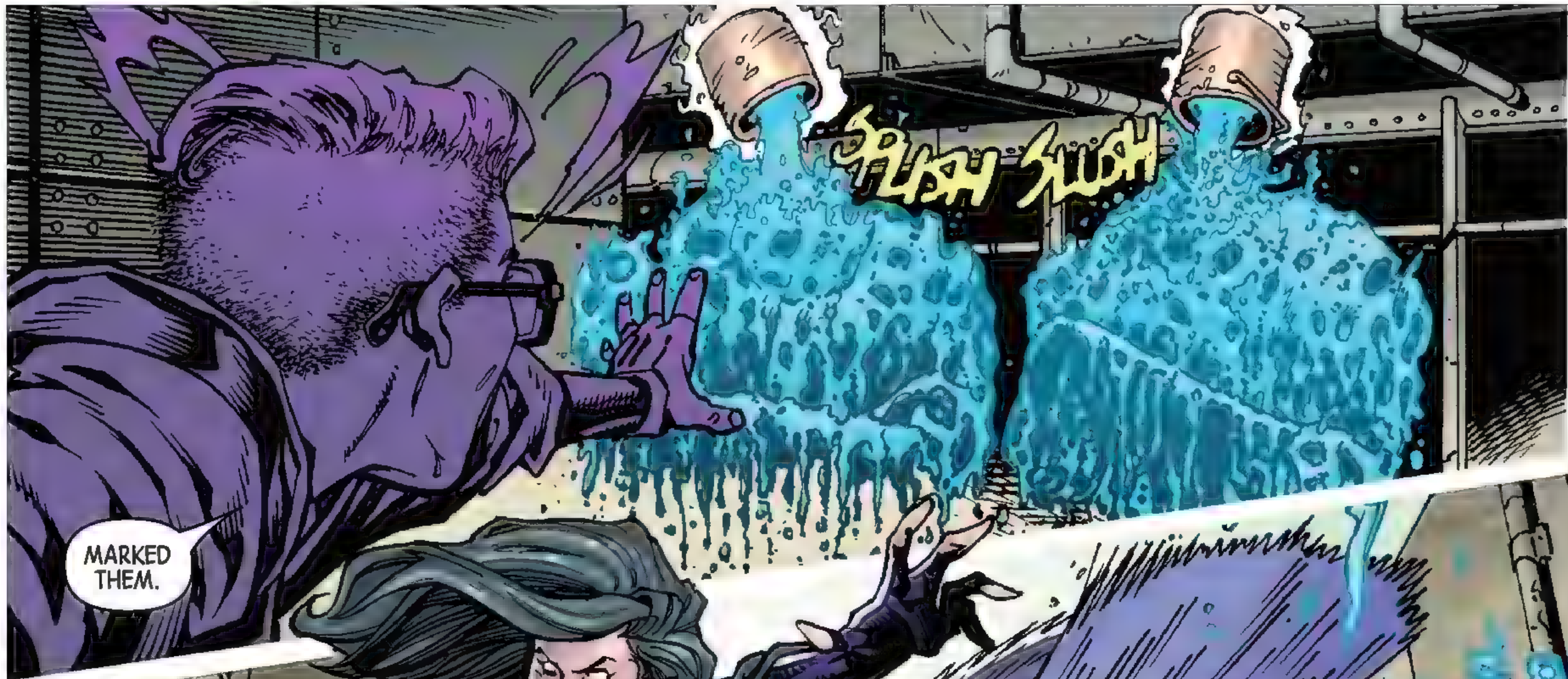


BUT I SPENT
MY FORMATIVE YEARS
WITH *DEMONS*.

CAN OUR
INTRUDERS
HIDE THEIR
SOULS?







MARKED THEM.

THEY HAVEN'T TRIED TO KILL ANY OF US.

YET.

SO I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD RETURN THE FAVOR.



SPLAT



TRICKY AS THEY MAY BE...

...THEY ARE NOT NINJA.

MAGIK, JUGGERNAUT...

KRINK



...YOU DIDN'T KILL THE GUYS YOU FOUND, DID YOU?

YEARRGHH!

I MEAN, THEY AIN'T MOVING A WHOLE LOT.

WHAT? I'M THE JUGGERNAUT, SHRIMPO!

COME ON, CAIN.





THEY'RE
NOT HERE FOR
MAGNETO OR...
OUR GUEST.

THEY'RE AFTER
CEREBRO.



THIS IS WHY I DON'T NEED YOU AND YOUR X-MEN OUT THERE CAUSING ME HEADACHES, SUMMERS.

YOU KNOW WE'VE GOT OUR OWN X-MEN NOW, RIGHT?



I DO KNOW ABOUT X-FACTOR.

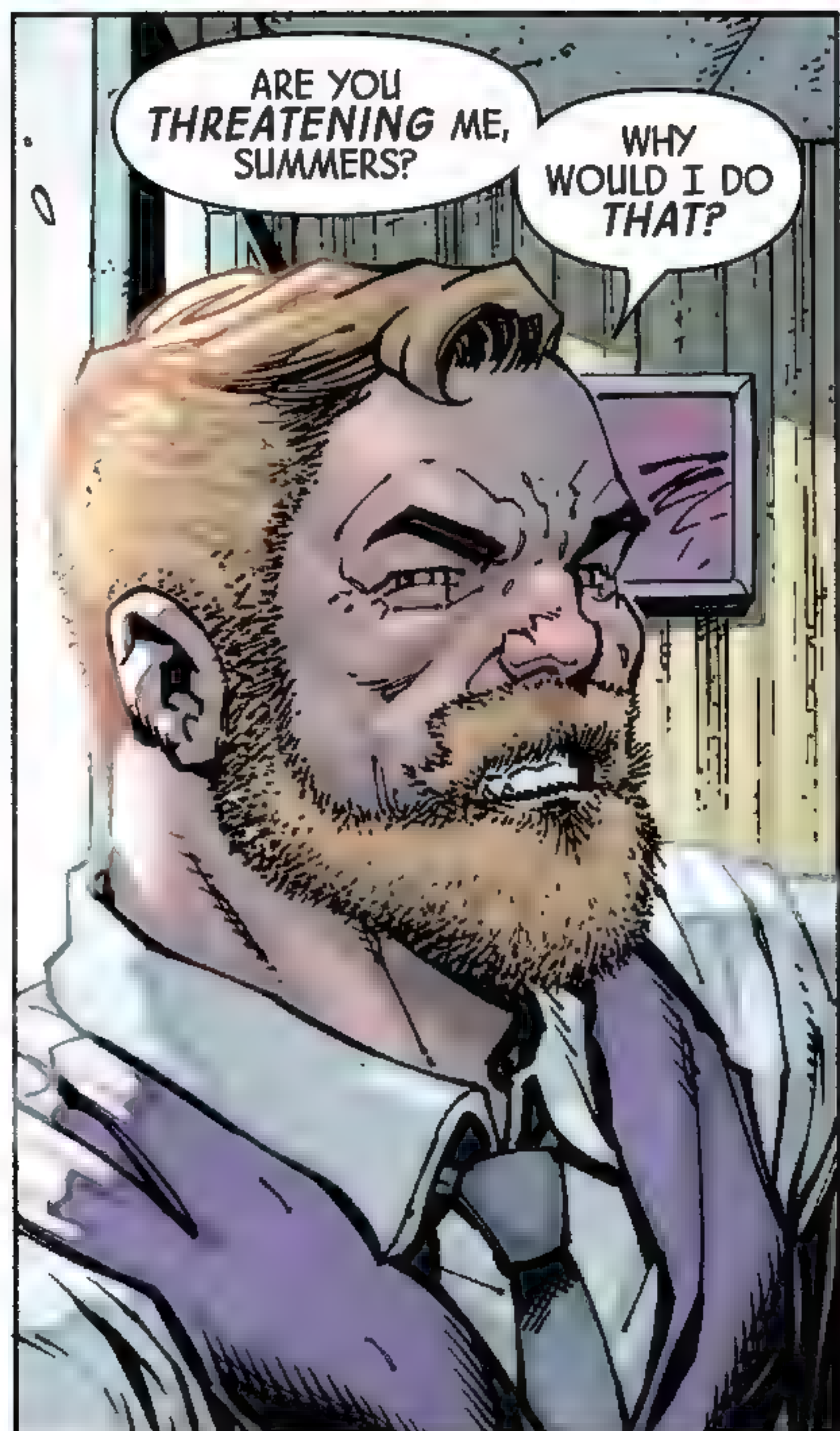
JUST LIKE I KNOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ALEX LEADING THEM. AND JUST LIKE I KNOW THAT MY BROTHER HAS NEVER BEEN ABLE TO OPERATE ON MY LEVEL.



HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO, AGENT LUNDQVIST.

MY TEAM AND I ARE GOING TO CONTINUE TO DO WHAT WE'RE DOING.

AND YOU AND O*N*E ARE GOING TO LET US.



ARE YOU THREATENING ME, SUMMERS?

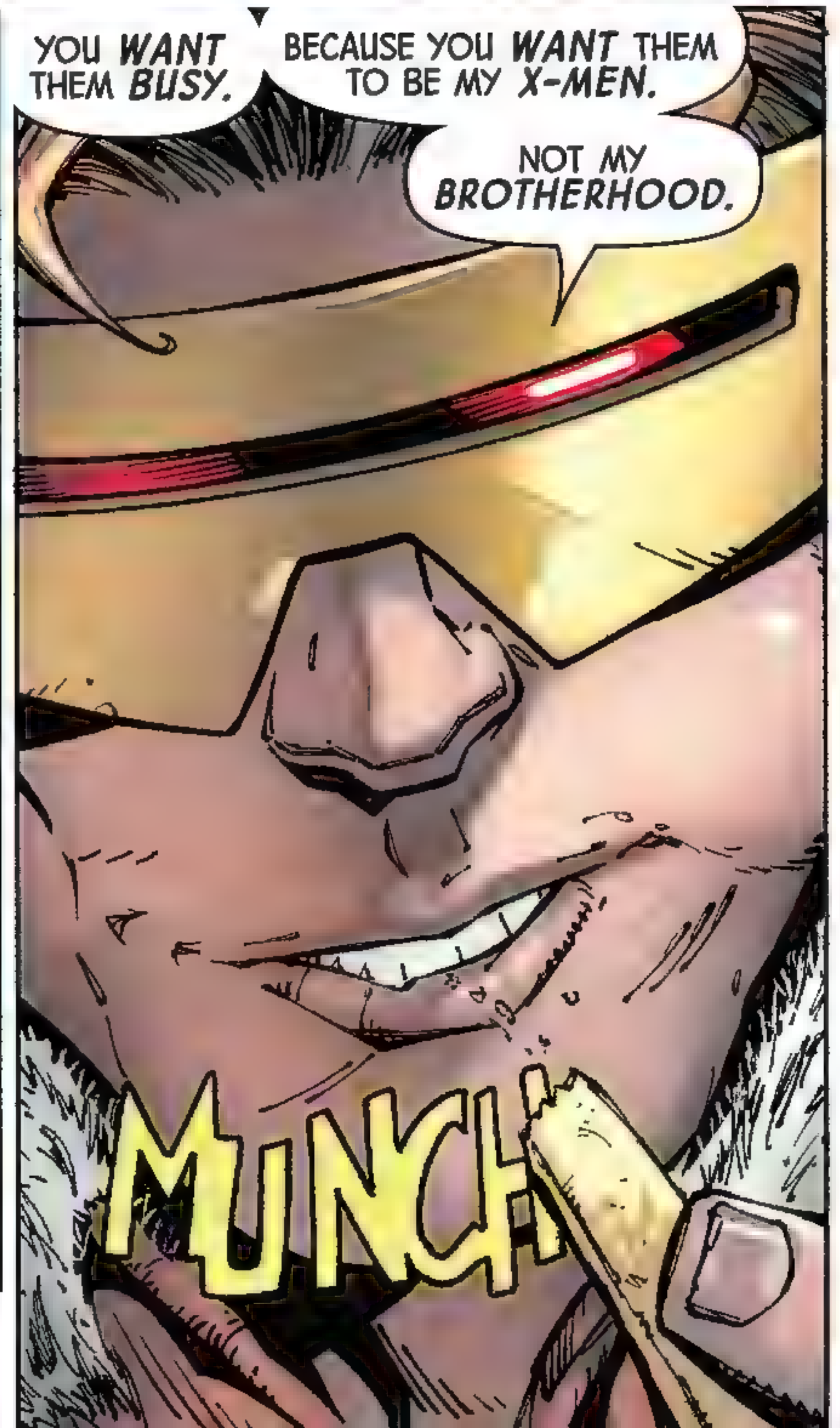
WHY WOULD I DO THAT?



OF COURSE I'M THREATENING YOU. BECAUSE, LIKE I SAID, I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR.

PSYLOCKE. KID OMEGA. JUGGERNAUT. MAGIK.

AN ASSASSIN, A TERRORIST, A SUPER VILLAIN AND ILLYANA'S HALF DEMON ON A GOOD DAY. PLUS MAGNETO.

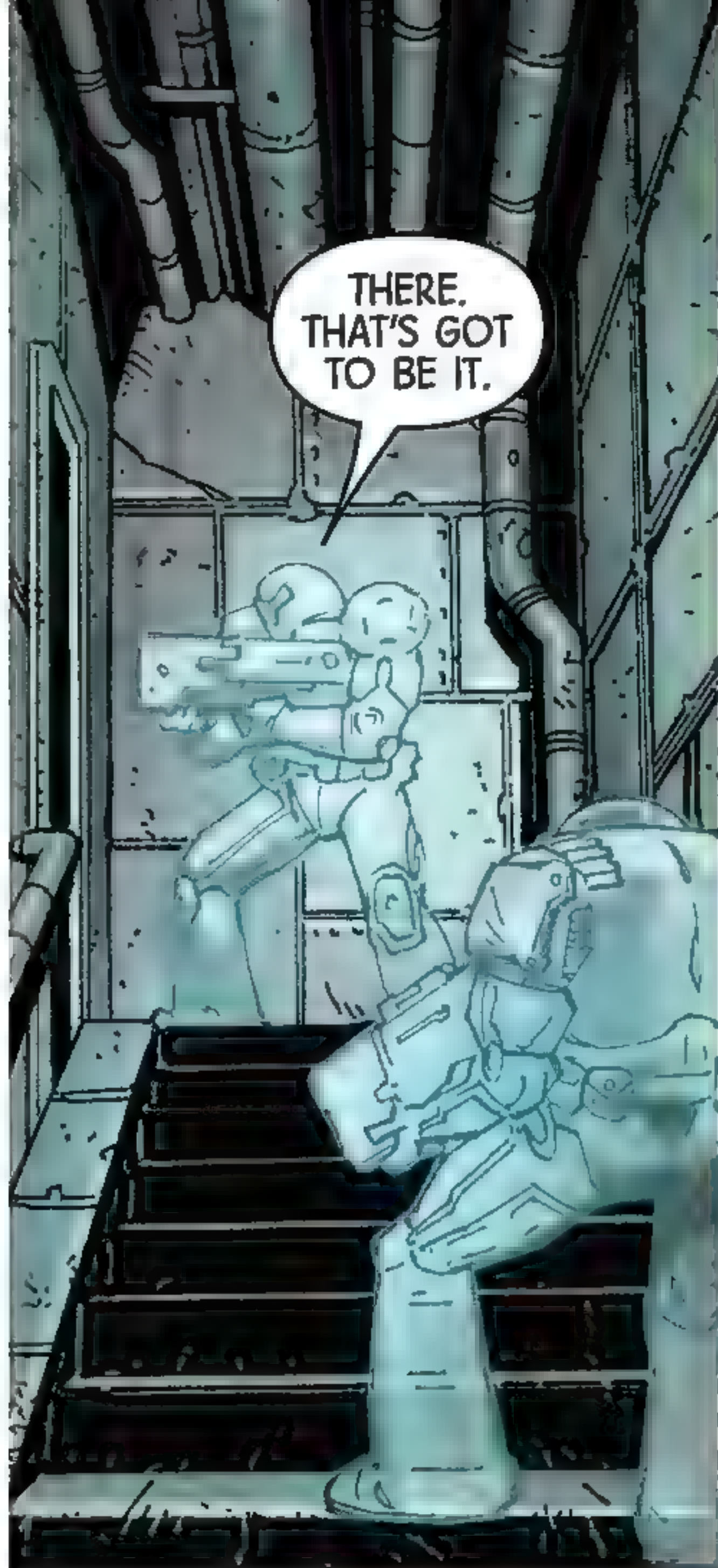


YOU WANT THEM BUSY.

BECAUSE YOU WANT THEM TO BE MY X-MEN.

NOT MY BROTHERHOOD.

MUNCH



THERE.
THAT'S GOT
TO BE IT.



LOOK AT
THAT.

THE
WORLD'S LAST
CEREBRO.



WELL, DON'T GET TOO
ATTACHED--CEREBRO'S
ABOUT TO GO
EXTINCT.

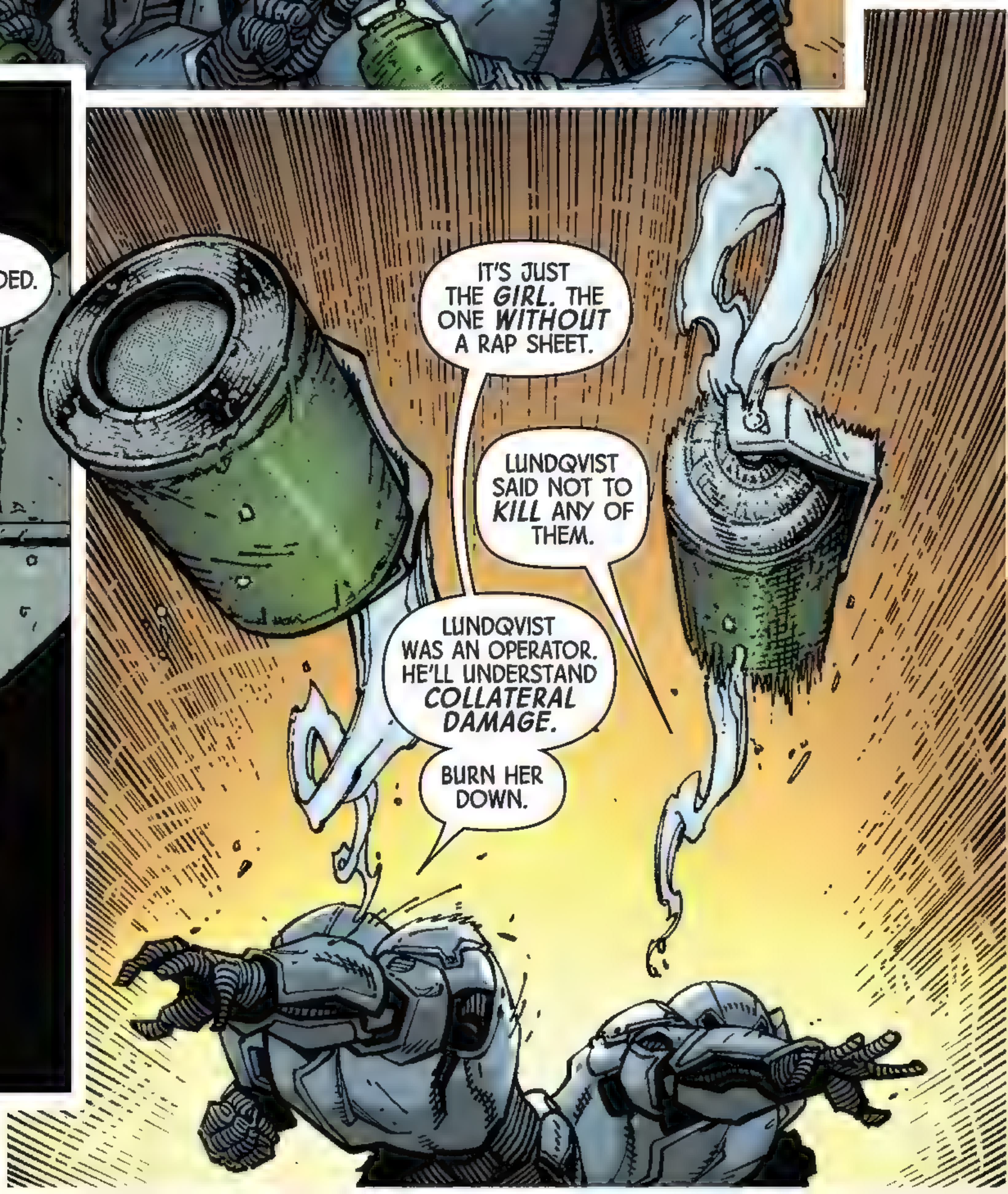
WE BURN
THIS THING
DOWN AND WE CLIP
THE X-MEN'S
WINGS.



THAT'S
WHAT YOU *WANT*,
ISN'T IT?

YOU WANT
TO KEEP US FROM
FINDING EACH
OTHER.

KEEP US
SEPARATED. DIVIDED.
FRACTURED.

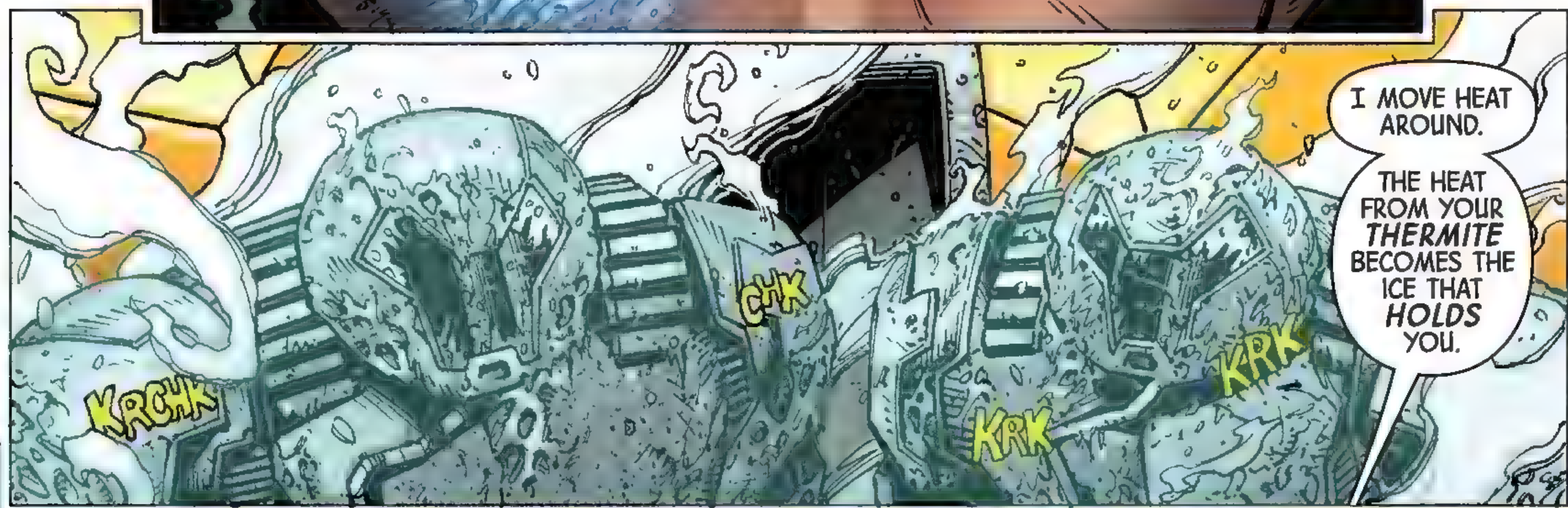
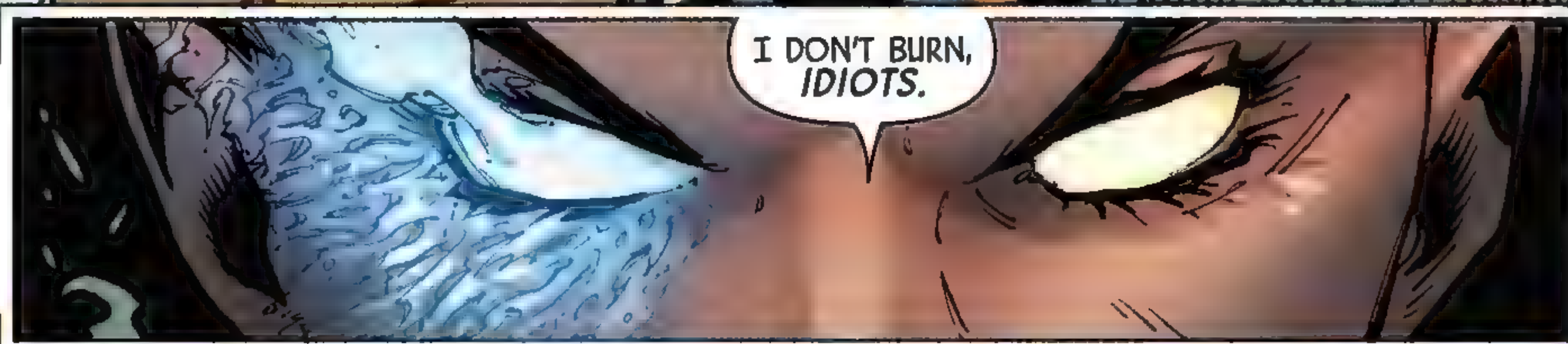


IT'S JUST
THE *GIRL*. THE
ONE *WITHOUT*
A RAP SHEET.

LUNDQVIST
SAID NOT TO
KILL ANY OF
THEM.

LUNDQVIST
WAS AN OPERATOR.
HE'LL UNDERSTAND
COLLATERAL
DAMAGE.

BURN
HER
DOWN.

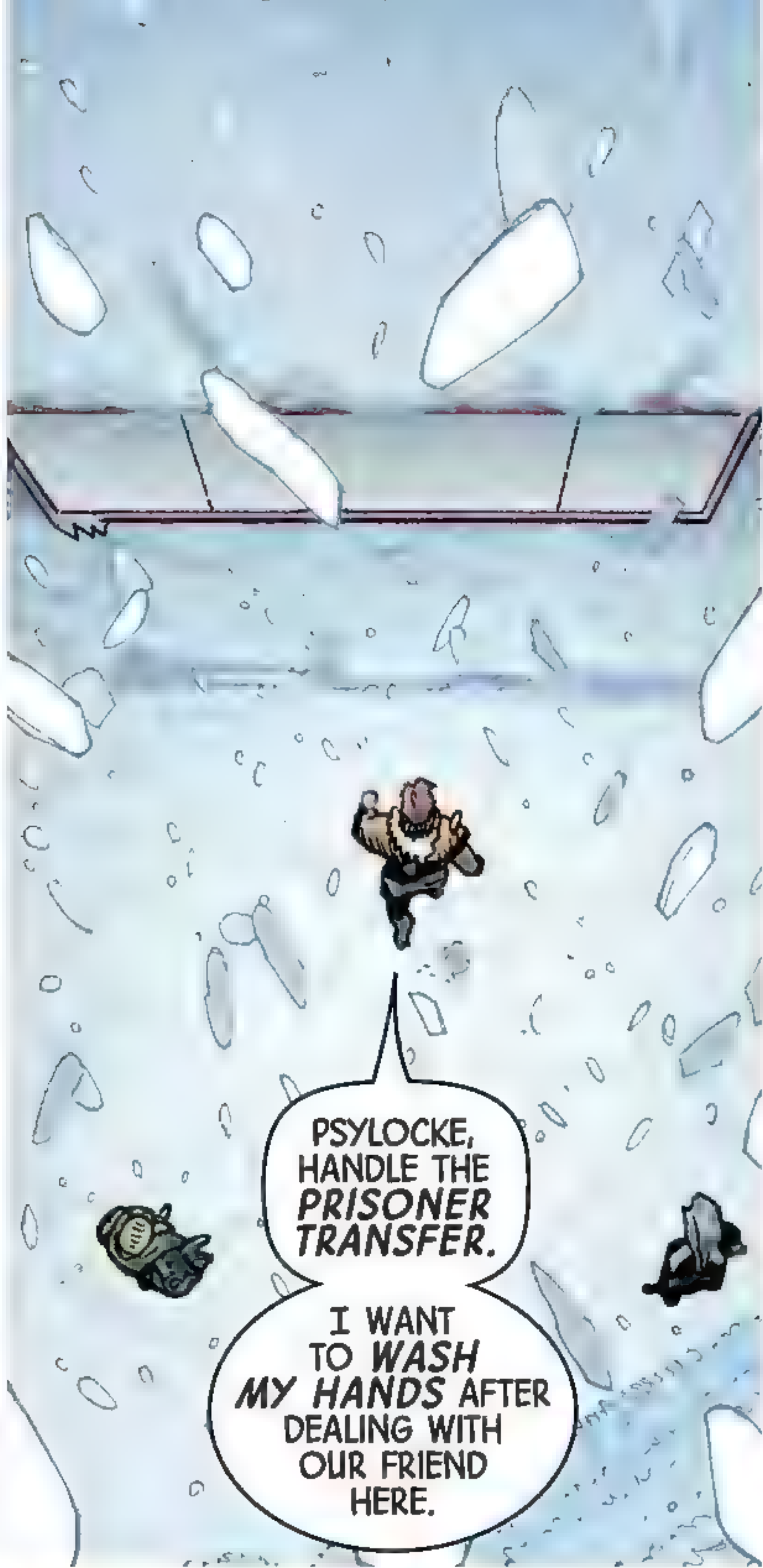




BUT
LUCKY FOR
YOU...

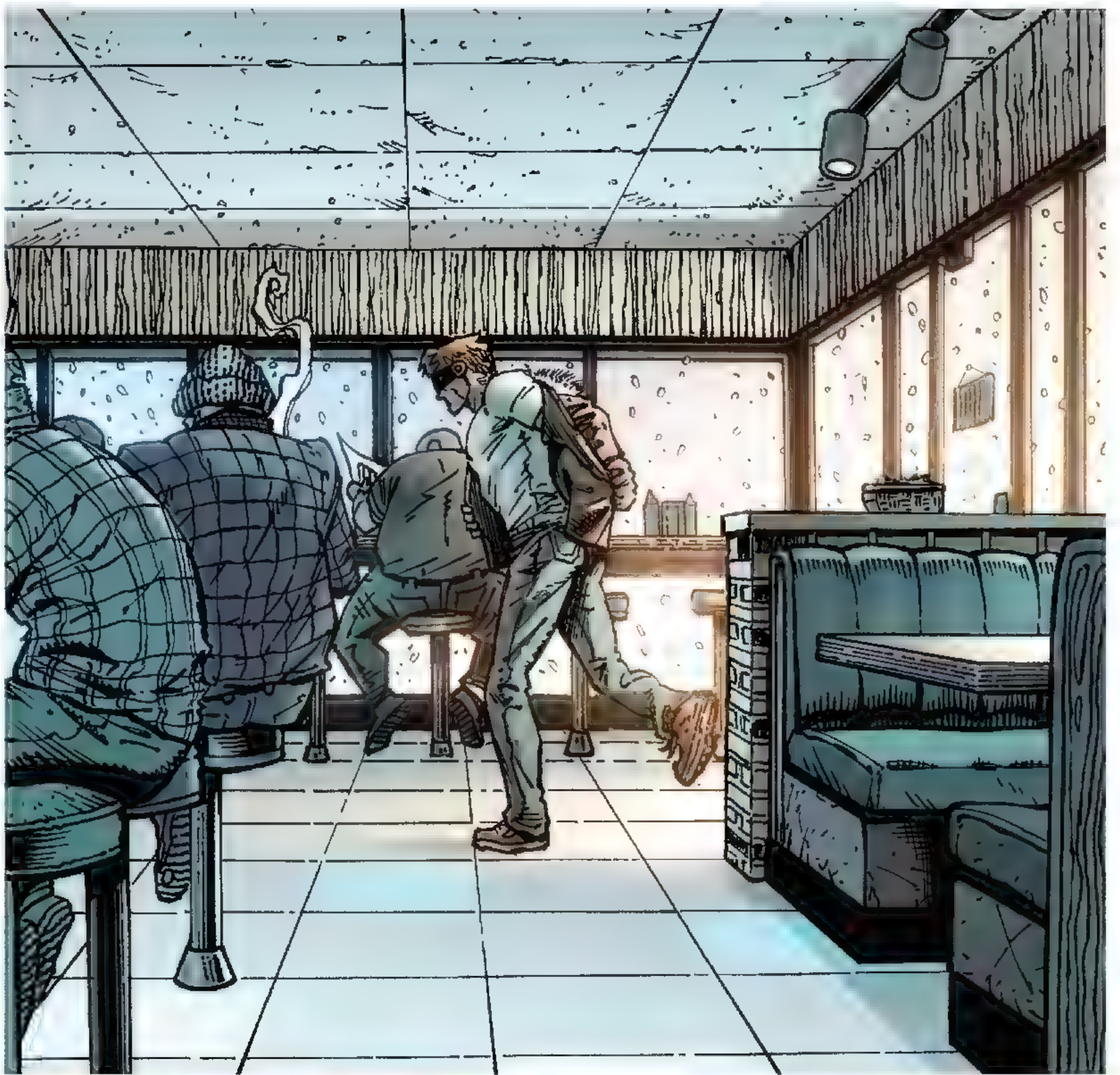
...I'M DONE
BEING COLLATERAL
DAMAGE.





PSYLOCKE,
HANDLE THE
PRISONER
TRANSFER.

I WANT
TO WASH
MY HANDS
AFTER
DEALING WITH
OUR FRIEND
HERE.



→HEFF←

→HEFF←



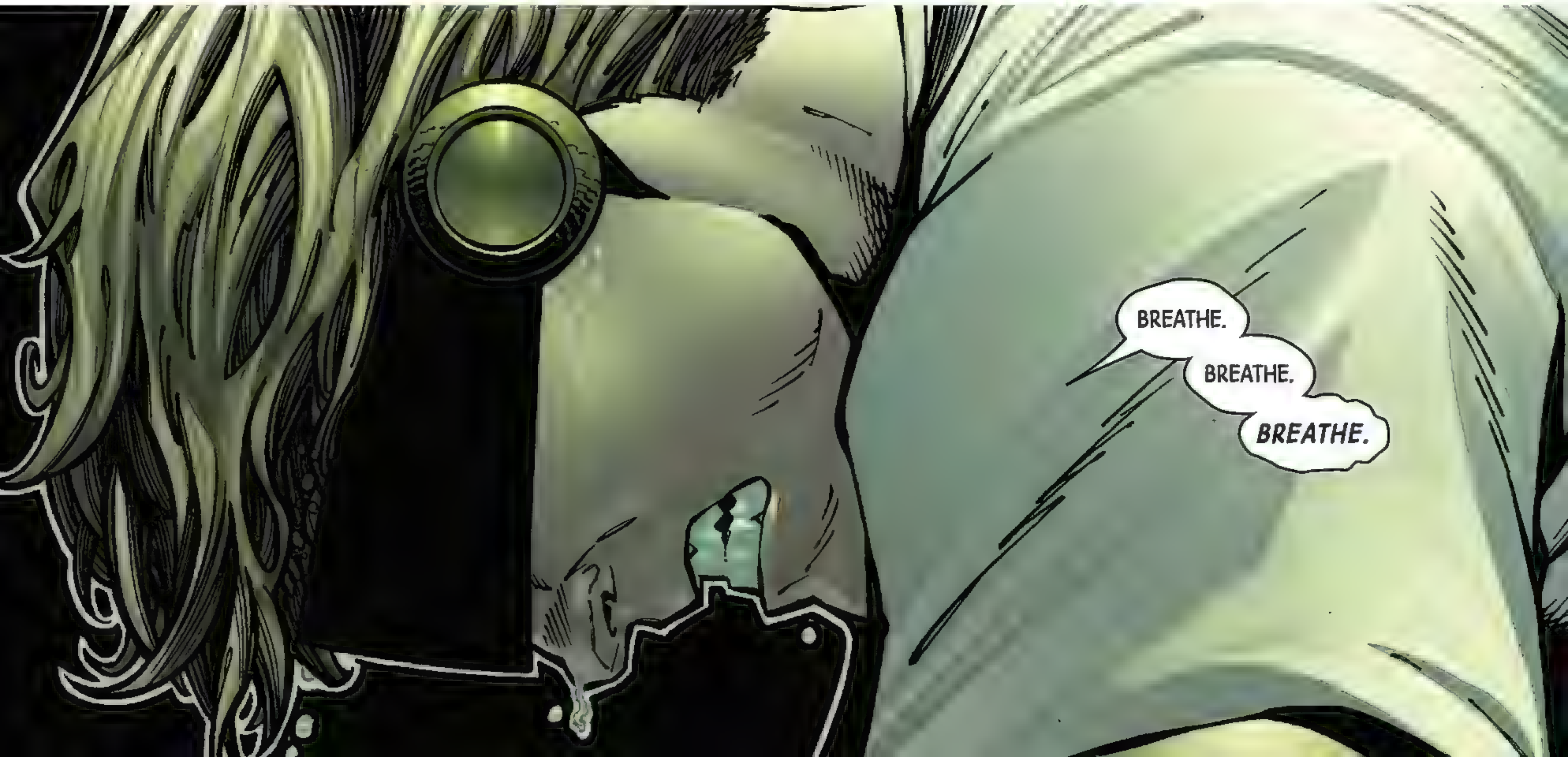
DAMN IT,
NOT NOW--

→HEFF←

GET IT
TOGETHER, GET IT
TOGETHER--

→HEFF←

LEAD,
DAMN IT--

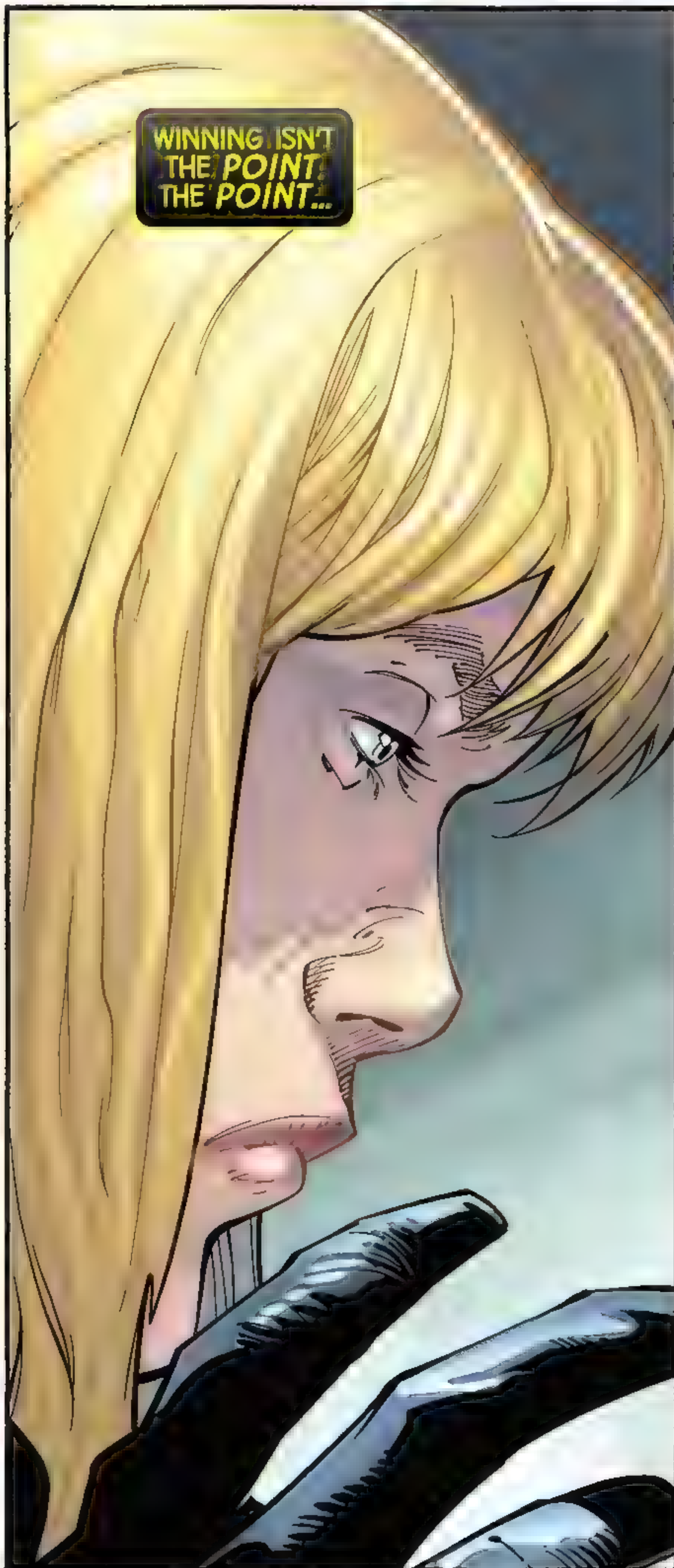
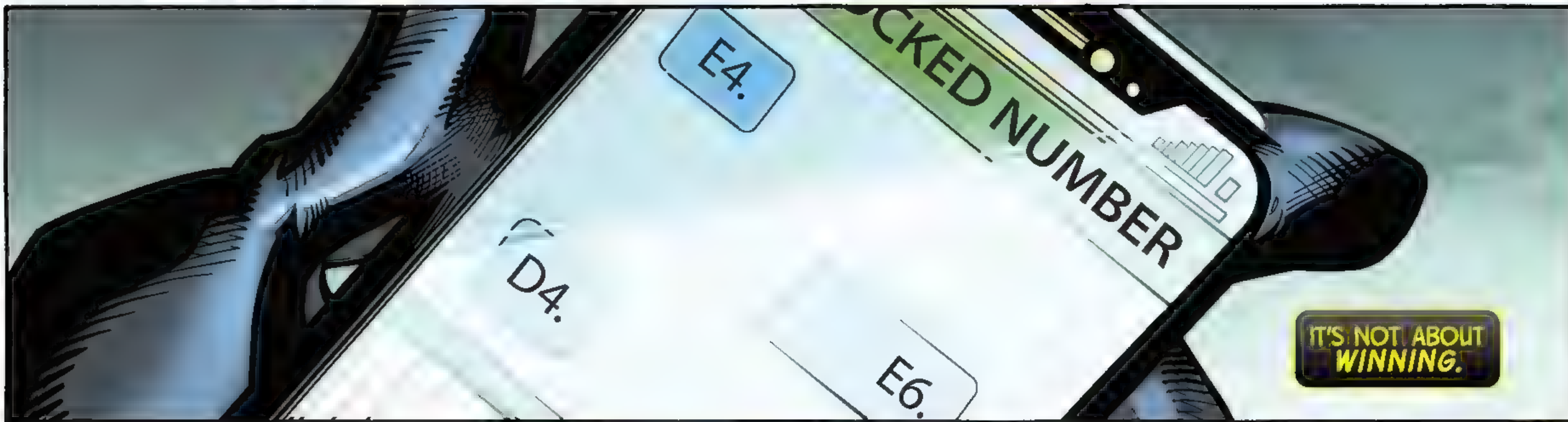


BREATHE.

BREATHE.

BREATHE.







MUTANTS.

YOU LOT
HATE MUTANTS,
DON'T YOU?



I MEAN,
I CAN'T SAY I
BLAME YOU.

MUTANTS KILLING
HUMANS. HUMANS
KILLING MUTANTS.

AND THEN
KRAKOA.

WHAT WAS
THAT ALL
ABOUT?



BUT THAT CAUSES
A PROBLEM.

AND I
WANT TO BE
LOVED.

I WANT TO
BE ADORED.

BECAUSE, MY DEAR
PUBLIC: I, TREVOR
FITZROY, AM A
MUTANT.



"TREVOR, OLD BOY,
WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

"WHAT, WITH THIS
MUTANT CONTAGION,
MUTANTS ARE MORE
HATED THAN EVER!"



AH-HA!

I'VE
GOT IT!

WHAT
IF...

...WHAT IF I, TREVOR
FITZROY, AND MY
UPSTARTS...



...KILLED
THESE NEW
MUTANTS
FOR YOU?

AND
STREAMED IT
LIVE, RIGHT
TO YOUR
PHONE?

YOU'D
LIKE THAT,
WOULDN'T
YOU?

NO.



YOU'D LOVE IT.

AND YOU'D LIKE AND SUBSCRIBE.

UPSTARTS JUST WENT LIVE.

BUT THEY MESSED UP--WE ISOLATED THE **LANDMARKS** IMMEDIATELY VISIBLE IN THEIR VIDEO, SO WE'VE GOT THEIR **LOCATION**.

STRIKE TEAM IS SCRAMBLING TO **DETROIT**.



WE'RE SHORT-HANDED.

QUENTIN AND PSYLOCKE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF A PSYCHIC RESCUE, SO I HAVE TO STAY AT BASE IN CASE SOMETHING HAPPENS.

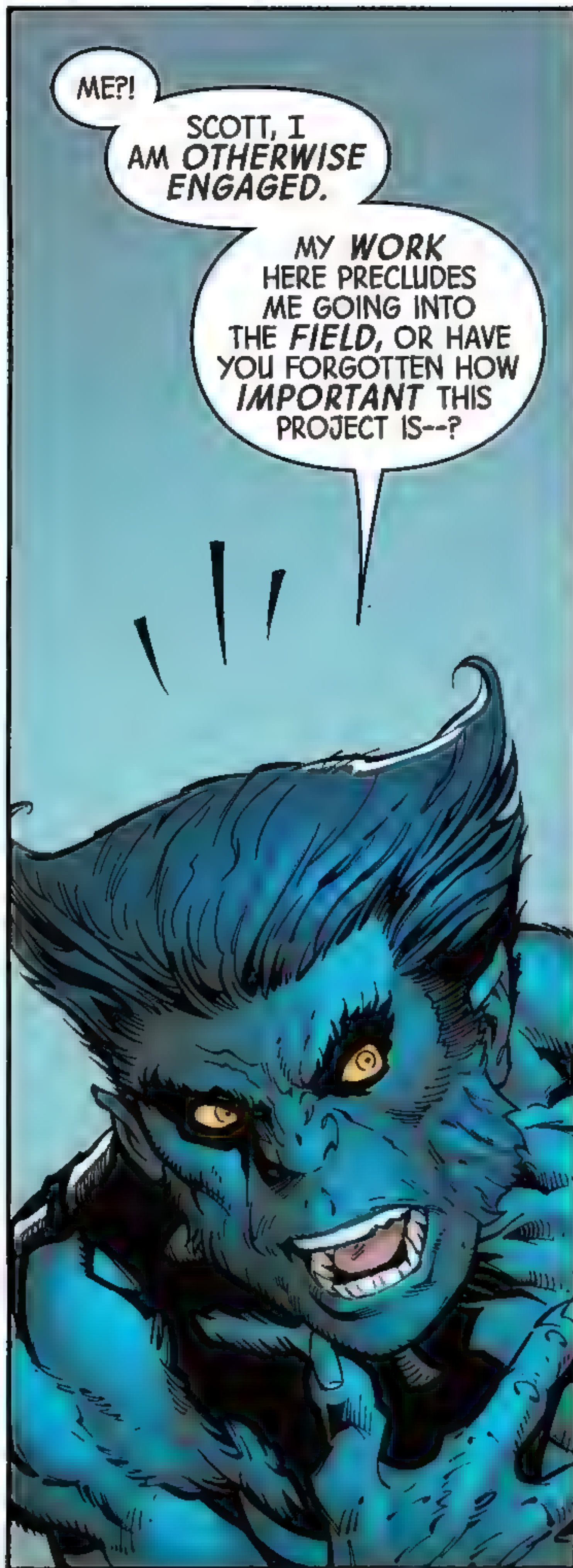
WHICH MEANS, **MAGIK**, YOU'RE RUNNING THE MISSION, WITH **TEMPER** AND **JUGGERNAUT**.

THREE X-MEN, NO PSYCHICS, NO MARAUDER... A BIT LEAN FOR A STRIKE TEAM, ISN'T IT?



I KNOW IT'S NOT IDEAL.

THAT'S WHY **BEAST** WILL BE GOING WITH YOU.



ME?!

SCOTT, I AM OTHERWISE ENGAGED.

MY WORK HERE PRECLUDES ME GOING INTO THE *FIELD*, OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW *IMPORTANT* THIS PROJECT IS--?



I HAVE NOT.

BUT I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER MUTANT MURDER LIVE-STREAMED--

IT'S NOT AS IF I DON'T CARE, SCOTT, I DO, BUT MY WORK--

YOUR WORK CAN WAIT, HANK--



MY WORK CAN WAIT?!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MAGNETO? WHAT COULD HAPPEN TO ANY OF US?

WE ARE ALL OF US TICKING TIME BOMBS--

HEY.



I'M TEAM LEADER. AND YOU'RE ON MY TEAM, MCCOY.

THAT'S WHAT YOU *SIGNED UP* FOR, AND IF YOU DON'T *LIKE* IT, GO HIDE IN A *SHANTY* WITH ROGUE AND *HER* CREW.



X-MAN UP.

DETROIT.

YOU REALLY OUGHT TO HAVE INVESTED IN CARDIO, OLD GIRL!

AH!

NOT JUST FOR OUR SAKE, THOUGH WE DO ENJOY A GOOD CHASE.

NO, FOR YOUR SAKE. AFTER ALL...

...A HEALTHY HEART IS A HEALTHY START.

IN FACT: OCELOT, WHY DON'T YOU GET THAT HEART OUT FOR ME, HMM?

LET'S SHOW OUR VIEWERS THE CONSEQUENCES OF A SEDENTARY LIFESTYLE.



I'M
GIVING YOU ONE
CHANCE.

SURRENDER.

HEH.

KILLER
TELEVISION.

NO.

"SURRENDER"?
REALLY?

WHERE IS THE
BANTER, MAGIK?
THE BACK-AND-
FORTH?

OUR
AUDIENCE EXPECTS
BETTER!

LET'S SEE
HOW YOUR AUDIENCE OF
SNUFF-CAST PERVERTS
LIKE IT WHEN I GUT
YOU, FITZROY.

NOW
THAT'S MORE
LIKE IT!

UPSTARTS...

...START
IT UP!

GOOD
LORD.



RAAGHH!

NOW, NOW.

YOU SHOULD
KNOW **BETTER** THAN
TO TRY TO COME AT A
FELLOW TELEPORTER
LIKE THAT.



OF COURSE,
I CAN ONLY MOVE
MYSELF AROUND
SPATIALLY.

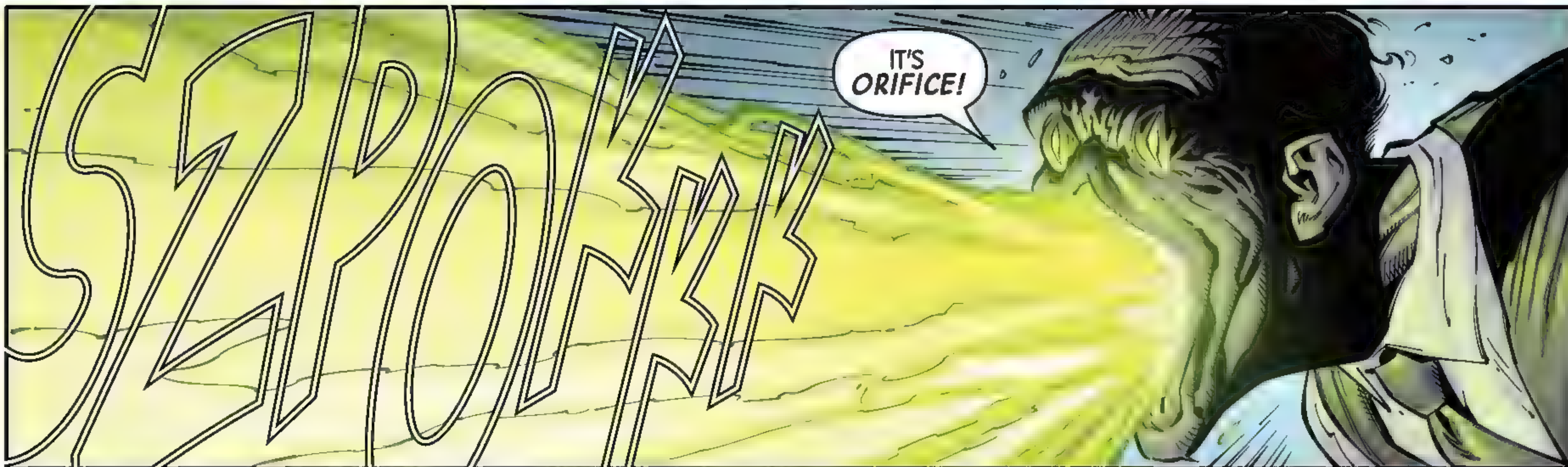
BUT MY
TIME PORTALS
ARE ANOTHER THING
ENTIRELY.

I'VE GOT
ALL SORTS
OF NASTIES FROM
ALL SORTS OF
TIMELINES
ON TAP.



HAVE A
LITTLE TASTE OF THE
2013 MOUNT ETNA
ERUPTION, FOR
STARTERS.







YEAARRGHH!

AFTER ALL, IT
COULDN'T VERY WELL
BE "OBSERVANT,"
COULD IT?

BECAUSE
OTHERWISE, YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE FALLEN
FOR THE OLDEST TRICK
IN AN ALREADY
VERY OLD
BOOK.

POW
POW
POW



WOOF.

YOU THREE--
YOU WAS ON TV ONCE,
WEREN'T YOU?

O-FORCE,
RIGHT?*

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING KILLING
MUTANTS?



YOU SEEN
ME MURDER PEOPLE
ON TV AS PART OF A
GAME SHOW, AND
YOU'RE WONDERING
WHY I'M STILL
DOIN' IT?

SWEET
FAME,
BABY.



WHEN YOU
LOOK LIKE I
DO, YOU'LL DO
ANYTHING
FOR IT.

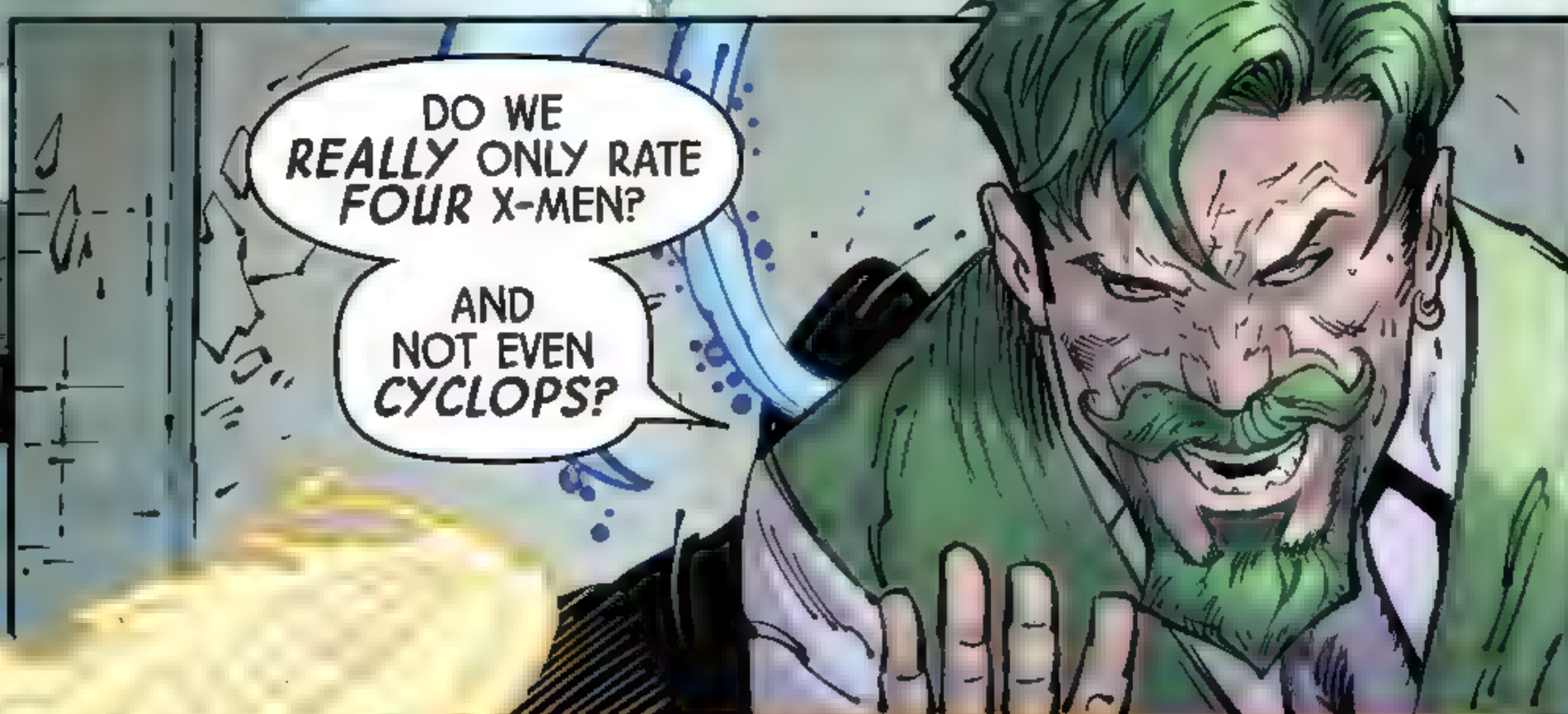
THIS GUY
KNOWS WHAT
I'M TALKING
ABOUT.

YAARGH!



WHILE THAT
RAD-ABOMINATION
FROM THE 23RD CENTURY
TRIES TO MAKE A MEAL
OF YOU...

...I'VE BEEN
MEANING TO
ASK.

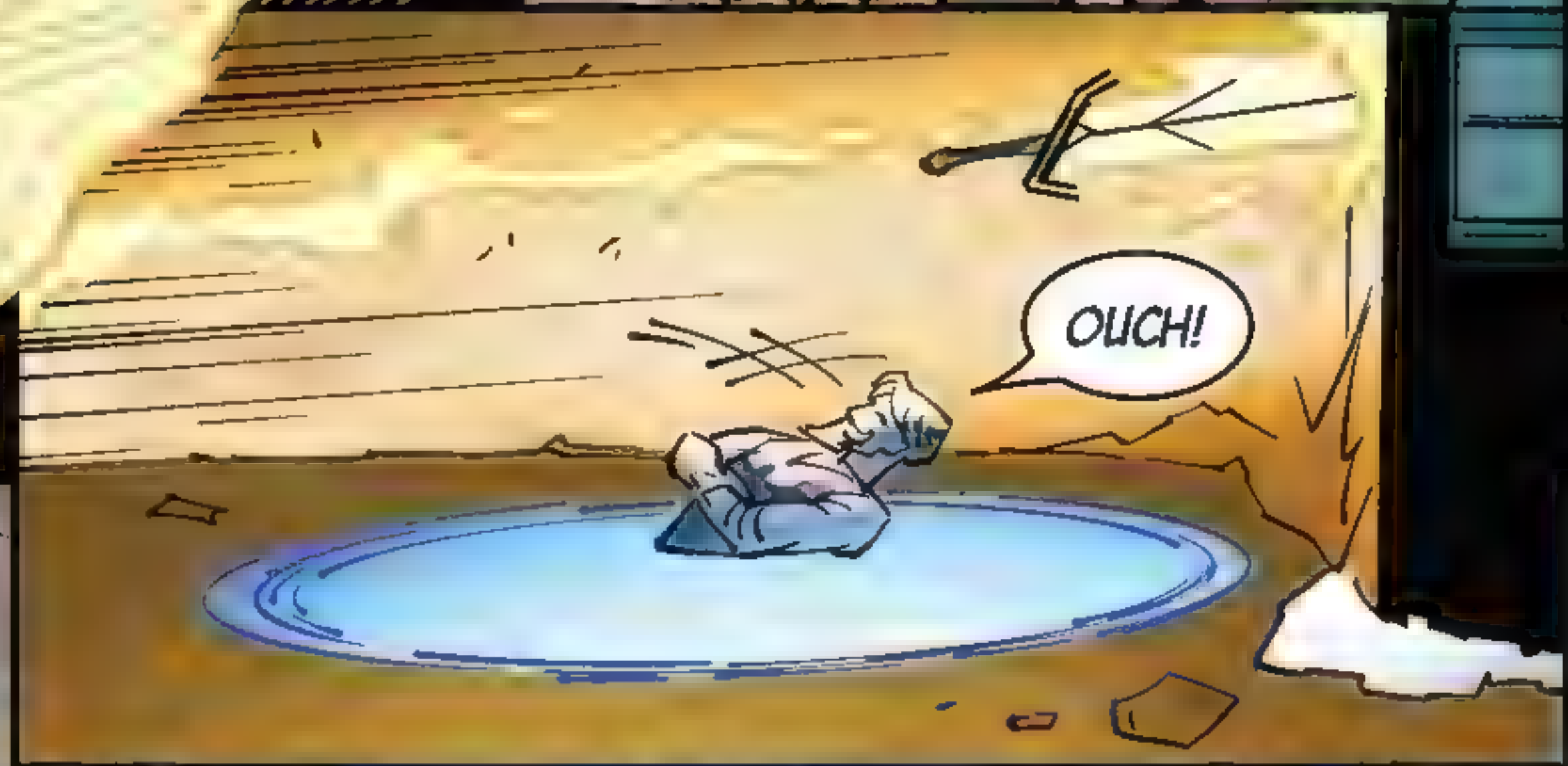


DO WE
REALLY ONLY RATE
FOUR X-MEN?

AND
NOT EVEN
CYCLOPS?



YOU'RE NOT
WORTH A FULL
TEAM, FITZROY.



OUCH!



BESIDES, MY
PLAN'S WORKING
WELL ENOUGH.

YOU TOOK
YOUR EYES OFF
THE PRIZE.



"YOU LOST THE
MUTANT."

OKAY.

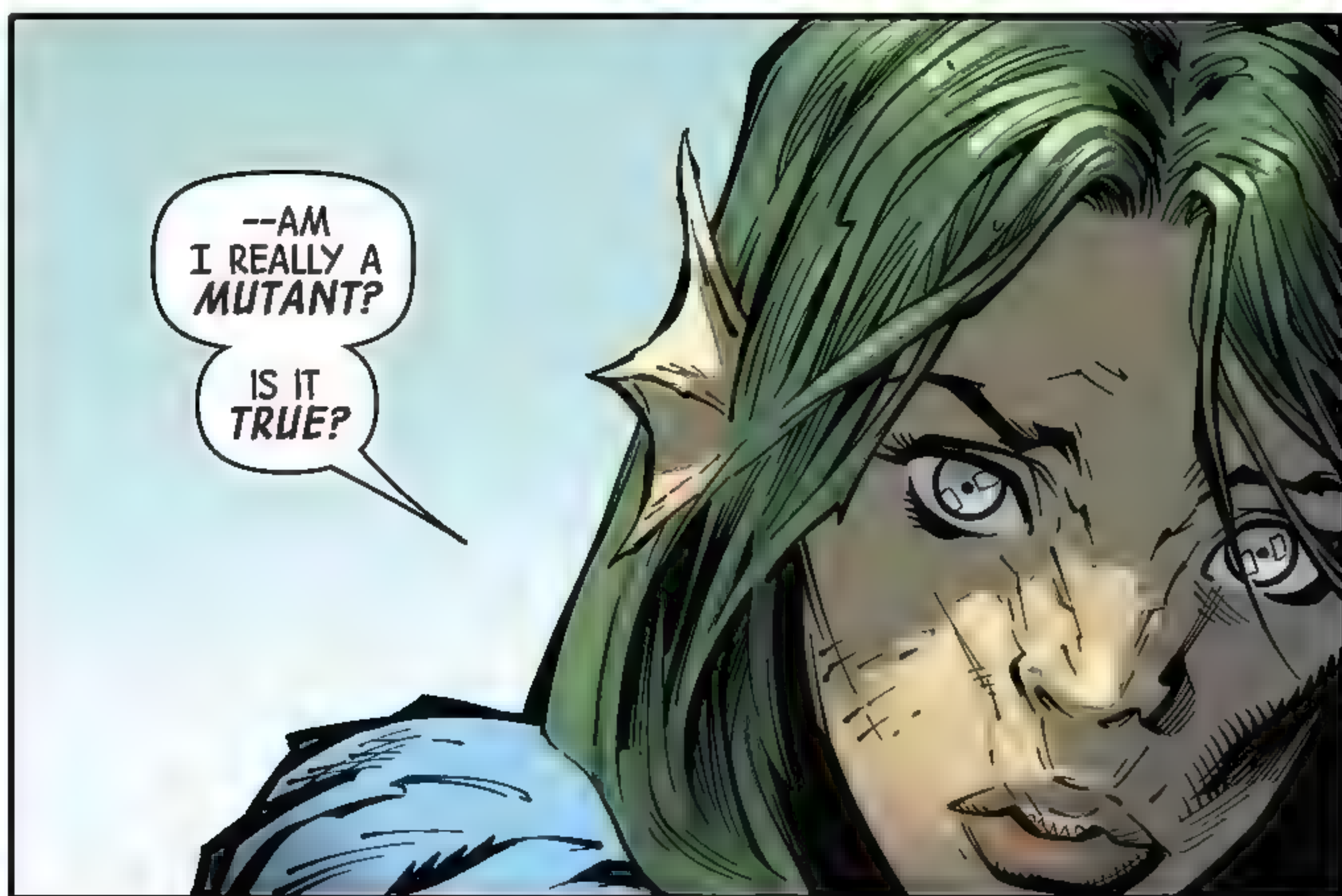
WE'RE FAR
ENOUGH AWAY.
YOU SHOULD
BE SAFE.

THEY'VE GOT
THE X-MEN
TO WORRY ABOUT--
THEY'RE NOT GOING
TO CHASE YOU
ANYMORE.



I'VE GOT
TO GET BACK
AND HELP.

AM--



--AM
I REALLY A
MUTANT?

IS IT
TRUE?



I
BELIEVE
IT IS.

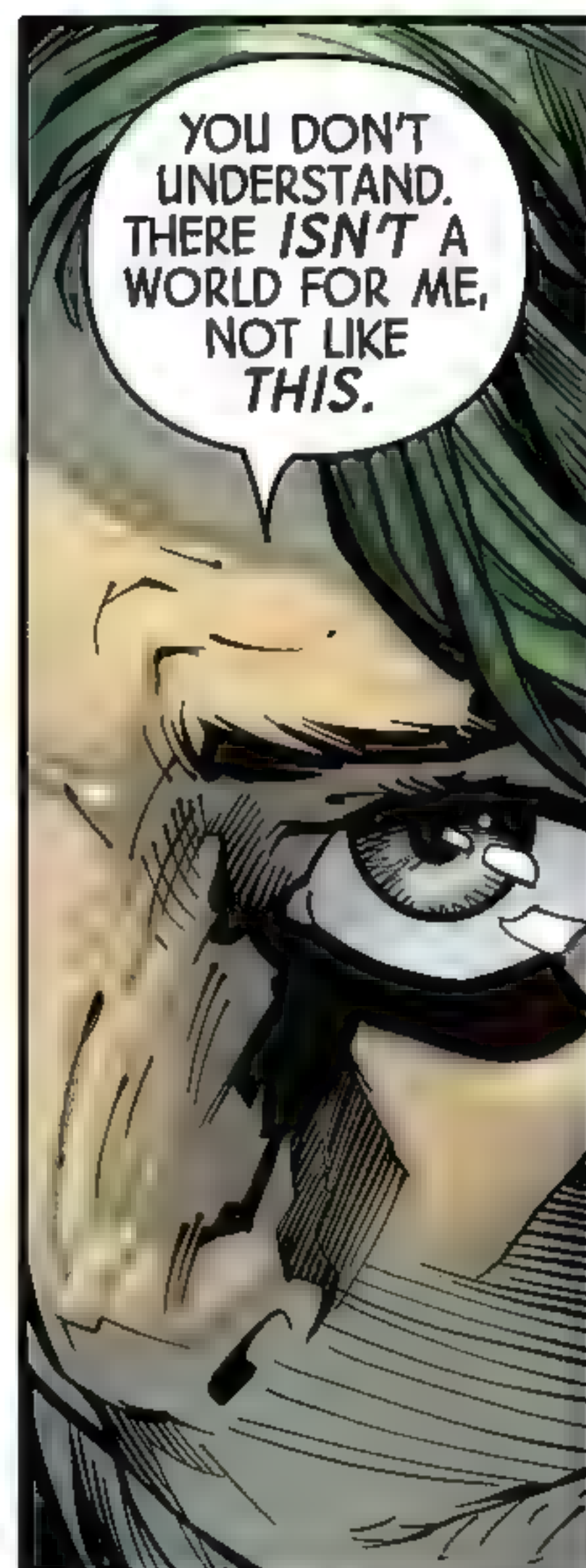
AND
YOU'VE BEEN
PUT IN **TERRIBLE**
DANGER BECAUSE
OF IT.



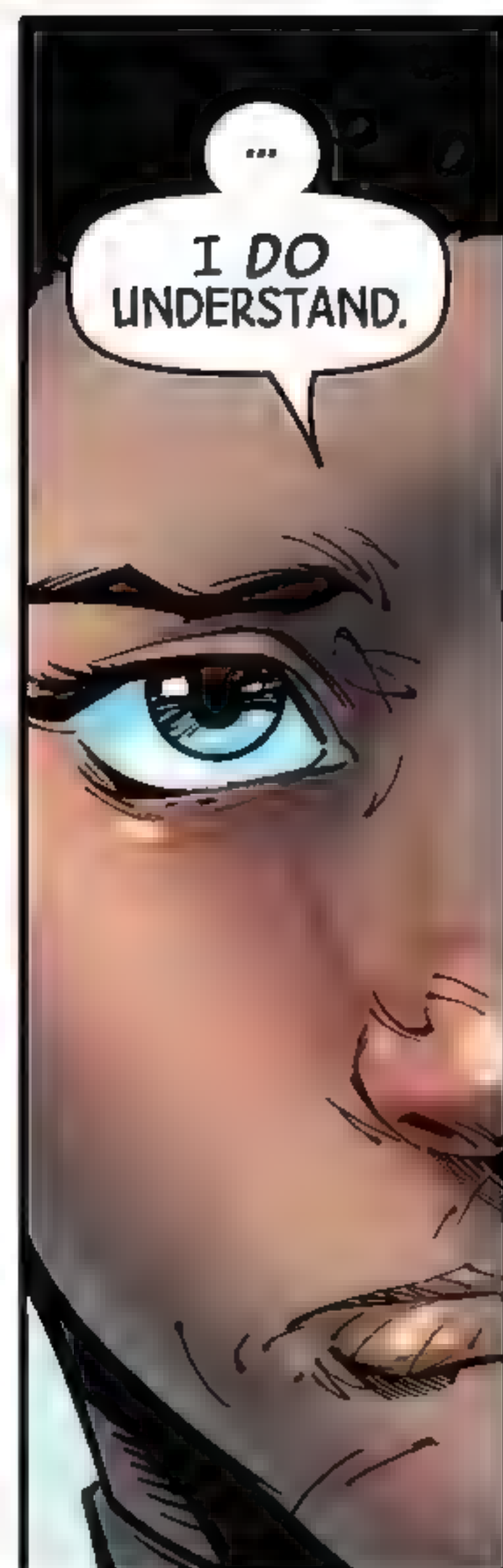
I'M
SORRY.

THERE CAN
BE **BEAUTY** AND
MIRACLES IN FINDING
OUT WHAT YOU ARE, AS
FRIGHTENING AS
IT CAN BE.

BUT THERE
IS ALSO THE
WORLD, WHICH IS A
DIFFERENT ONE FOR
YOU NOW THAN IT
WAS **BEFORE**.



YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
THERE **ISN'T** A
WORLD FOR ME,
NOT LIKE
THIS.



...
I **DO**
UNDERSTAND.

"AND MAYBE
WE CAN
HELP YOU."

YOU'RE
NOT EVEN A
MUTANT!

THIS HAS
NOTHING TO DO
WITH YOU!

YEAH
AND NO.

YEAH, I AIN'T
A MUTANT.

BUT AS LONG
AS I WEAR THIS X
ON MY HEAD, THIS HAS
EVERYTHING TO
DO WITH ME.

I MAKE
IT MY
BUSINESS.

BECAUSE
IT AIN'T A
SYMBOL.

IT'S
A TARGET. A
CROSSHAIRS.

AND I
WEAR IT *RIGHT*
HERE.

SO'S
ANYONE WHO
THINKS THEY'RE
GOING TO TAKE
THEIR *SHOT* HAS
TO LOOK ME IN
THE *EYES*.

SO'S THEY
SEE WHAT'S *IN*
THOSE EYES.

SO'S THEY
SEE WHAT I'M
GONNA DO
TO 'EM.



ENOUGH OF THIS.

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS FOOLISHNESS.



I HAVE WORK TO DO.

IMPORTANT WORK.



AND I AM BEING WASTED HERE!



WELL, YOU'VE CERTAINLY MADE A MESS OF THINGS, X-MEN.

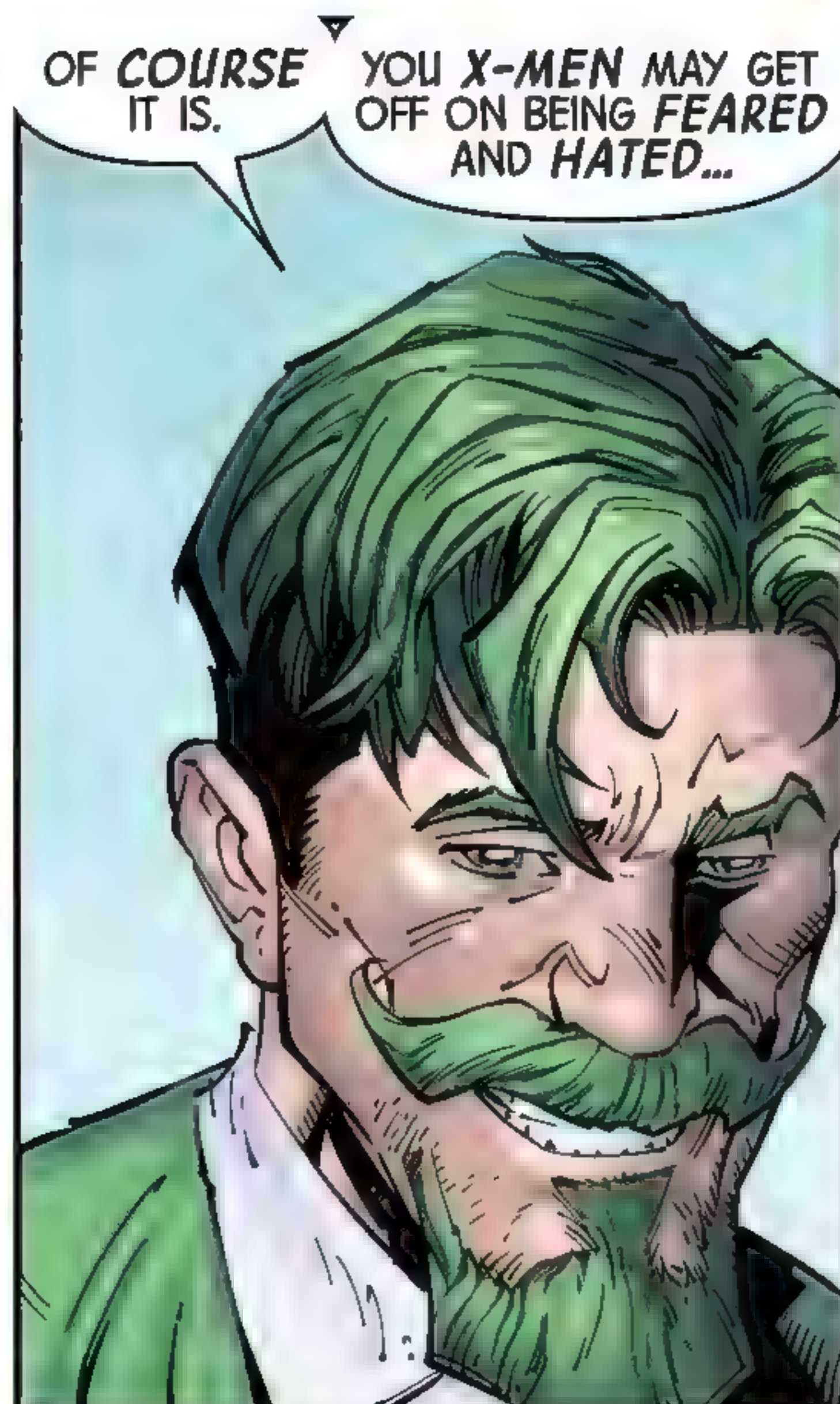
BUT DON'T WORRY. I CUT THE LIVE FEED JUST WHEN THINGS WERE TURNING.

I'LL CLEAN IT ALL UP IN THE EDIT. AS FAR AS THE WORLD WILL BE CONCERNED, THE UPSTARTS WILL HAVE WON THIS LITTLE FRACAS.



IS THAT ALL YOU CARE ABOUT, FITZROY?

WHAT THE WORLD THINKS?



OF COURSE IT IS.

YOU X-MEN MAY GET OFF ON BEING FEARED AND HATED...



"...BUT I
WANT THE
VERY **WORST**
OF THEM TO
LOVE ME.



"BECAUSE I
AM THE VERY
WORST OF **US**.



"AND I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM
THE **VERY WORST** THINGS TO
SEE, TO WATCH, TO **REVEL** IN.

"BECAUSE AS LONG AS
THEY LOVE **ME** AND
HATE AND FEAR **YOU**..."



...YOU
CAN'T
WIN.



LATER.
THE 'UPSTARTS'
HIDDEN HQ...

YOU
FAILED.

WE DID
NOT.

OUR
NUMBERS ARE
THROUGH THE
ROOF.

PEOPLE CAN'T GET
ENOUGH OF US.

YOU
SHOULD SEE THE
VIEWS!

UPSTARTS HUMILIATE
THE X-MEN!!!

I DON'T CARE
ABOUT "VIEWS,"
FITZROY.

IF YOU'RE
THAT DESPERATE
FOR HAPPY BRAIN
CHEMICALS, I CAN
GRAFT A TAILORED
DOPAMINE PUMP
INTO YOU.

GROSS.

NO...

...IT'S THE NEW
MUTANT I
WANTED.

WHICH IS THE WHOLE REASON
I SPONSOR YOU AND YOUR
LITTLE BAND OF MURDEROUS
REJECTS.

IF YOU WANT *MUTANTS*,
WE CAN GET YOU
MUTANTS.

WITH KRAKOA
GONE, THEY'RE
ALL OVER THE
PLACE.

HELL, TAKE
ORIFICE IF
YOU LIKE. HE IS
VERY HARD TO
LOOK AT.

NO. WE'VE
BEEN OVER THIS. I
DON'T WANT JUST ANY
OLD MUTANT. I WANT THE
NEW ONES THAT'VE
BEEN POPPING
UP.

**...BETTER KNOWN
AS SUGARLAND.**

SOMEONE'S
CRACKED THE
X-GENE.

SOMEONE'S
MAKING NEW
MUTANTS OUT OF
FLATSCANS.

I WANT
TO KNOW WHO.
I WANT TO KNOW
HOW.

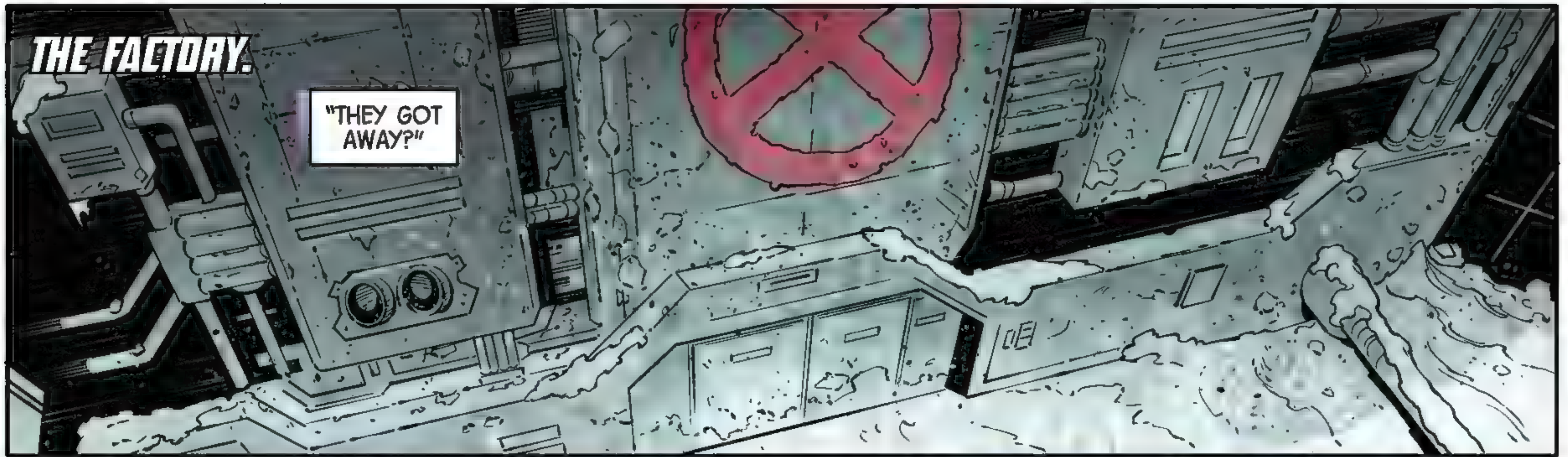
BECAUSE IF
THAT'S THE WAY
THINGS ARE GOING
NOW...



...THEN YOU
BETTER BELIEVE THAT

SUGAR MAN

IS GOING TO GET
A TASTE.



THE FACTORY.

"THEY GOT AWAY?"

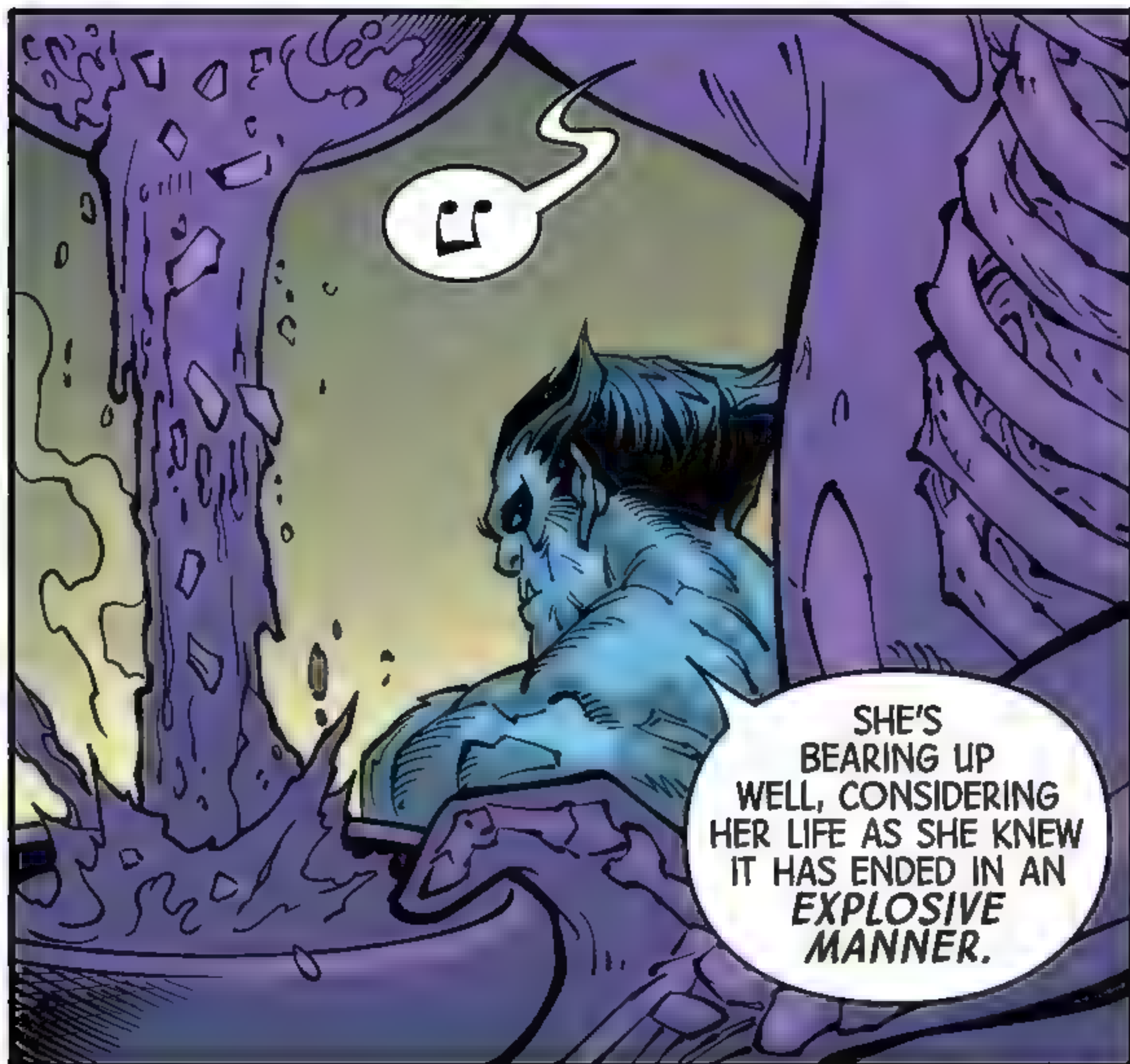


FITZROY IS A TELEPORTER.

OF COURSE THEY GOT AWAY.

AND THE MUTANT?

JENNIFER STARKEY? SHE CAME BACK WITH US. SHE WAS TOO FRIGHTENED TO STAY IN DETROIT.



♪

SHE'S BEARING UP WELL, CONSIDERING HER LIFE AS SHE KNEW IT HAS ENDED IN AN EXPLOSIVE MANNER.



WE'VE PUT HER UP IN SOME OF THE NEW QUARTERS WE'VE ESTABLISHED, BUT WE ARE BEGINNING TO RUN OUT OF SPACE.

LAKSA!

THANK YOU, GLOB.



HM. WE'RE EXPANDING MORE QUICKLY THAN I HAD EXPECTED. WE'LL HAVE TO RECLAIM MORE OF THE FACTORY, MAKE IT LIVABLE.

HOW WAS ILLYANA IN THE FIELD?

GOOD. BETTER THAN WE WERE AT HER AGE.

"SHE WAS
BORN FOR
THIS."

WHEN IT'S NOT HUMANS, ALIENS
OR ROBOTS KILLING US, WE'RE
KILLING *EACH OTHER*.

IT'S ALL THE
SAME.

IT'S ALL THE
FIGHT.

WHICH IS WHY
I *KNOW* THIS:

WE CAN'T
WIN.

[REDACTED.]

BUT IT'S NEVER
BEEN ABOUT
WINNING.

PING

JUST TRYING
TO KEEP FROM
LOSING FOR
AS LONG AS
POSSIBLE.

THAT'S
ALL WE'VE
GOT.

SO THAT'S
WHAT I
FIGHT FOR.

#5



"PSYCHIC RESCUE IN PROGRESS"

KWANNON.

YOU
DON'T HAVE
TO GO.

YES,
I DO.

WHY?

BECAUSE
OF WHAT--WHO
I AM.

I WAS MADE TO BE A
TOOL, JOHN GREYCROW,
JUST LIKE YOU WERE.
A WEAPON.

HONED
SHARP, GIVEN
A KILLING
EDGE.

THAT'S
BEHIND ME
NOW.

BUT A
TOOL NEEDS
A PURPOSE,
AND THAT WILL
ALWAYS BE
WITH ME.



**THE FACTORY.
MERLE, ALASKA.**

YOU'RE
LATE!

I AM
ON TIME.

EARLY IS
ON TIME. ON TIME
IS LATE.

WHEN YOU
FINALLY EXHAUST MY
PATIENCE, QUENTIN QUIRE,
I WON'T EVEN *BOTHER*
TO MAKE YOUR MURDER
LOOK LIKE AN
ACCIDENT.

BECAUSE
NO ONE WILL
CARE.

PFFT.

SABRETOOTH
CUT MY HEAD OFF
AND CARRIED IT
AROUND IN A
BOX.*

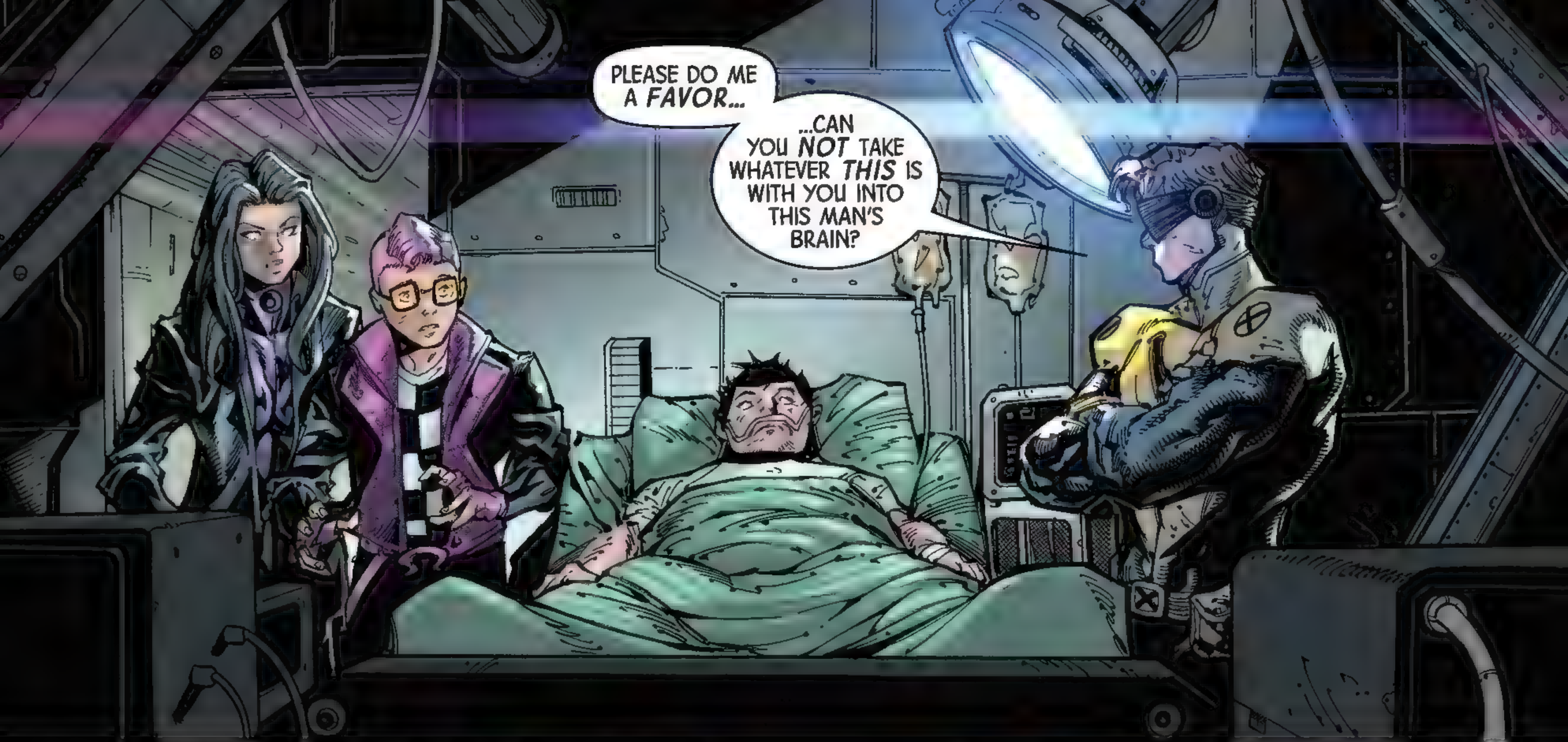
FORGIVE ME IF
YOUR DEATH THREAT
DOESN'T EXACTLY HAVE
ME *QUAKING* IN
MY KICKS.

"PFFT"
YOURSELF.

SABRETOOTH
HAD NO SUBTLETY.
I'M TRAINED. I'M A
PROFESSIONAL.

CLING

*SEE WOLVERINE #41! --TOM



PLEASE DO ME
A FAVOR...

...CAN
YOU **NOT** TAKE
WHATEVER **THIS** IS
WITH YOU INTO
THIS MAN'S
BRAIN?



NO
PROMISES,
SLIM.

DON'T
CALL ME
THAT.

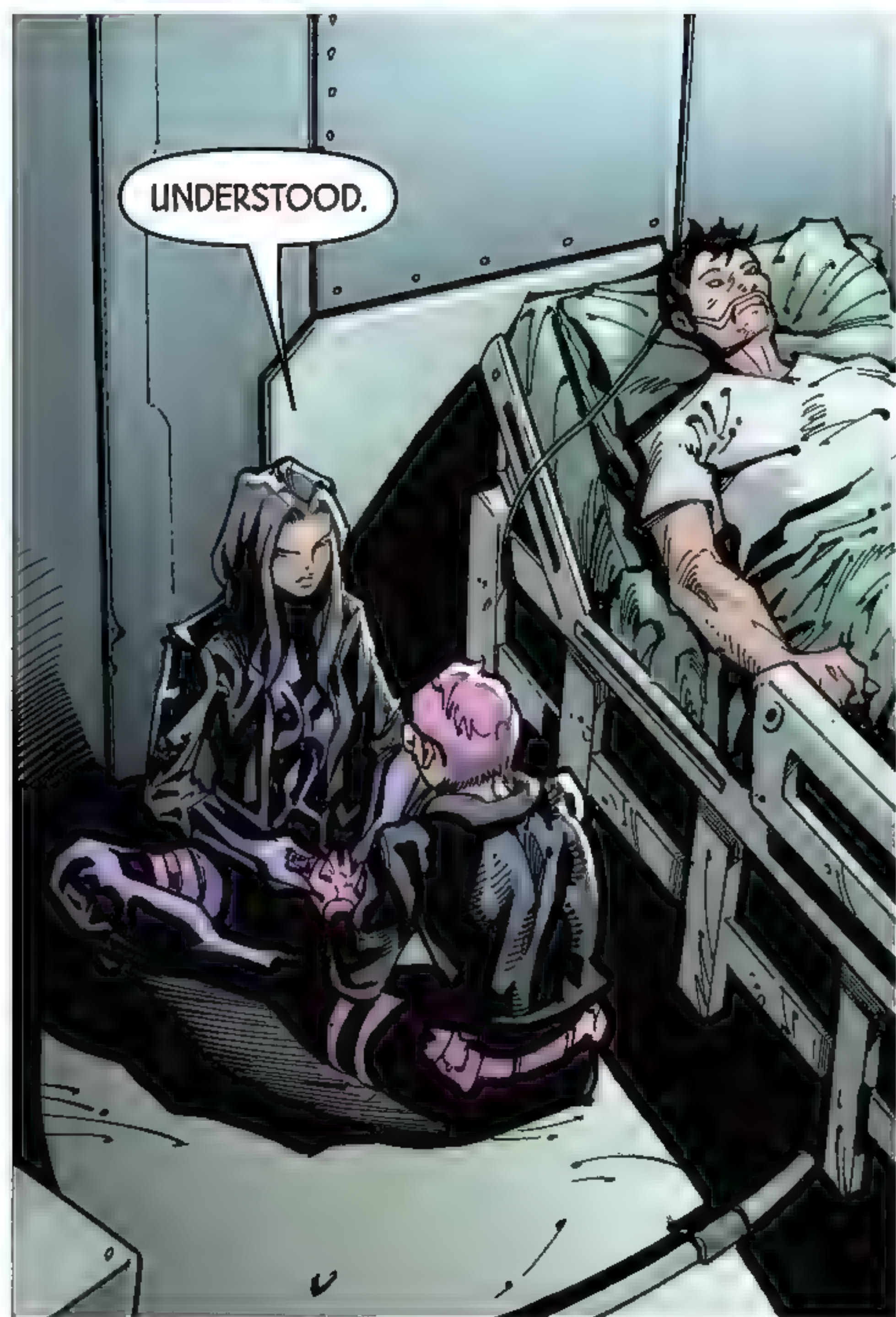
MISSION
OVERVIEW,
SCOTT.



WAKE
BEN LIU FROM
HIS COMA.

STABILIZE
HIS MENTAL
STATE.

AND BRING
BACK SOME
HARD INTEL ON
WHAT ACTIVATED
HIS X-GENE.



UNDERSTOOD.



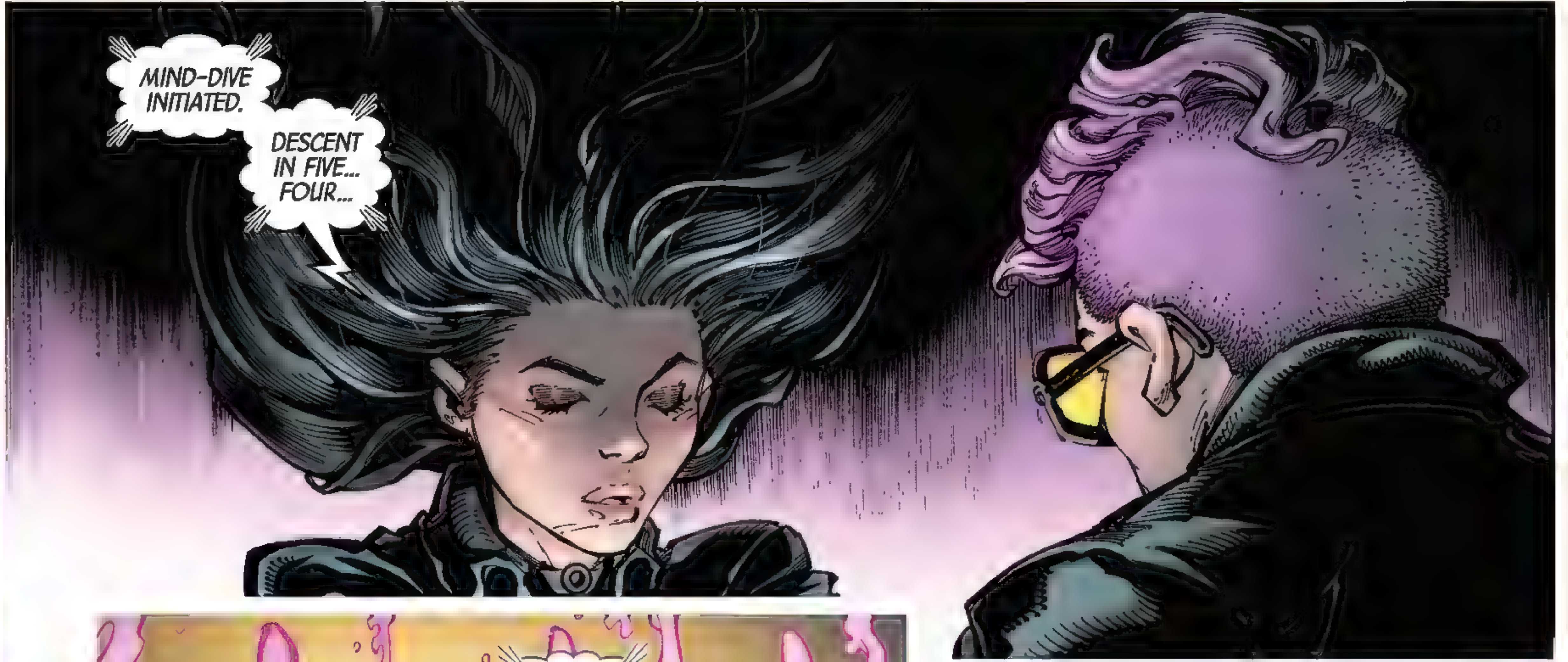
UGH.

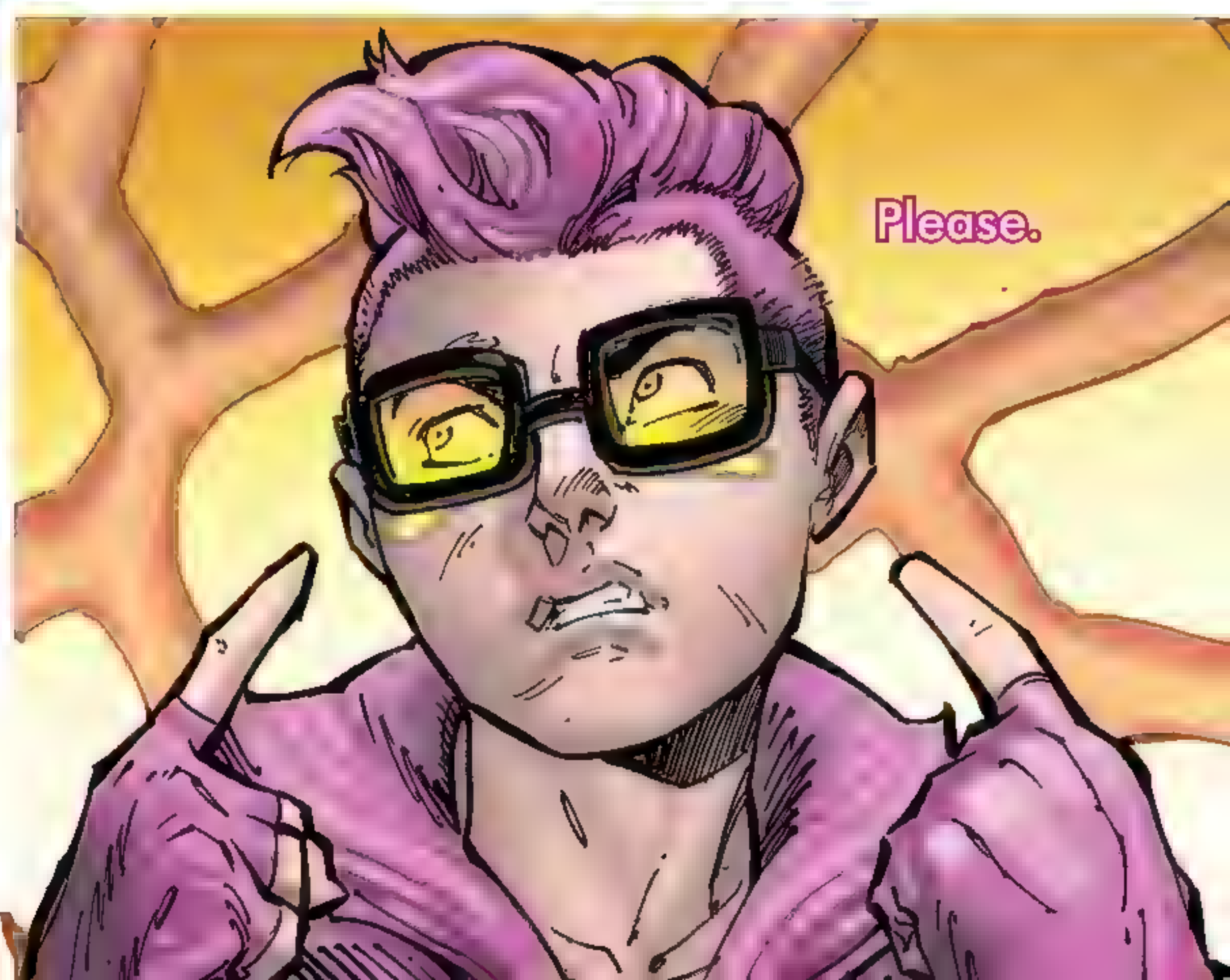
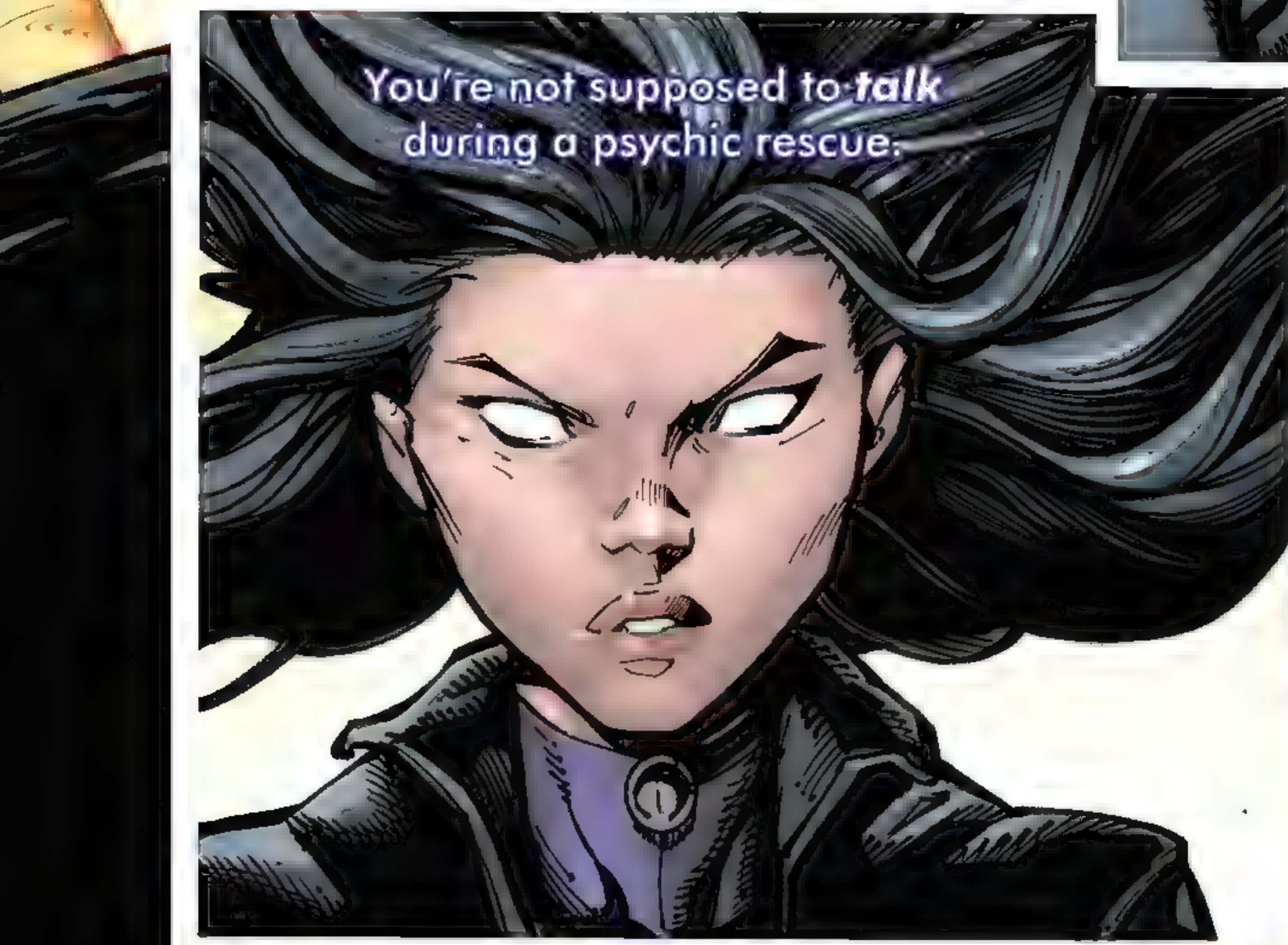
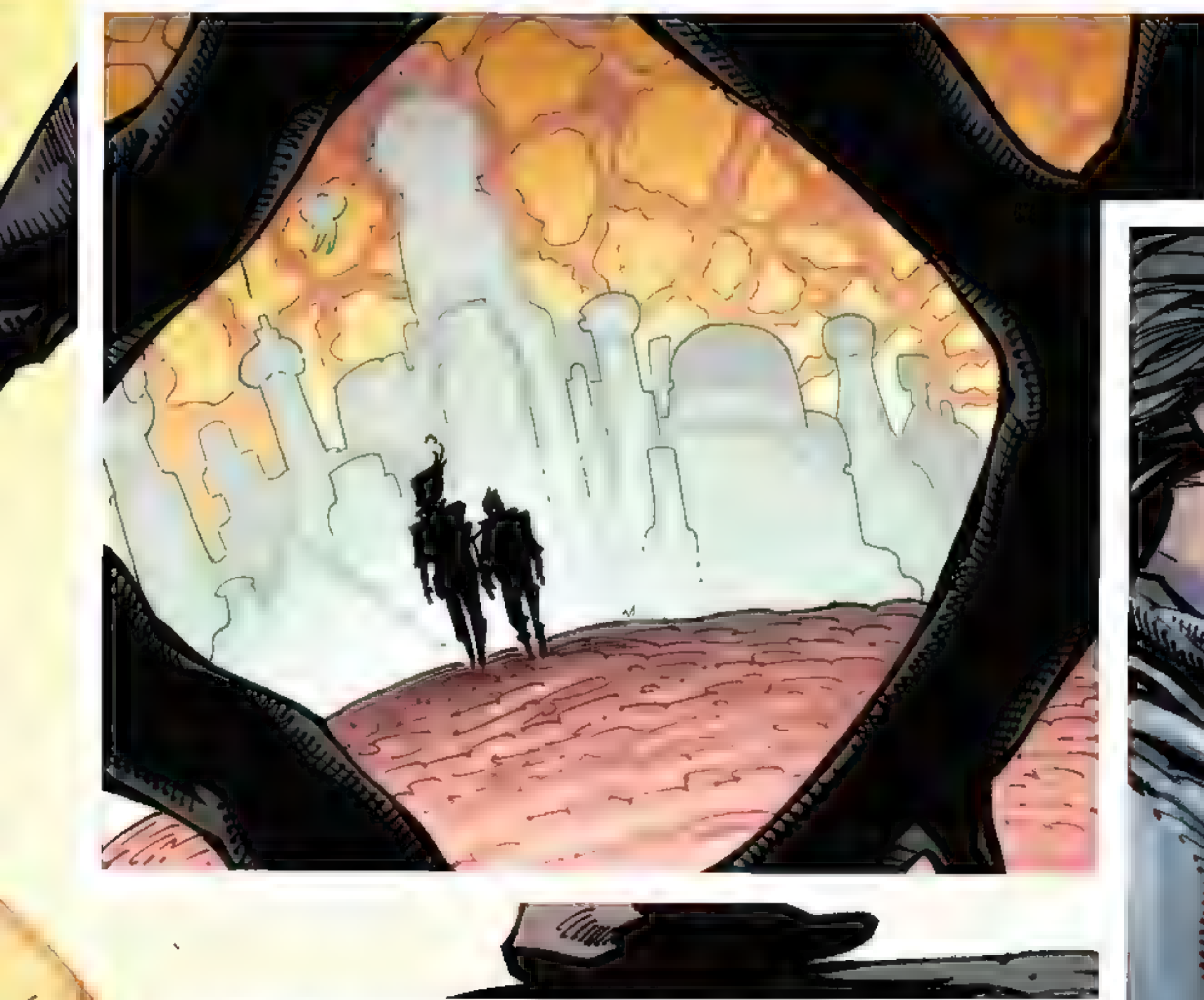
HEY, I DON'T
LIKE IT ANY MORE
THAN YOU DO.

WE'RE BOTH
PSYCHICS.

YOU KNOW
THAT I KNOW THAT
YOU'RE LYING.

I KNOW, BUT
I HAVE TO SAY
IT ANYWAY.





Sooo...

Alien stuff...you
think he actually
was abducted by
aliens?

No.

This is trauma.
Set dressing.
Surface.

We need to
go deeper.

Brace
yourself.

No,
wait--







Let's move
things **along.**



Where?

Pacific Coast
Highway.

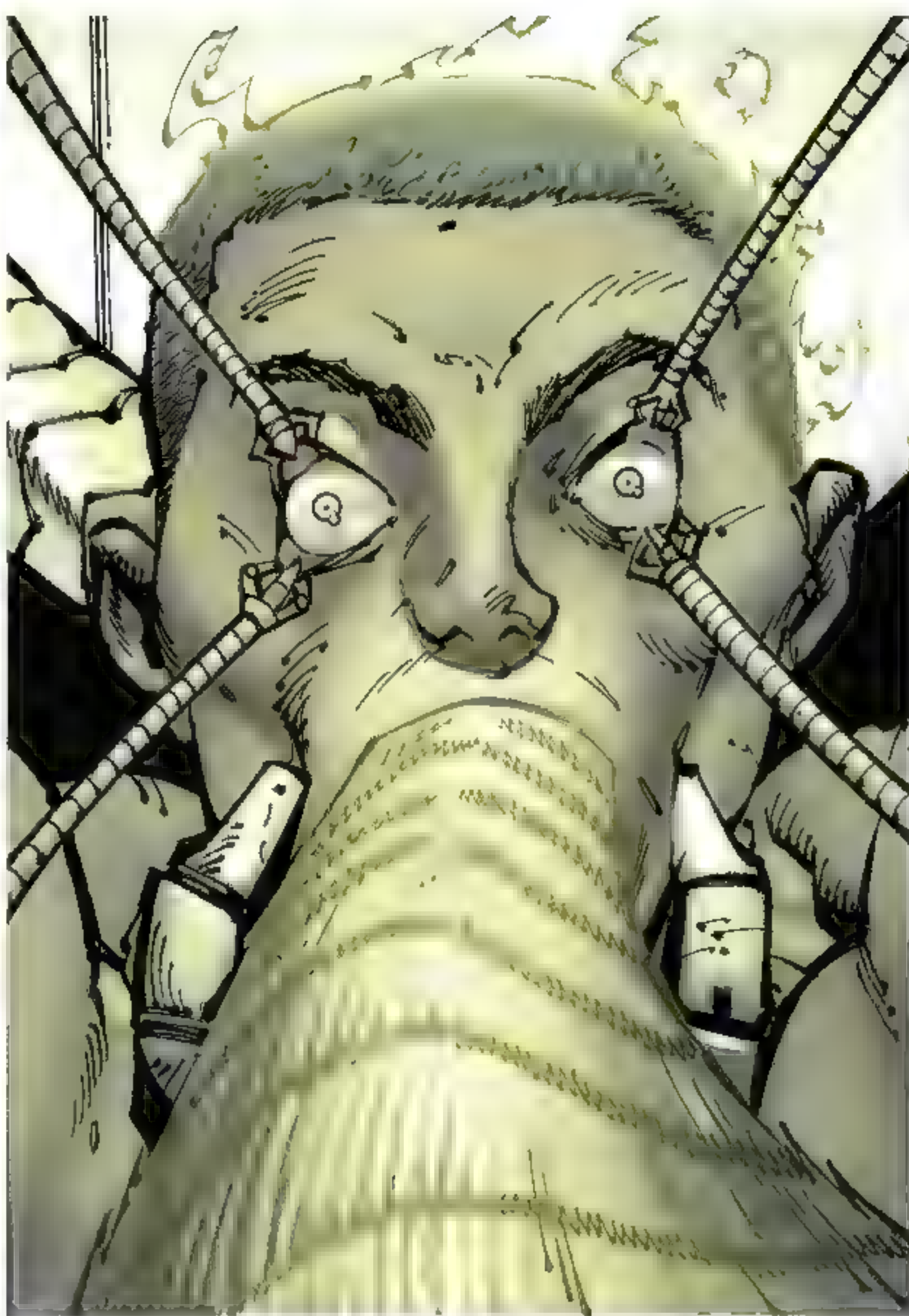


This is where
it happened.



This is when
it happened.





They tortured
him. Experimented
on him.

"Aliens," my
ass, those are
people--

I can't see
who they
are--



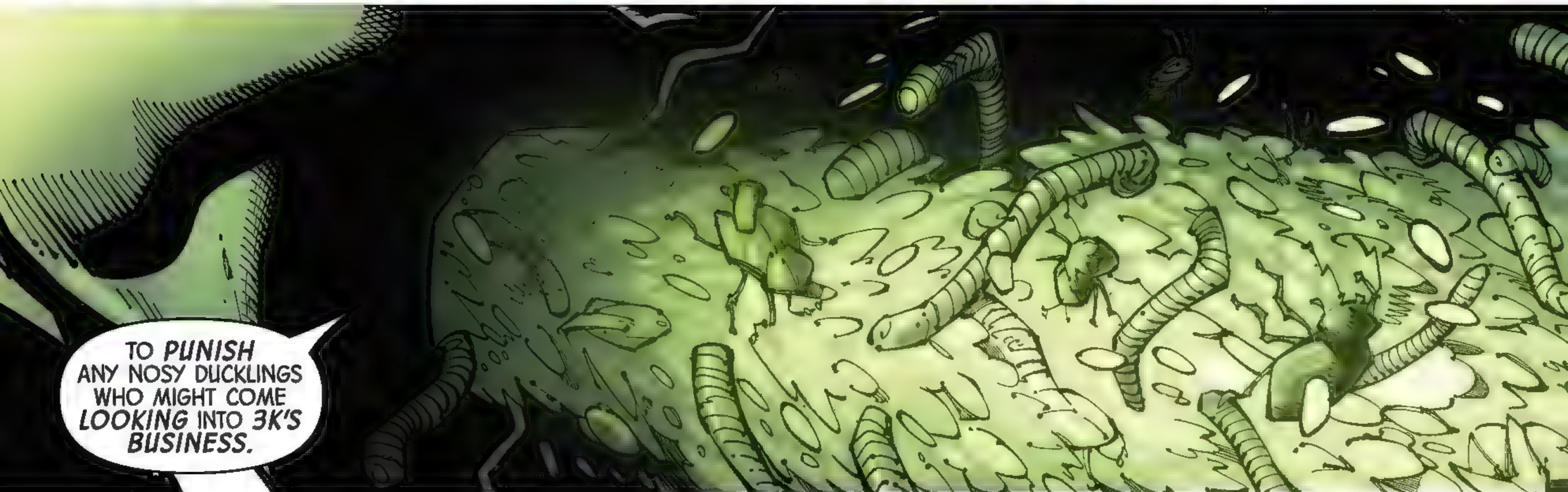
It can
see
us--

This is a
memory,
how can it
see us--?

WHAT ARE
YOU?



TO PUNISH
ANY NOSY DUCKLINGS
WHO MIGHT COME
LOOKING INTO 3K'S
BUSINESS.



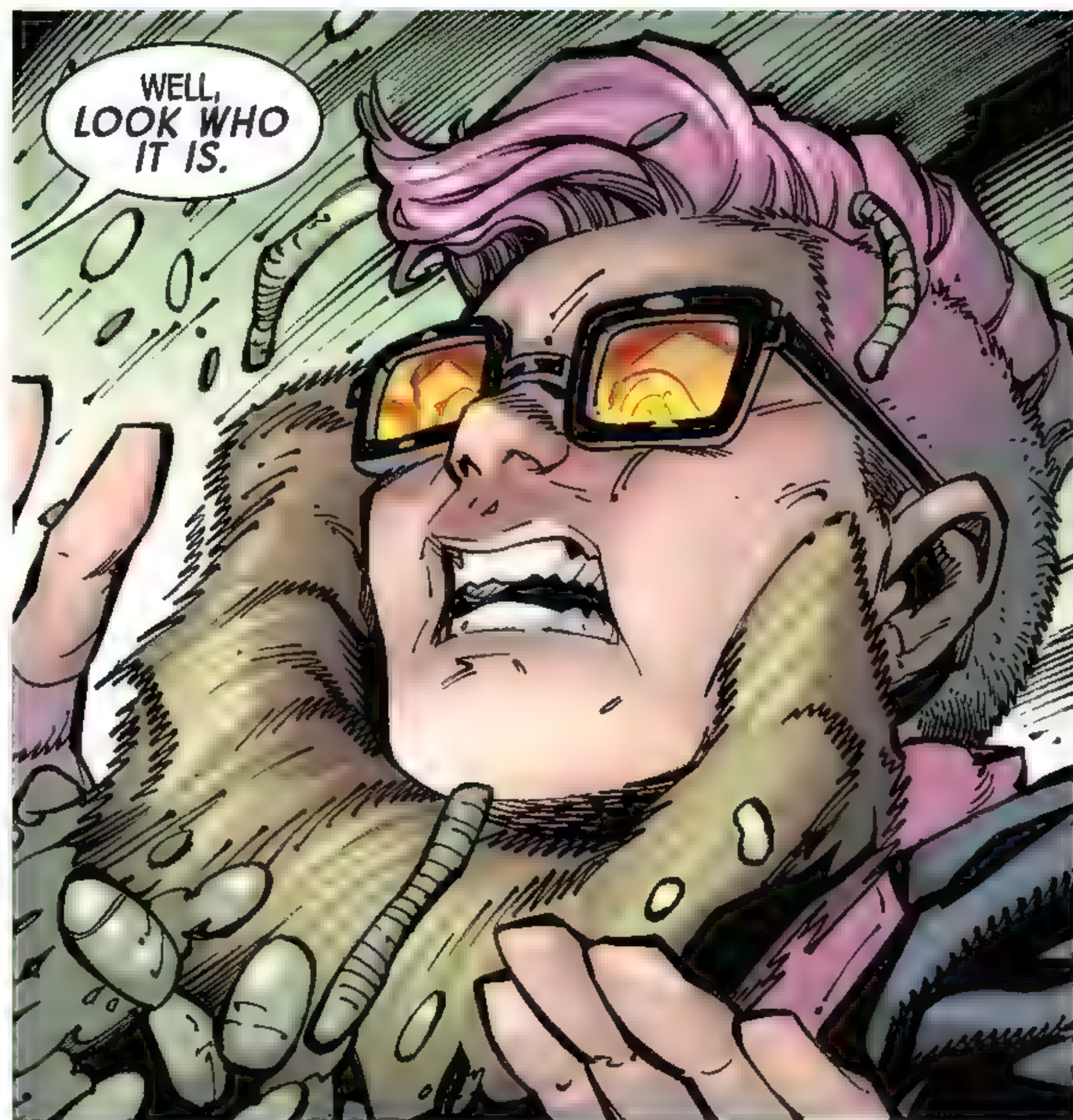


Going to
cook you
alive--



Quentin, you're
too strong, and
Liu's too weak!

If you unleash
in here, you'll
kill us all!



WELL,
LOOK WHO
IT IS.



No, no, no,
no, no, no--



HI THERE,
BOY.

SABRETOOTH--!

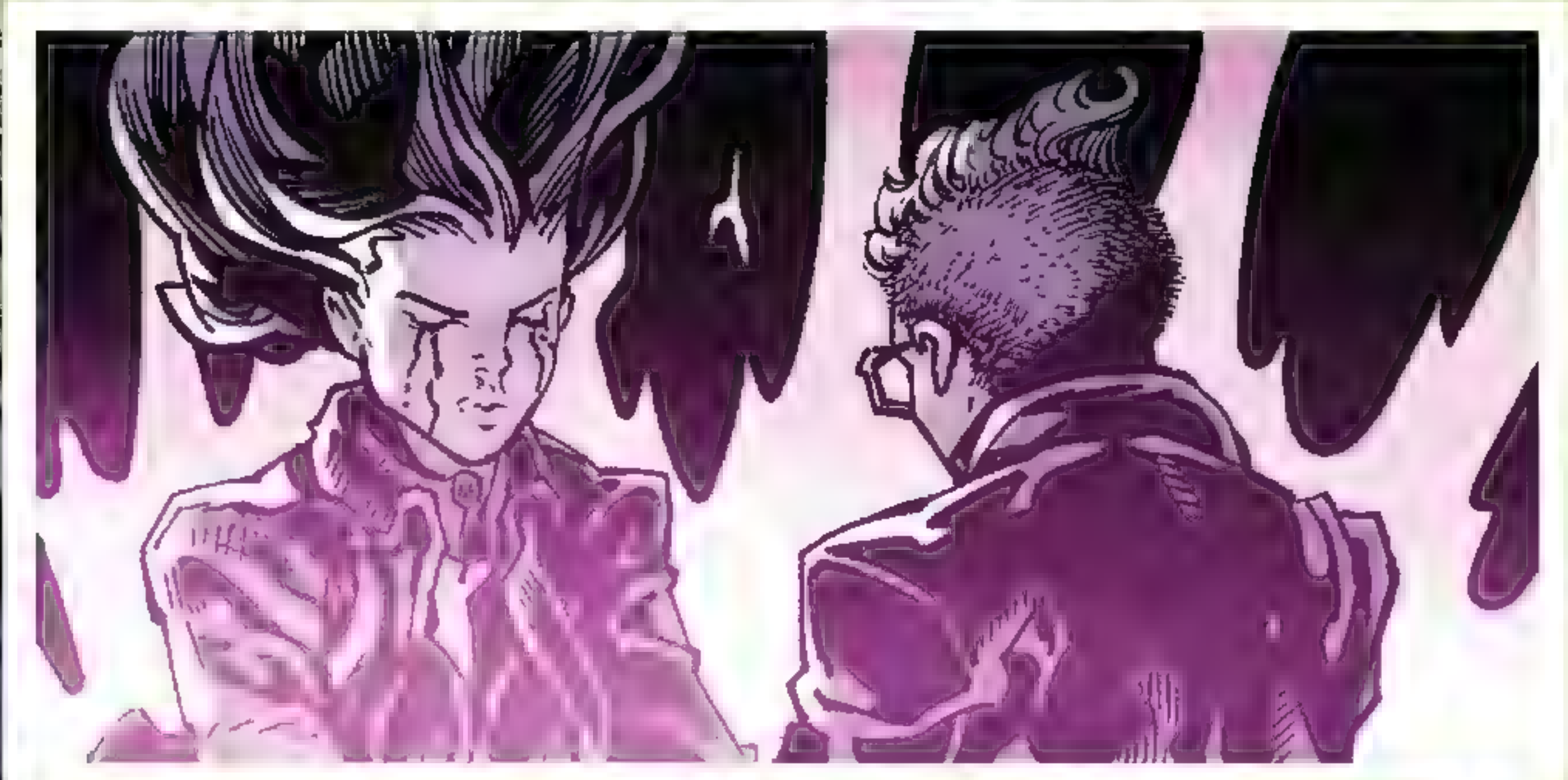
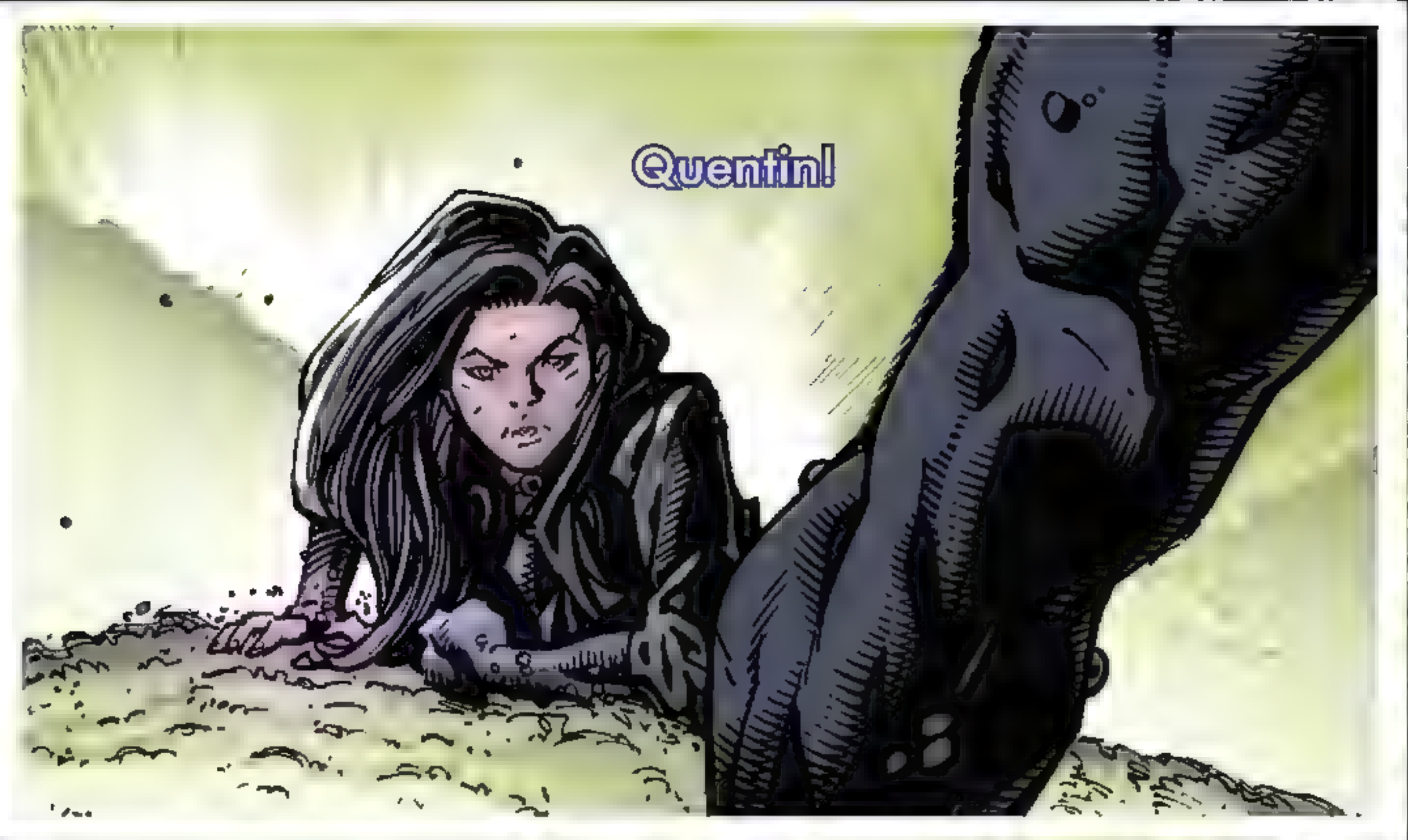


"WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE US
SOME FUN."

Ugkk

Ugggkk

Uggkk





SO
SMART, BOY.
SO SMART.

SO SMART,
YOU SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN I WASN'T
DONE WITH
YOU.



EVERYONE
ELSE LEAVES YOU,
QUENTIN QUIRE.

WOLVERINE
JOINED THE OTHER
X-MEN.

PHOEBE
WENT TO NEW
YORK.

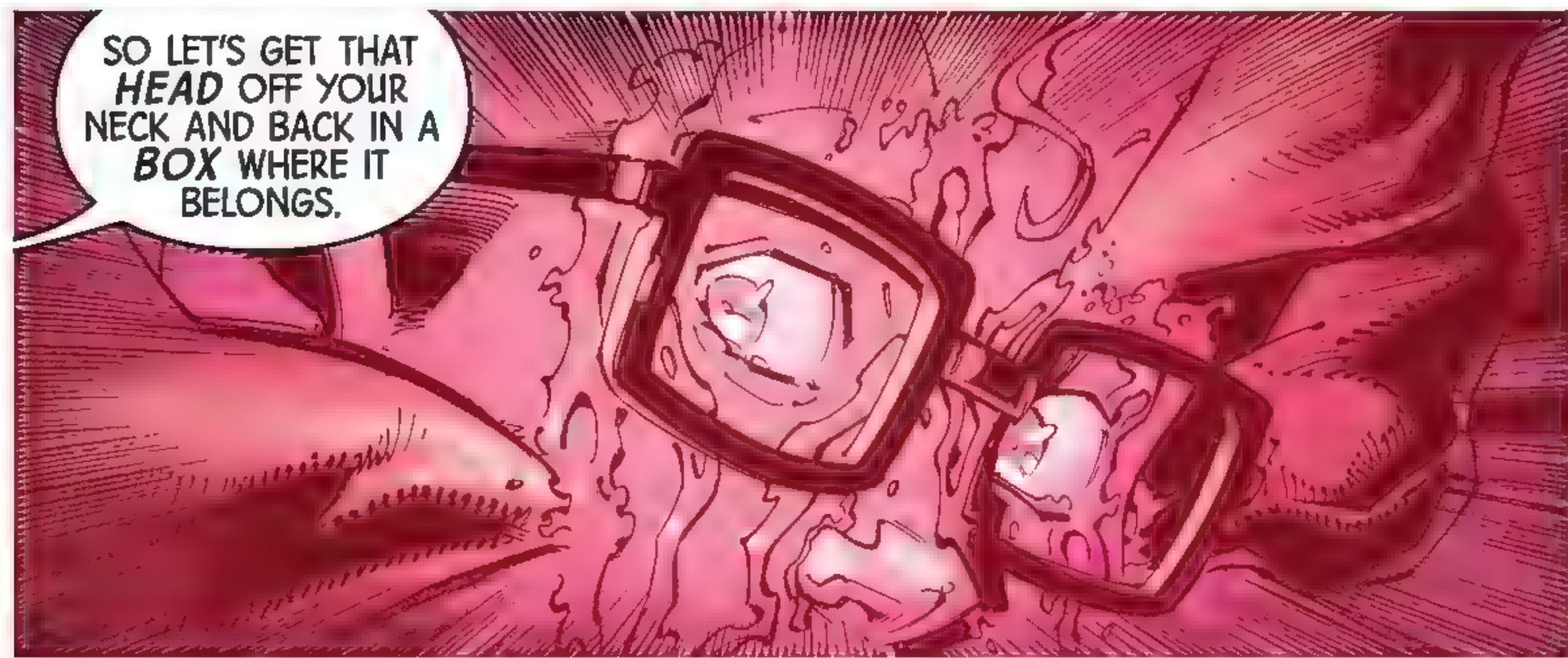
EVEN YOUR
OWN PARENTS
THREW YOU AWAY LIKE
TRASH--COULD SMELL THE
STINK OF FAILURE ON
YOU LIKE EVERYONE
ELSE.



BUT DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
A THING.

OLD
SABRETOOTH
WILL NEVER LEAVE
YOU, NOT
EVER.

YOU'LL
NEVER GET
ME OUT OF THAT
BRAIN OF
YOURS.



SO LET'S GET THAT
HEAD OFF YOUR
NECK AND BACK IN A
BOX WHERE IT
BELONGS.



JOHN,
WHAT *IS*
THIS--?



THIS IS
WHERE IT WAS
ALWAYS GOING
TO END UP,
KWANNON.

YOU WERE
RIGHT WHEN
YOU SAID WE WERE
WEAPONS. *MADE*
INTO WEAPONS.

BUT YOU
WERE ALSO
WRONG.



THERE'S NO
GETTING BETTER
FOR *US*.

THE ONLY
WAY A *WEAPON*
GETS *BETTER* IS BY
KILLING PEOPLE
FASTER.



THE ONLY THING *WANTING*
TO GET BETTER MEANS IS THAT
WE'RE *BROKEN* WEAPONS.
USELESS.

AND THERE'S
NO PLACE IN
THIS WORLD FOR
A WEAPON WITH
NO USE.



YOU'LL
SEE.

AND THEN
YOU'LL DO THE
SAME THING.

JOHN--



I'm strong
enough, but if I
power through,
Ben Liu dies.

I need someone
trained.

A
professional.



...All
right.



Let us put
things to
rights.





QUENTIN?
PSYLOCKE?

DID
YOU--? OH
GOD.

BEN LIU IS
AWAKE.

THEY'RE
CALLED 3K.

THEY'RE
MAKING NEW
MUTANTS.

THEY'VE FIGURED
OUT HOW TO
FORCE-ACTIVATE
X-GENES IN
ABDUCTED
FLATSCANS.

AND
CASSANDRA
NOVA IS ONE
OF THEM.



MERLE, ALASKA.

SO.

WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO TO
THEM?

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
IDIE?

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

ARE YOU
SERIOUSLY **NOT**
GOING TO MESS WITH
THESE PROTESTORS,
QUENTIN?

YOU
OF ALL
PEOPLE?

LEAVE
NOT
HERE!

NO
MUTANT

MUTANTS

DIE
MUTANTS

NO
MORE

ENH.

WHAT'S THE
POINT?



SURE, I
COULD GET IN
THEIR HEADS.

DIG UP
THE DIRTY, PETTY
THOUGHTS ABOUT EACH
OTHER THAT **EVERYONE**
HAS, PUT THOSE THOUGHTS
IN THEIR **MOUTHS**, MAKE
THEM HATE EACH OTHER
FOREVER.



BUT WHAT
WOULD BE THE
POINT?



COME
ON. MCCOY'S
DOING HIS
LECTURE, AND
WE'RE LATE.

HMM.



YOU
KNOW
HOW HE GETS
WHEN NO ONE
LISTENS TO
HIM.



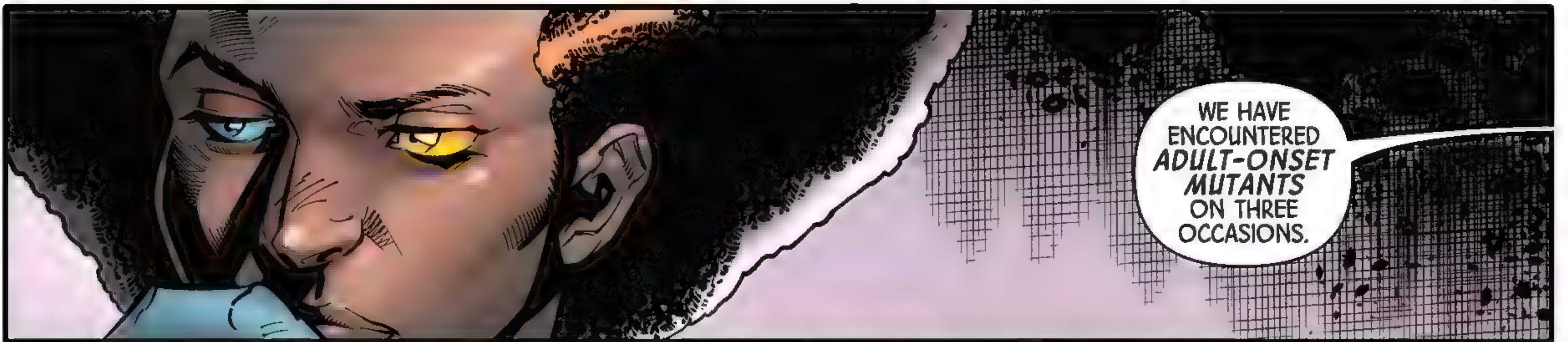
WHEN HE'S
IN A SULK, I
THINK I ACTUALLY
PREFER THE PSYCHO-
VILLAIN
BEAST.



HMM.

YOU KNOW,
THAT MIGHT ACTUALLY
BE A PRIME EXAMPLE
OF ONE OF THOSE DIRTY,
PETTY THOUGHTS
I WAS TALKING
ABOUT.





WE HAVE
ENCOUNTERED
ADULT-ONSET
MUTANTS
ON THREE
OCCASIONS.



THE ORCHIS
FOURTH SCHOOL
AGENTS IN SANTO
MARCO.

BENJAMIN LIU
IN SAN FRANCISCO.

AND
JENNIFER STARKEY
IN DETROIT.



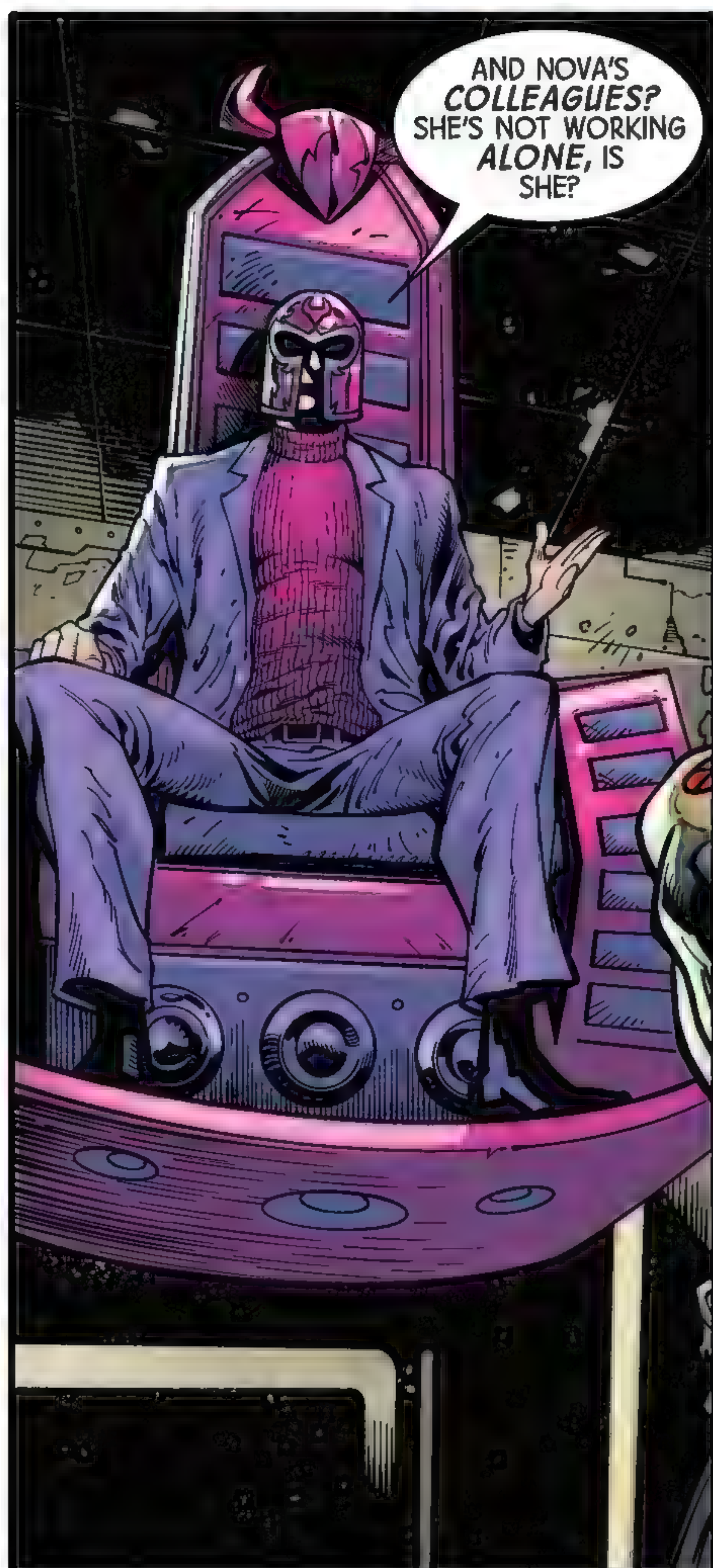
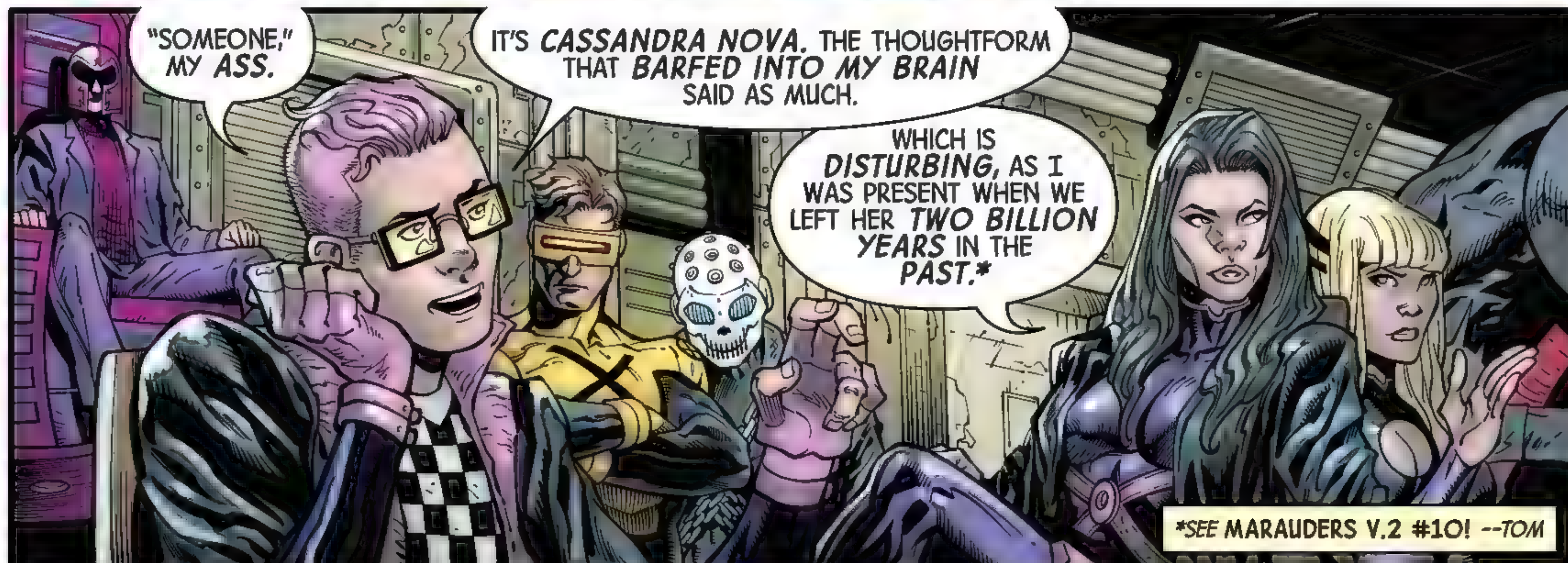
MR. LIU
AND MS. STARKEY
HAVE BEEN GOOD ENOUGH
TO JOIN US HERE AT THE
FACTORY AND PROVIDE
BLOOD AND TISSUE
SAMPLES.

WE
ALSO HAVE A
SAMPLE...COLLECTED
IN SANTO MARCO
BY MAGIK.



NEXT "SAMPLE"
THAT I "COLLECT"
FROM THEM IS GOING
TO BE A HEAD,
MCCOY.

HEH.
SUBTEXT.





WE CALL THEM
MUTANTS.



ALLOW
ME TO BE
CLEAR.

I MAKE
NO DISTINCTION
BETWEEN MUTANTS
BORN AND MUTANTS
MADE.

AND
NEITHER WILL THE
X-MEN.



YOU ARE
WELCOME
HERE, BROTHER,
SISTER.

AND WE
WILL KNOW YOU
BY WHATEVER NAMES
YOU CHOOSE FOR
YOURSELVES.



I... THANKS,
I GUESS. I DON'T HAVE
ANYWHERE TO GO **BACK TO**--
THE WORLD THINKS I'M **DEAD**,
AND I BURNED MY LIFE DOWN
WHEN I WAS **CRAZY**...

I CAN'T...
I CAN'T GO BACK TO
DETROIT. NOT LOOKING
LIKE **THIS**...AND THE
UPSTARTS ARE STILL
OUT THERE...



MAGNETO IS...
CORRECT.

HRN.

BEN, I WOULD
STRONGLY RECOMMEND
YOU STAY HERE UNTIL YOU
UNDERSTAND A LITTLE MORE ABOUT
YOUR **POWERS**, AND, JENNIFER,
HANK CAN HELP YOU UNDERSTAND
THE NEEDS OF YOUR **NEW**
PHYSIOLOGY.

THERE'S A
PLACE AT THE
FACTORY FOR BOTH
OF YOU, FOR AS LONG
AS YOU WANT
TO STAY.



WHY'D THESE
TWO GET THROWN
BACK INTO THE **WORLD**,
WHEN THE **SANTO**
MARCO SIX GOT
TELEPORTED
AWAY?

AT THIS POINT, I COULDN'T SAY.

MR. LIU WAS **ABDUCTED**, AS WAS MS. STARKEY, BASED ON THE **MISSING TIME** SHE'S REPORTED. BUT BOTH ACTIVATED **AFTER** THEIR PROCESSING.

WHILE THE SANTO MARCO SIX ALL ACTIVATED **AT ONCE**, INDICATING A POSSIBLE **PARTNERSHIP** BETWEEN 3K AND FOURTH SCHOOL. PERHAPS THE SIX ARE IN 3K'S CUSTODY.



MY BEST GUESS?

CASSANDRA NOVA AND HER COMPATRIOTS ARE **REFINING** THEIR **PROCESS**. REFINEMENT THAT REQUIRES **CONSTANT PRACTICE**.

WHETHER THEY THOUGHT OF BEN AND JENNIFER AS **FAILURES** TO BE DISCARDED OR **SUBJECTS** TO BE MONITORED, I CAN'T TELL.



CAN'T YOU, I DON'T KNOW, **DO SCIENCE** ABOUT IT?

YOU'RE THE **BEAST**-- COME ON.



I AM DOING MY BEST.

AS YOU ARE AWARE, THE "BEAST" WHO WAS AT THE CUTTING EDGE OF TECHNOLOGY IS **DEAD**.

I AM TRYING TO **CATCH UP**, BUT I AM MISSING THE **MANY YEARS** OF RESEARCH AND SELF-IMPROVEMENT THAT **HE** ENJOYED.





I WANT
THE **SANTO**
MARCO SIX,
MCCOY.

I WASN'T
KIDDING ABOUT
THAT HEAD.

PING



I'VE GOT
BUSINESS.

WELCOME
TO THE SPECIES,
YOU TWO. I HOPE
YOU--

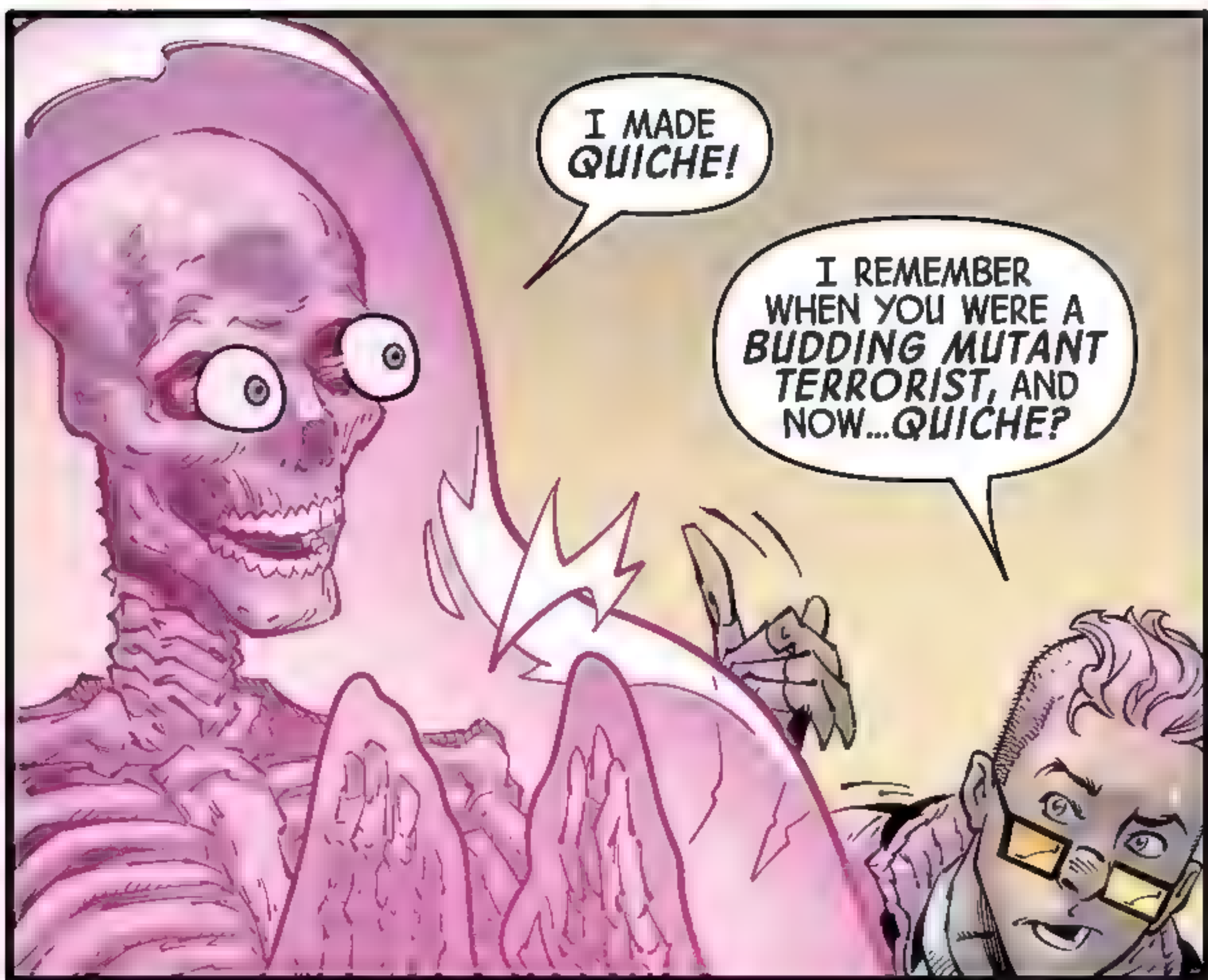
YOU
KNOW WHAT?
FORGET IT.



LET'S TAKE
A BREAK.

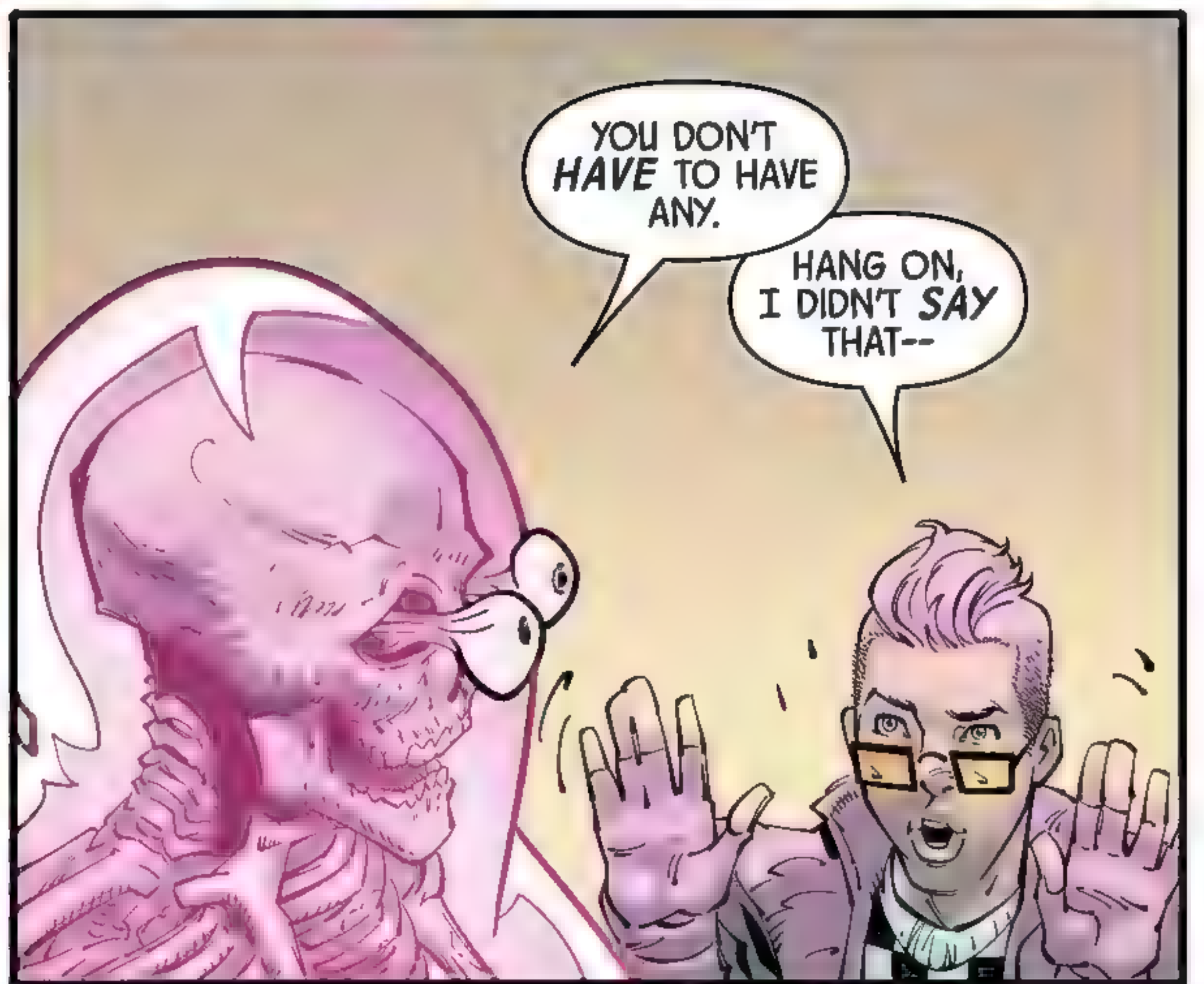
GLOB, IS
THERE ANYTHING
FOR **LUNCH**?

IS THERE
EVER!



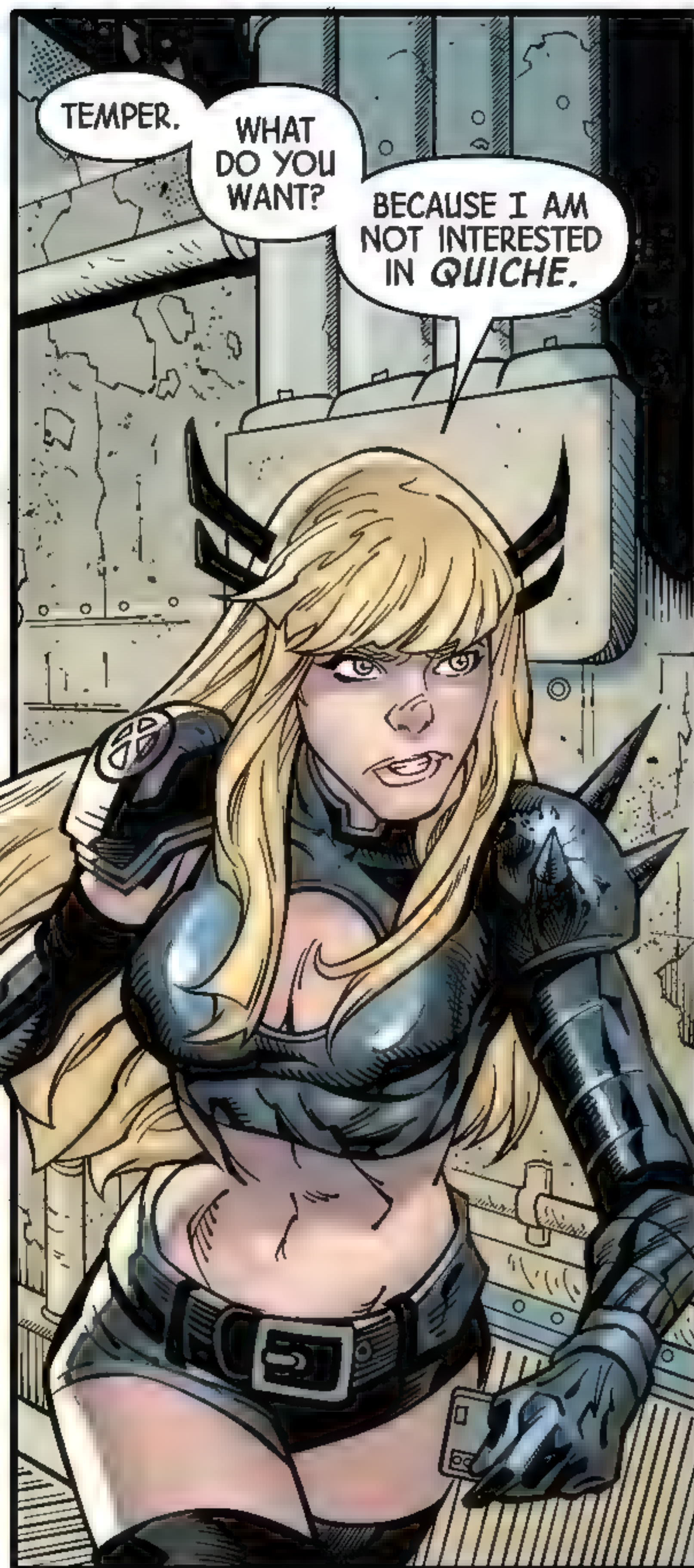
I MADE
QUICHE!

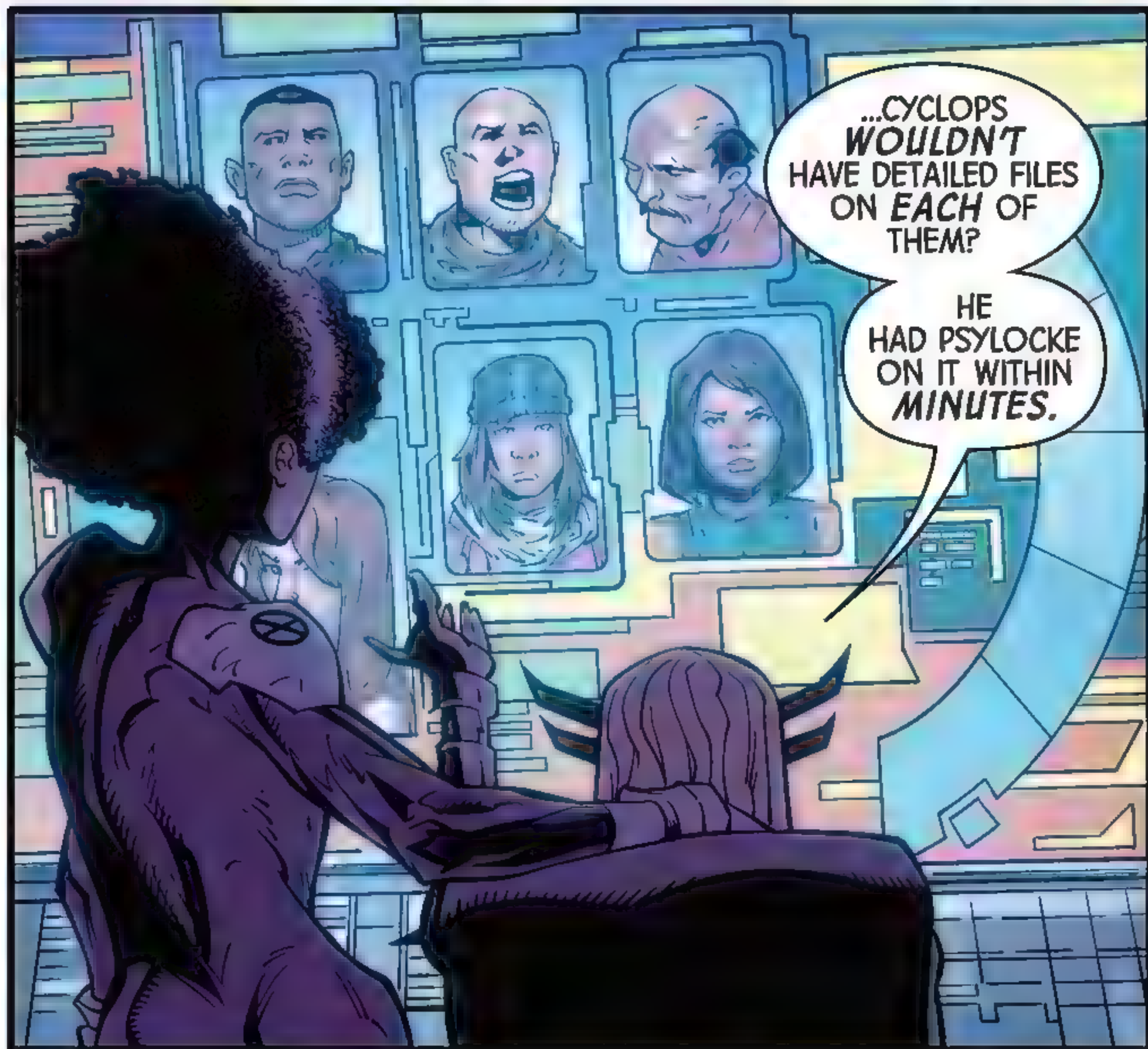
I REMEMBER
WHEN YOU WERE A
BUDDING MUTANT
TERRORIST, AND
NOW...**QUICHE**?

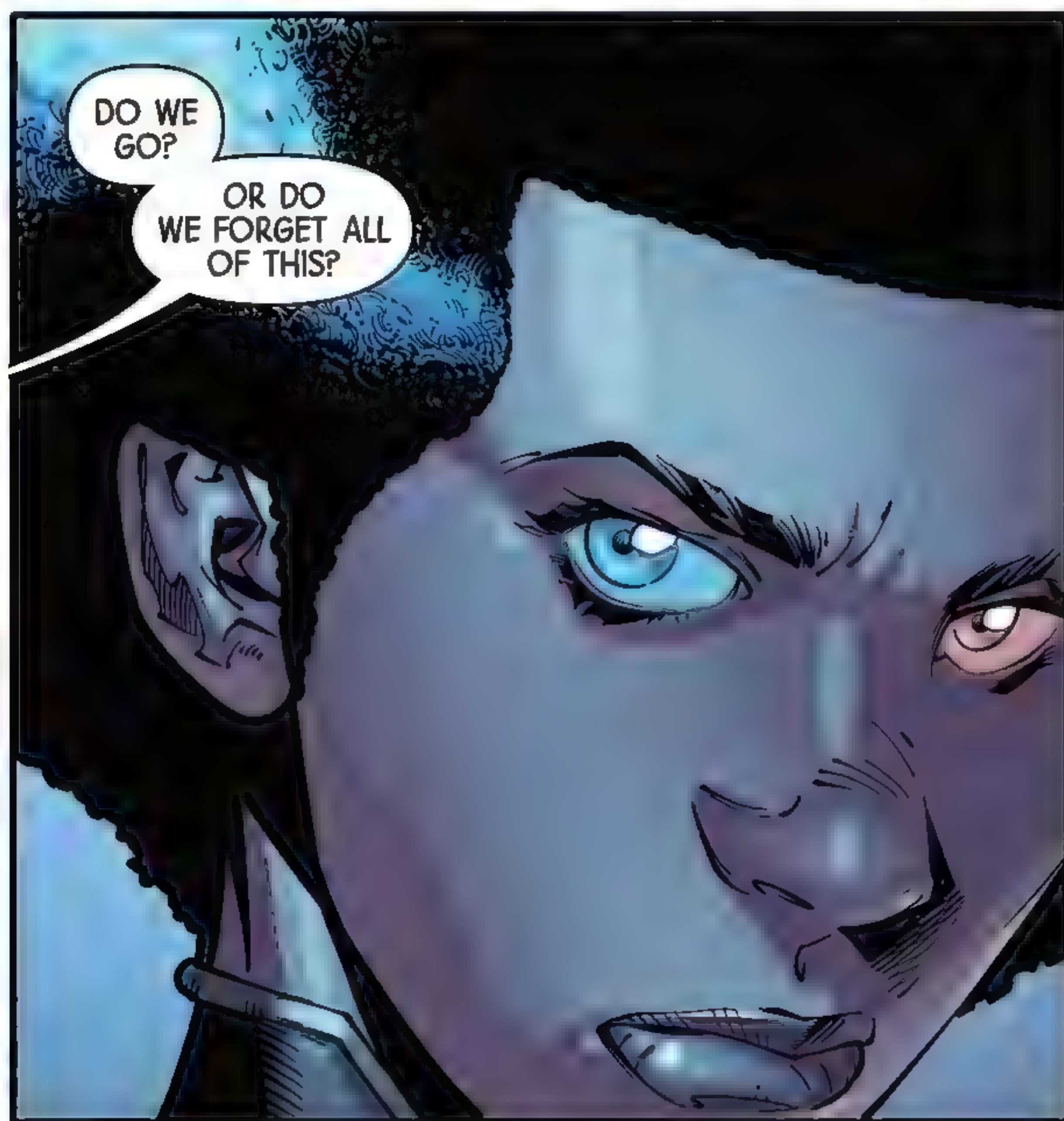
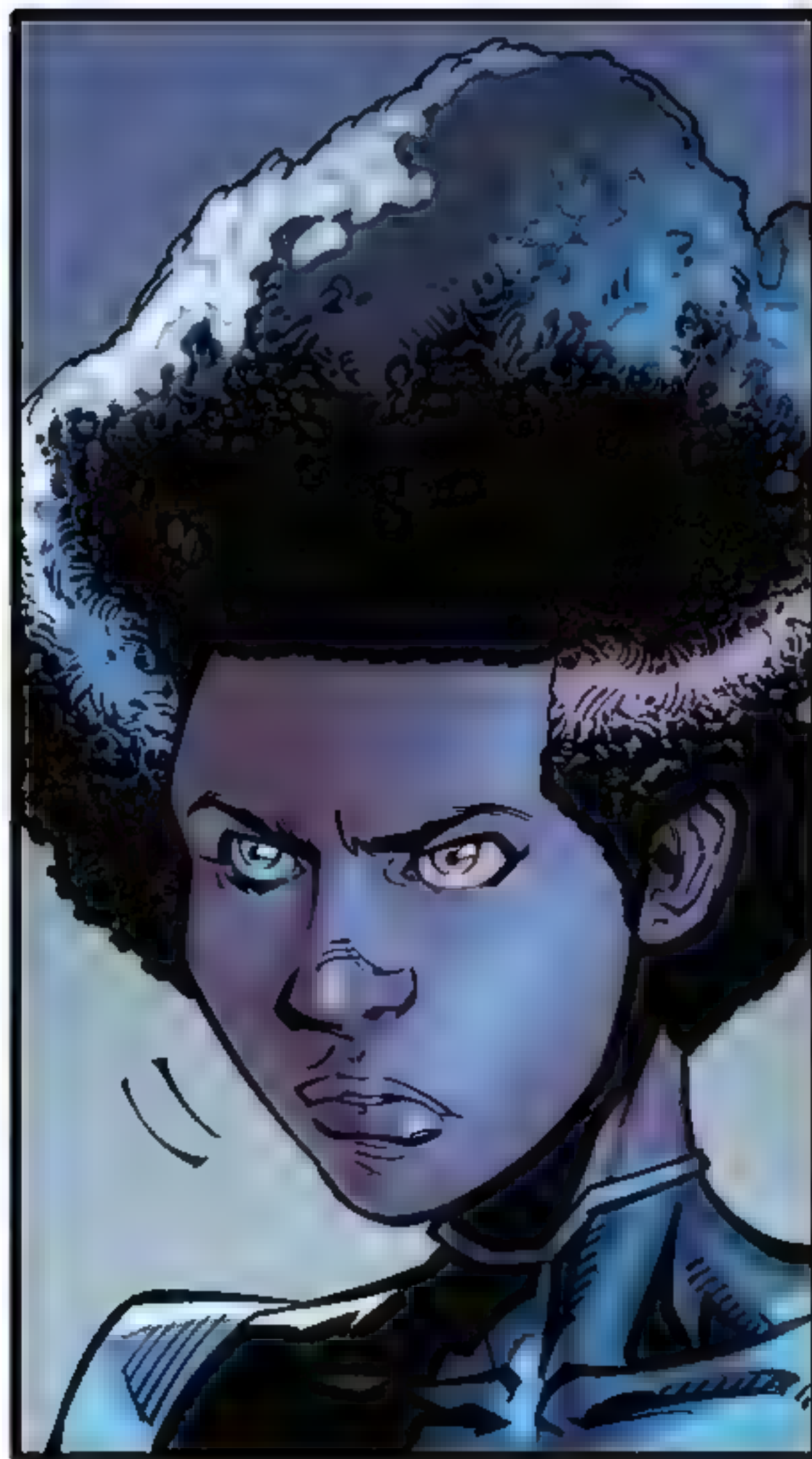


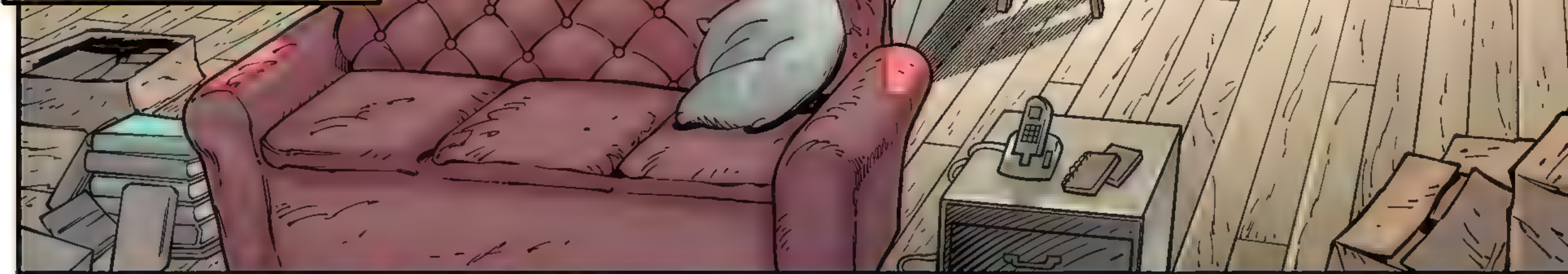
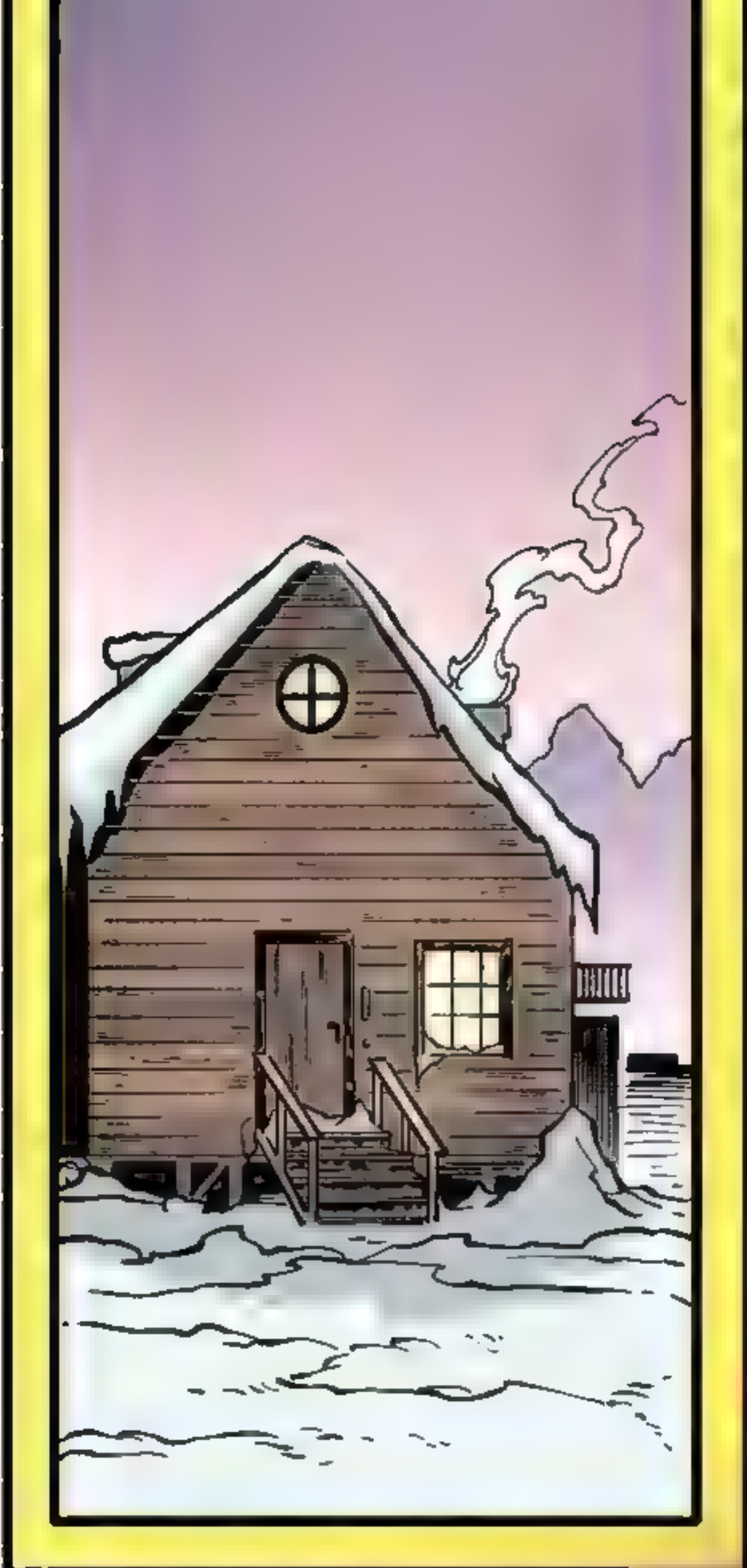
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO HAVE
ANY.

HANG ON,
I DIDN'T SAY
THAT--









HEY,
SLOW DOWN,
PIPER.

THE FOOD'S
NOT *GOING*
ANYWHERE.

SORRY,
MOM.

JUST
HUNGRY,
I GUESS.



THAT AGE,
I GUESS.

ARE
YOU FEELING
OKAY?

JUST
A *COLD*
MAYBE. YOU KNOW
HOW IT IS AT
SCHOOL.



DON'T
I EVER.

THE WAY
BUGS SWEEP
THROUGH THAT SCHOOL,
I'M SURPRISED YOU ALL
HAVEN'T COME DOWN
WITH THE *MUTANT*
CONTAGION
YET.



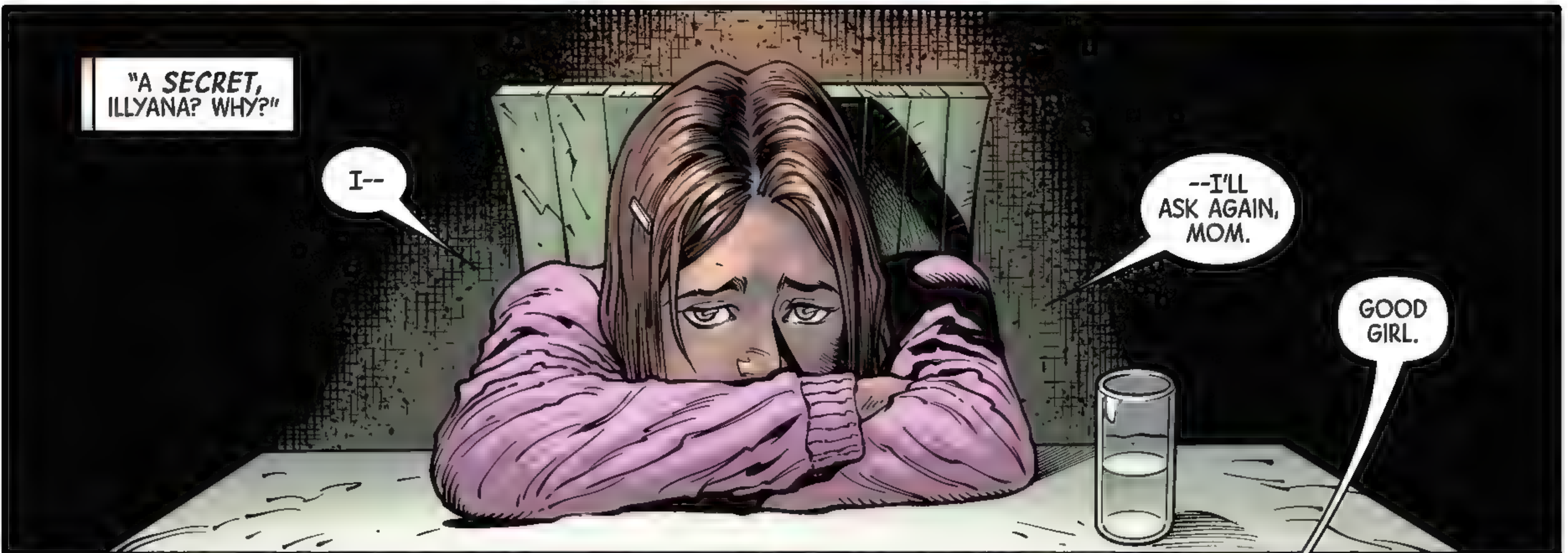
"TELL ME A
SECRET, IDIE."

"SOMETHING YOU *DON'T*
WANT TO TELL ME."

SPEAKING
OF SCHOOL...

...DID YOU
ASK YOUR
FRIENDS IF THEY'D
JOIN US AT THE
PROTEST?

I KNOW IT'S
NOT *COOL*, BUT IT'S
IMPORTANT.

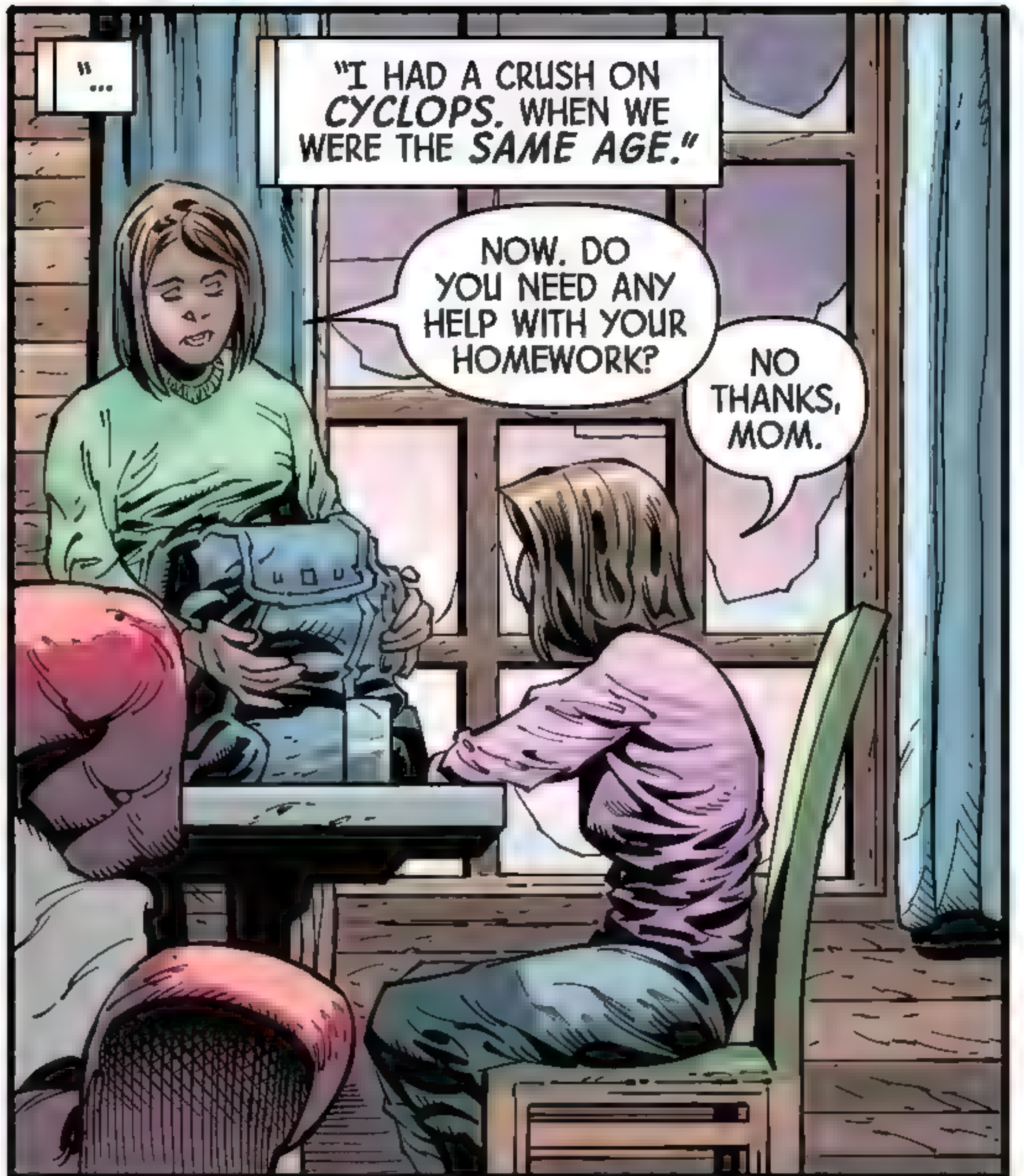
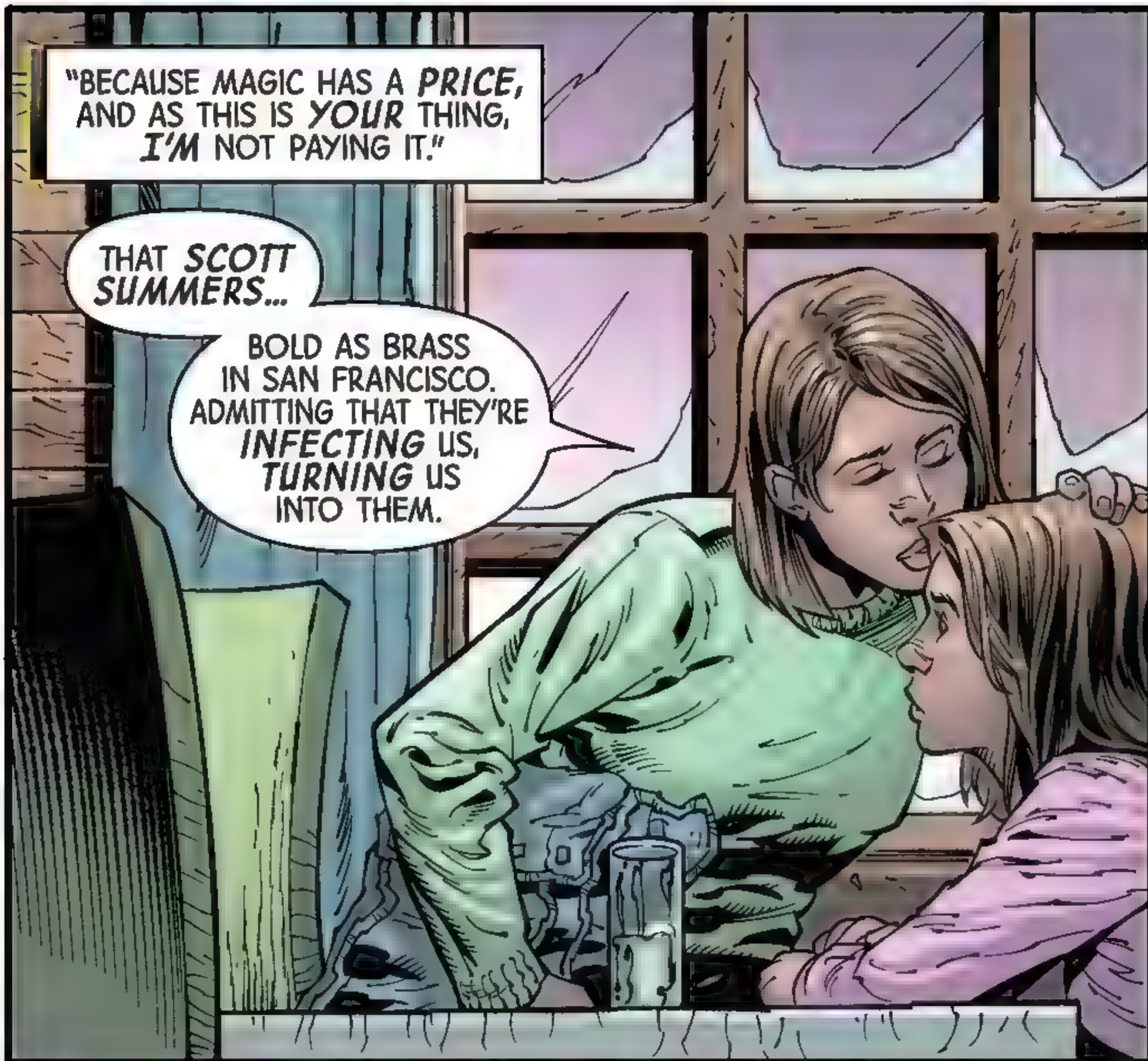


"A *SECRET*,
ILLYANA? WHY?"

I--

--I'LL
ASK AGAIN,
MOM.

GOOD
GIRL.



IT WAS
MAGIK.

HELLO,
PIPER.

I SAW
YOUR SIGNAL THIS
MORNING.

MY NAME IS
IDIE, AND THAT'S
ILLYANA.

WE'RE
MUTANTS. WE'RE
X-MEN.





IT'S NOT EXACTLY THE DANGER ROOM, IS IT?



IT IS NOT.

THOUGH I NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY YOU WERE ALL SO ATTACHED TO THAT THING.

SOMETHING LIKE STOCKHOLM SYNDROME, I SUPPOSE.

WE WERE TERRIFIED OF IT, AT FIRST.



LIKE WE WERE OF YOU.



HMM.

AND NOW?

NOW?



NOW I'M ONLY AFRAID OF ONE THING.



YOU WON'T TURN INTO HIM, HENRY.

OF COURSE, OF COURSE.

CYCLOPS WON'T ALLOW IT. I WON'T ALLOW IT.

BUT SOMETIMES... SOMETIMES, I WISH I KNEW AS MUCH AS HE DID. IT'S SO FRUSTRATING, HAVING TO CATCH UP WITH SO MANY YEARS OF SCIENCE, OF LEARNING.

THIS ARTIFICIAL-
X-GENE-ACTIVATION
BUSINESS.

DO YOU
THINK IT WOULD BE OF
ANY USE FOR **OUR**
PURPOSES?

IT'S...HARD
TO SAY, MAX. WE'RE
TALKING ABOUT A GRASP
OF GENETICS THAT I
SIMPLY DO NOT
POSSESS YET.

I AM
BEATING
MYSELF TO
DEATH TRYING
TO CURE YOU,
MAX.

TO CURE
US **ALL**, IF
NEED BE.

...
I KNOW
YOU ARE,
HENRY.

I AM **ALSO**
FRUSTRATED.

I AM
USED TO BEING SO
MUCH **MORE**.

DO YOU
HAVE ANY OTHER
IDEAS?

I'VE BEEN
GOING THROUGH
THE FILES, LOOKING
FOR MUTANTS WITH
THE **POWER** TO
MANIPULATE
POWERS.

APPARENTLY,
YOU HAVE HISTORY
WITH ONE **FABIAN**
CORTEZ?

OH **GOD**.

I THINK I'D
RATHER STAY IN
THE **CHAIR**.



WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY MOM?



PFF.
JUST A LITTLE SLEEP SPELL.

SO WE CAN HAVE A CONVERSATION.



I DON'T--

I--

IT'S ALL RIGHT.

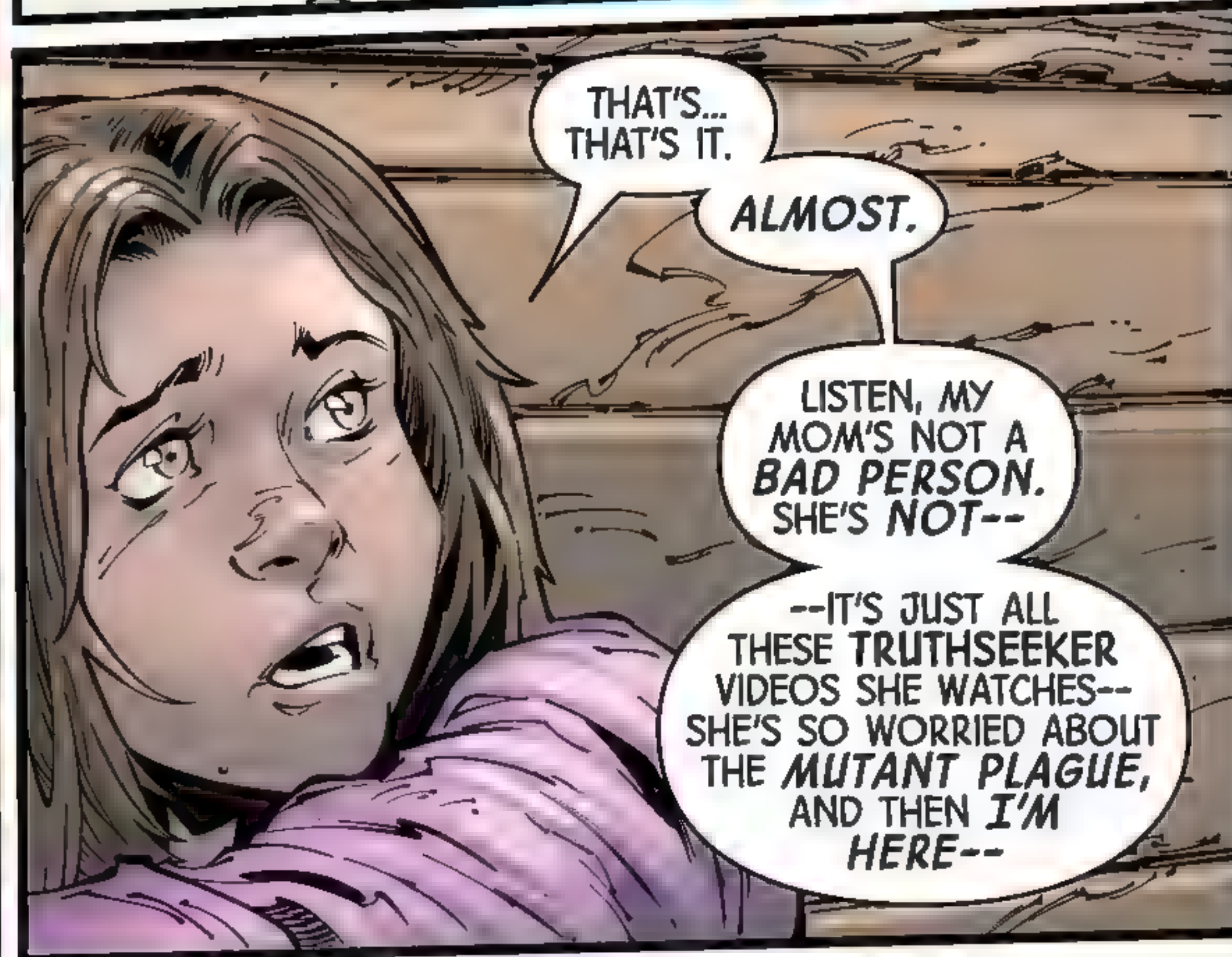
PLEASE DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. WHY DON'T I TELL YOU WHAT I THINK IS HAPPENING, AND YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT I GOT WRONG? CAN YOU DO THAT?



YOU THINK YOU MAY BE A MUTANT. YOU WANTED *US* TO KNOW, BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

AND BECAUSE YOUR MOTHER... **WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.**

HOW AM I DOING?



THAT'S... THAT'S IT.

ALMOST.

LISTEN, MY MOM'S NOT A BAD PERSON. SHE'S NOT--

--IT'S JUST ALL THESE TRUTHSEEKER VIDEOS SHE WATCHES-- SHE'S SO WORRIED ABOUT THE **MUTANT PLAGUE**, AND THEN I'M **HERE--**

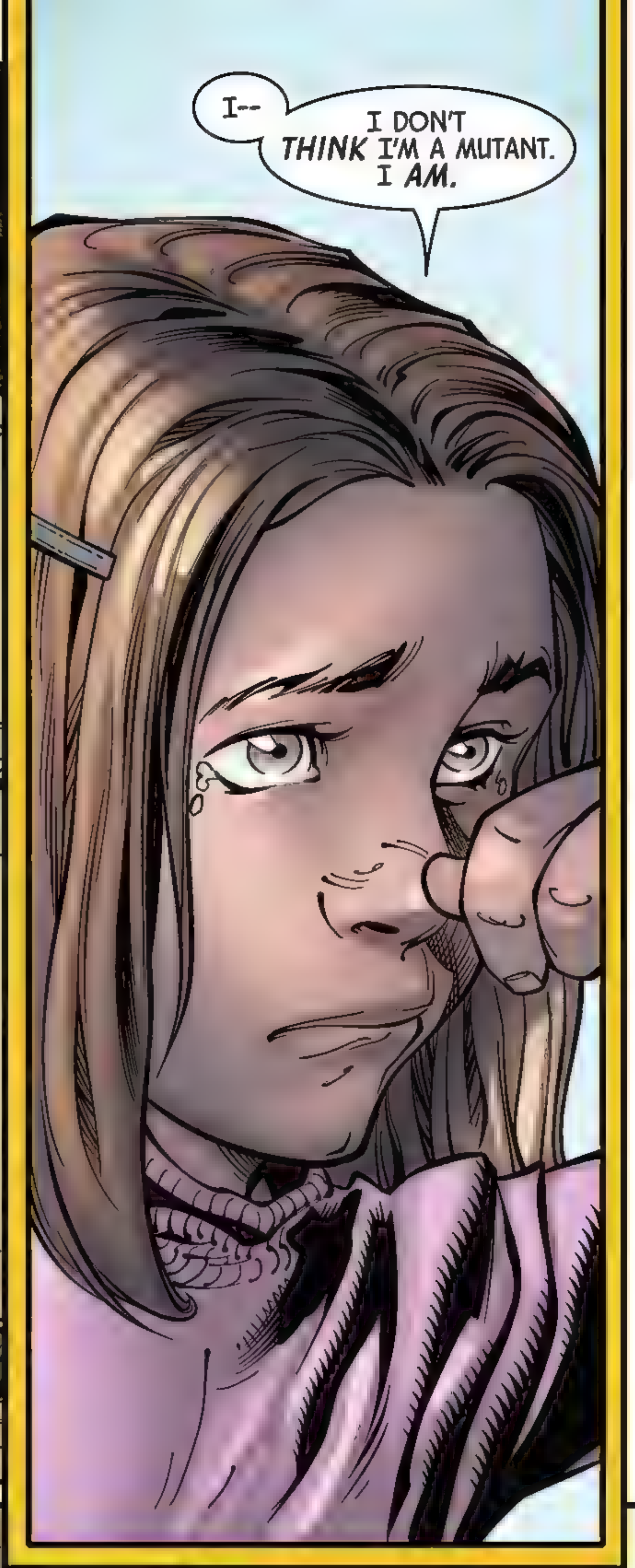


IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.



WE ARE ON
A *TIMELINE*,
LADIES.

WHAT IS
YOUR "*ALMOST*,"
PIPER COBB?

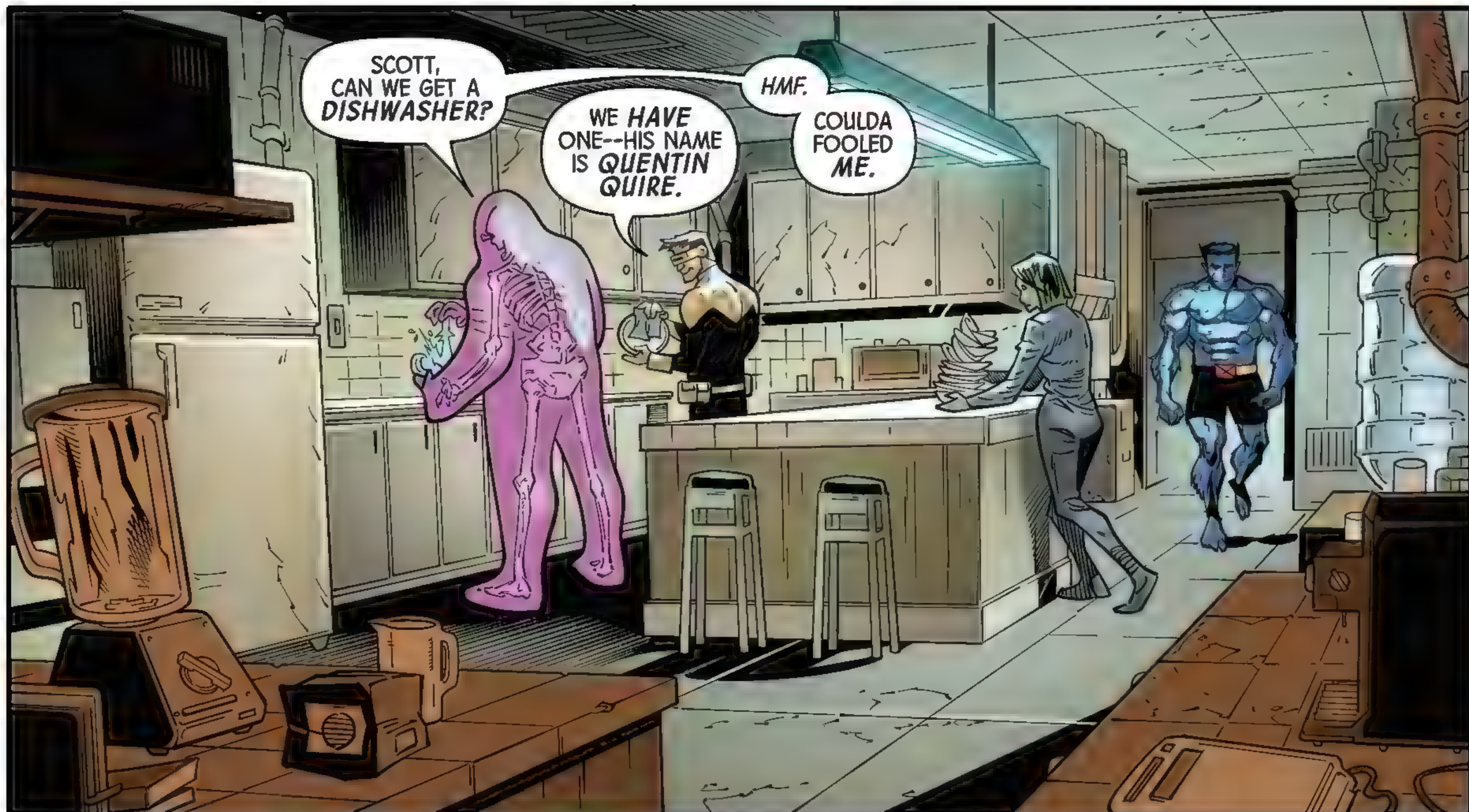


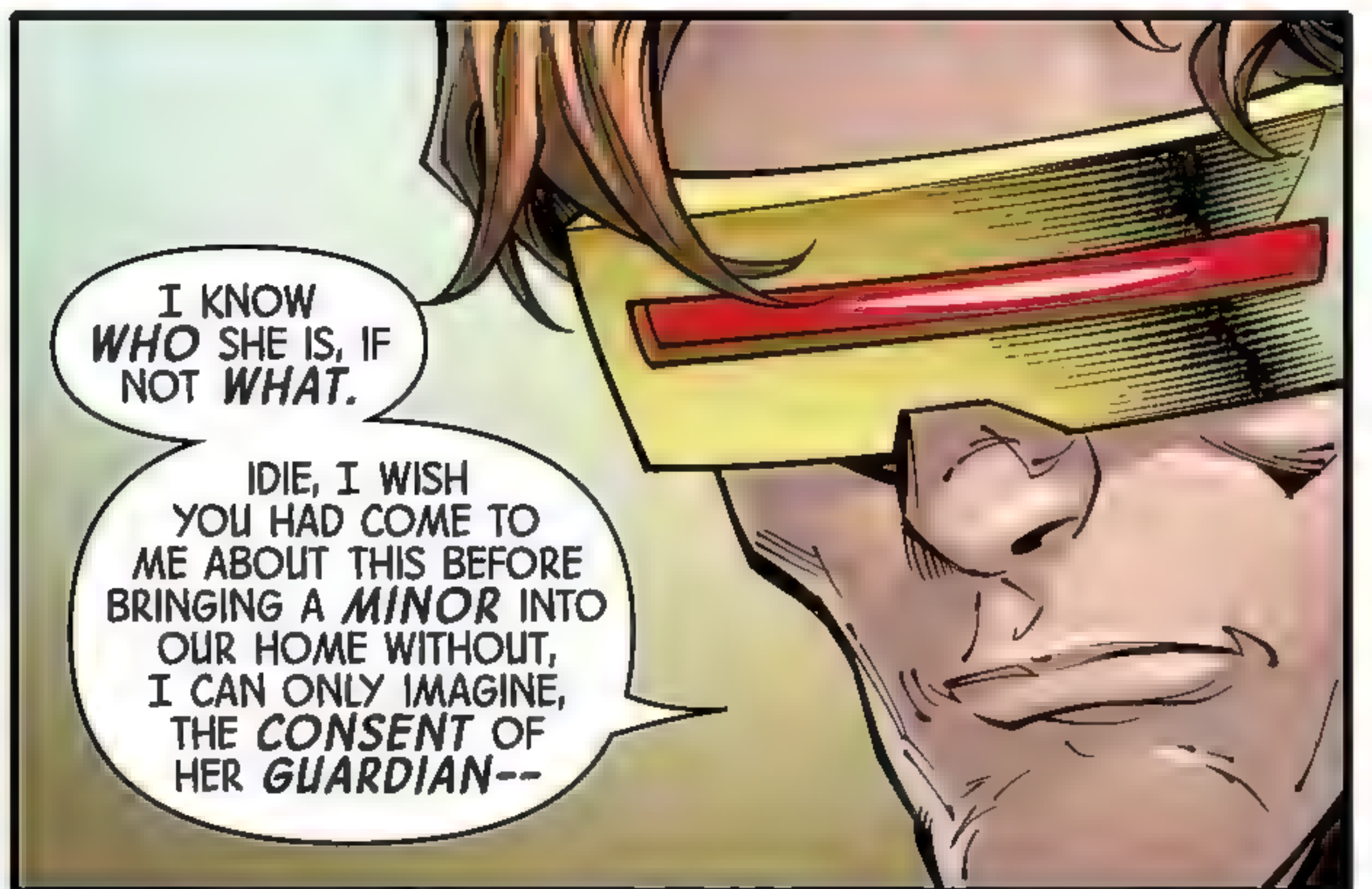
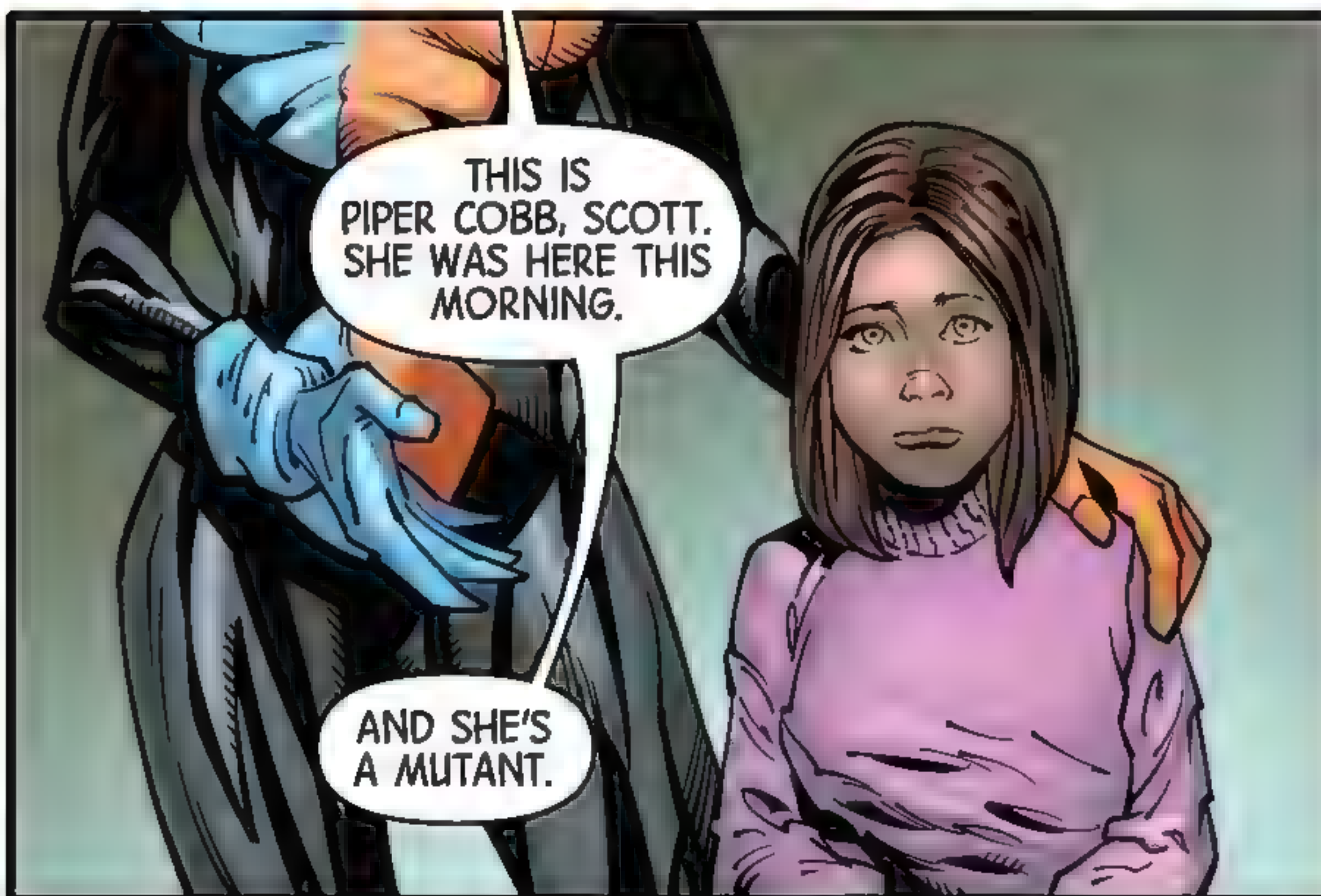
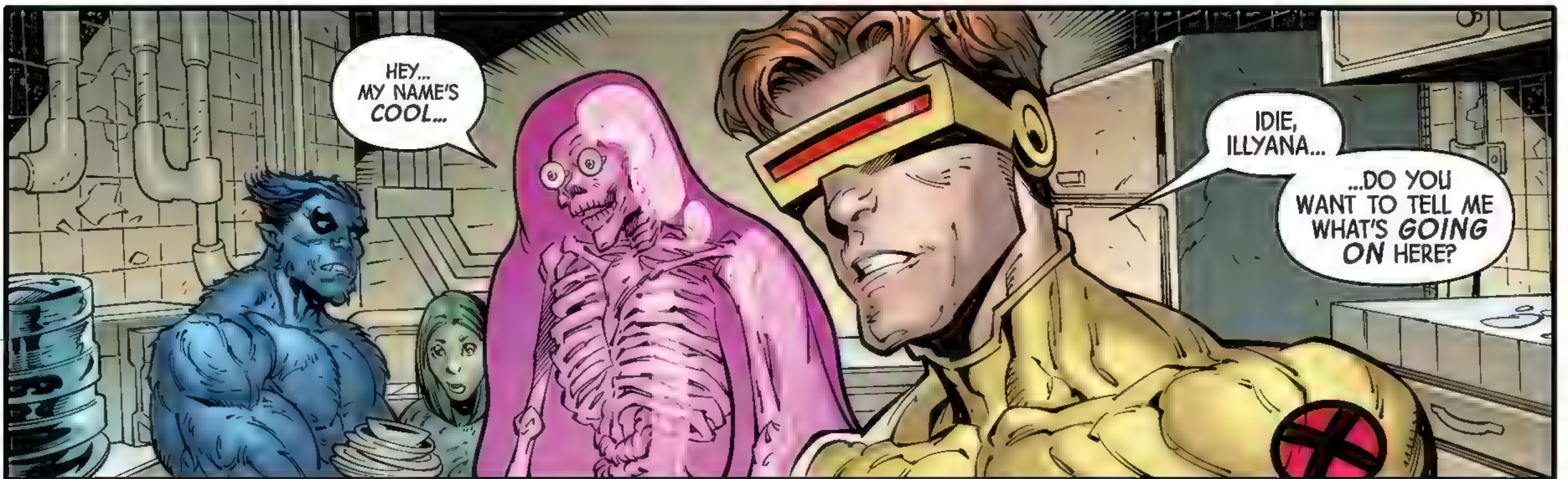
I--

I DON'T
THINK I'M A MUTANT.
I AM.



I ALMOST
GOT THIS WHOLE
TOWN *KILLED*.





"THE WILD
SENTINEL WAS
AFTER ME."



#7

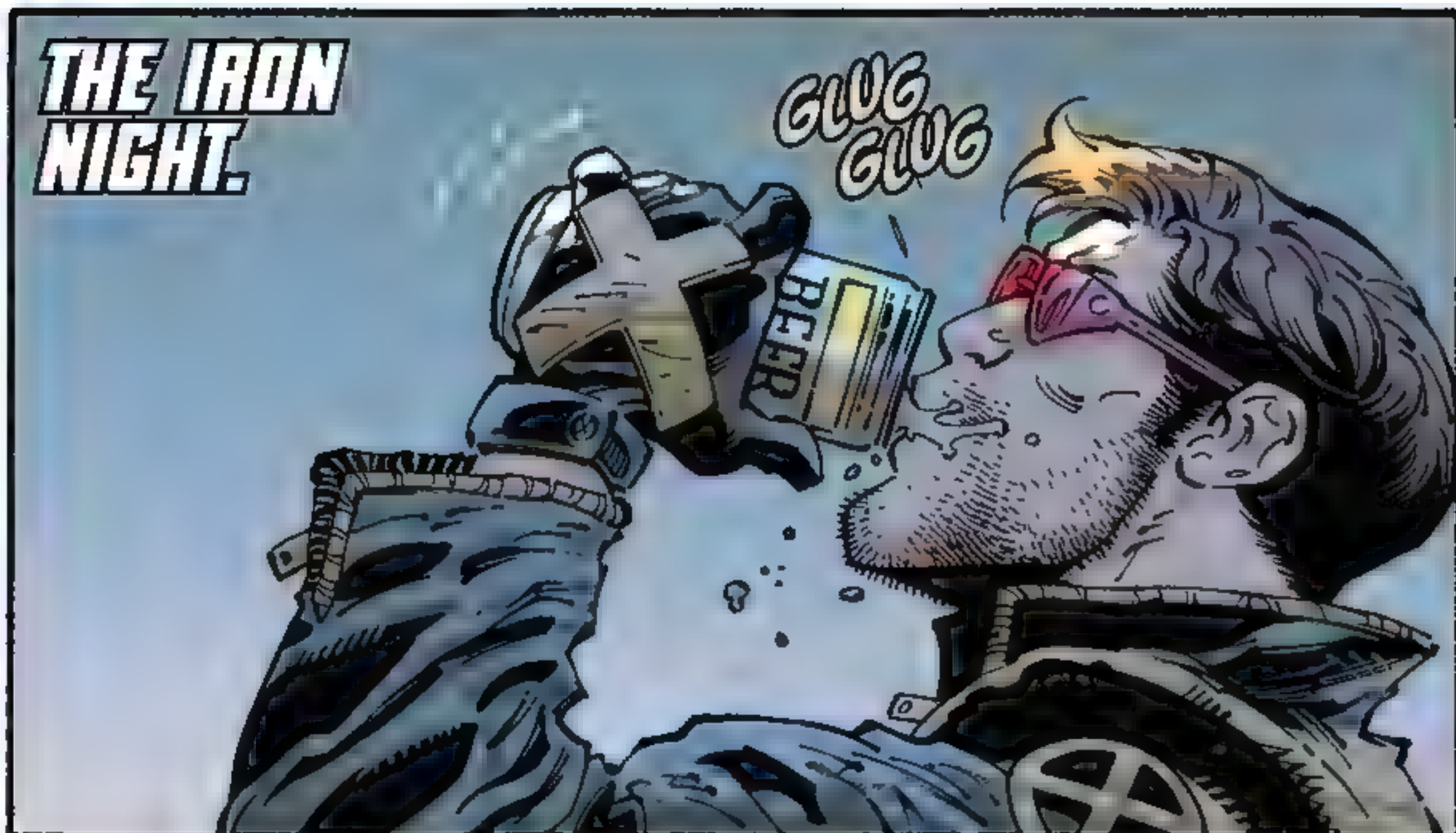


"THE IRON NIGHT"

**THE SUMMERS' FAMILY LODGE.
OUTSIDE
OF MERLE,
ALASKA.**



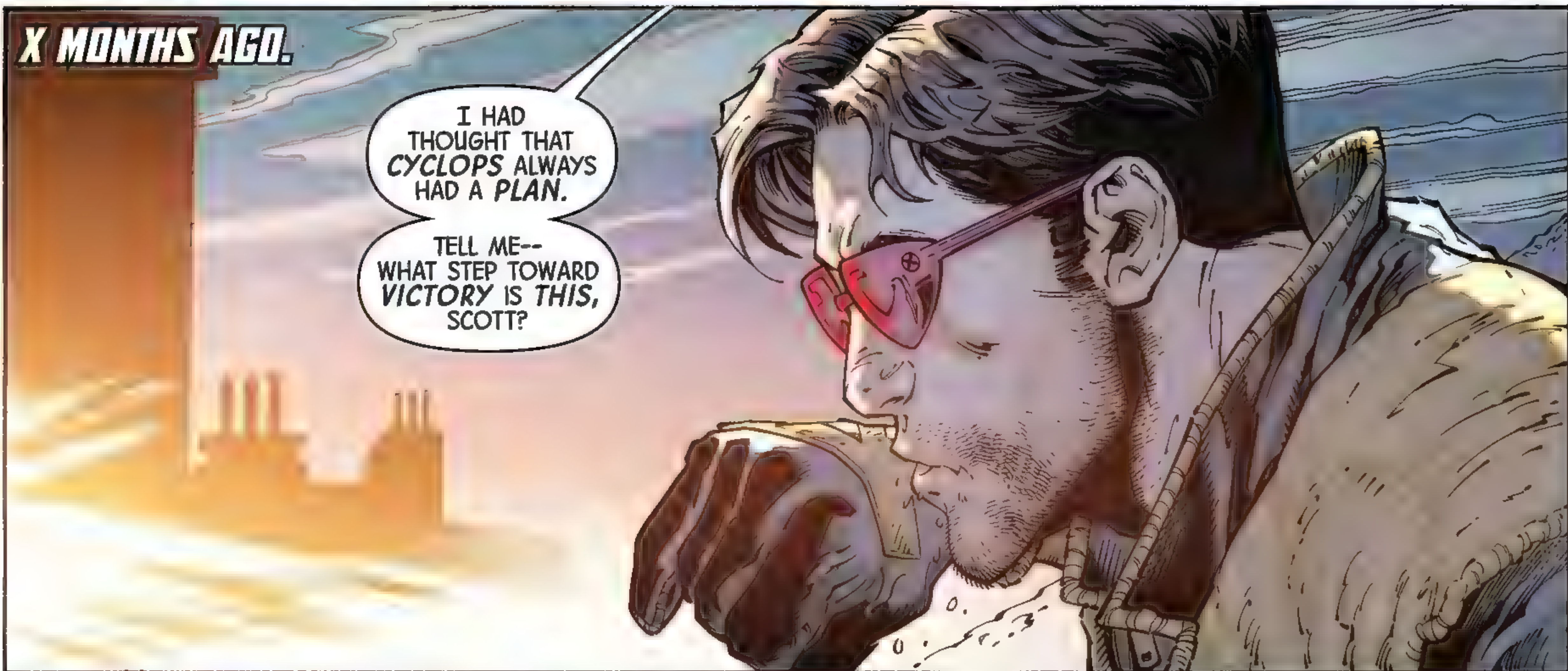
**THE IRON
NIGHT.**



X MONTHS AGO.

I HAD
THOUGHT THAT
CYCLOPS ALWAYS
HAD A PLAN.

TELL ME--
WHAT STEP TOWARD
VICTORY IS THIS,
SCOTT?



THE ONE
WHERE I TRY TO
IMAGINE JUST WHAT
EXACTLY "VICTORY"
MIGHT LOOK LIKE.
I'VE FORGOTTEN,
IT'S BEEN SO
LONG.

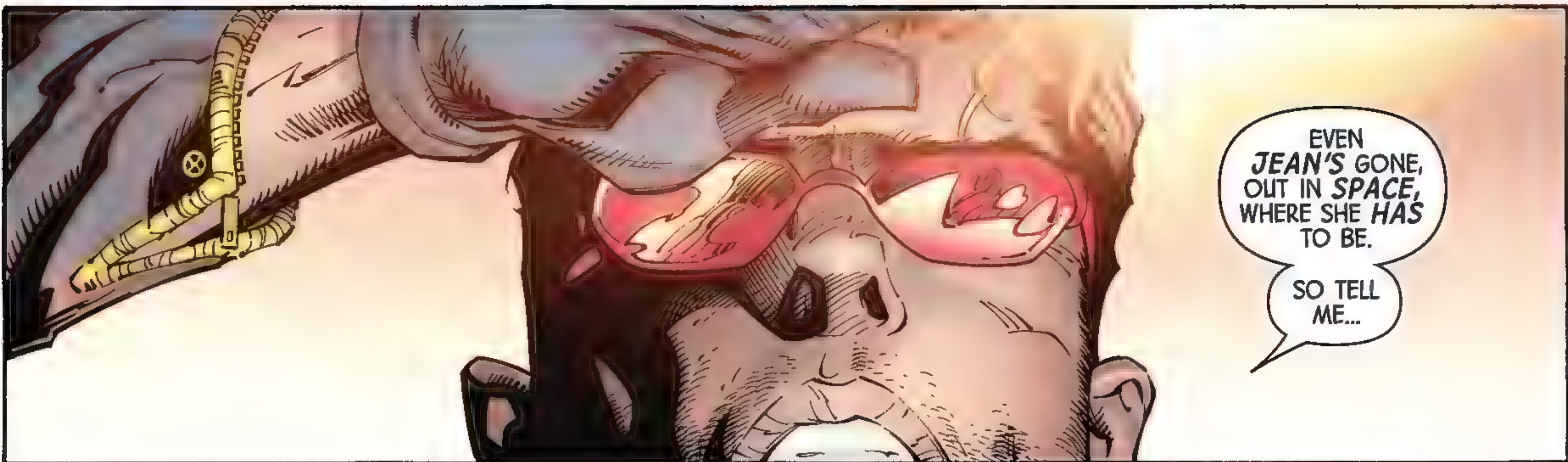
EVERYTHING
I WORKED FOR OVER
THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS?
THAT I **BLED** FOR?
DIED FOR?

IT'S
GONE.



EVEN
JEAN'S GONE,
OUT IN **SPACE**,
WHERE SHE **HAS**
TO BE.

SO TELL
ME...

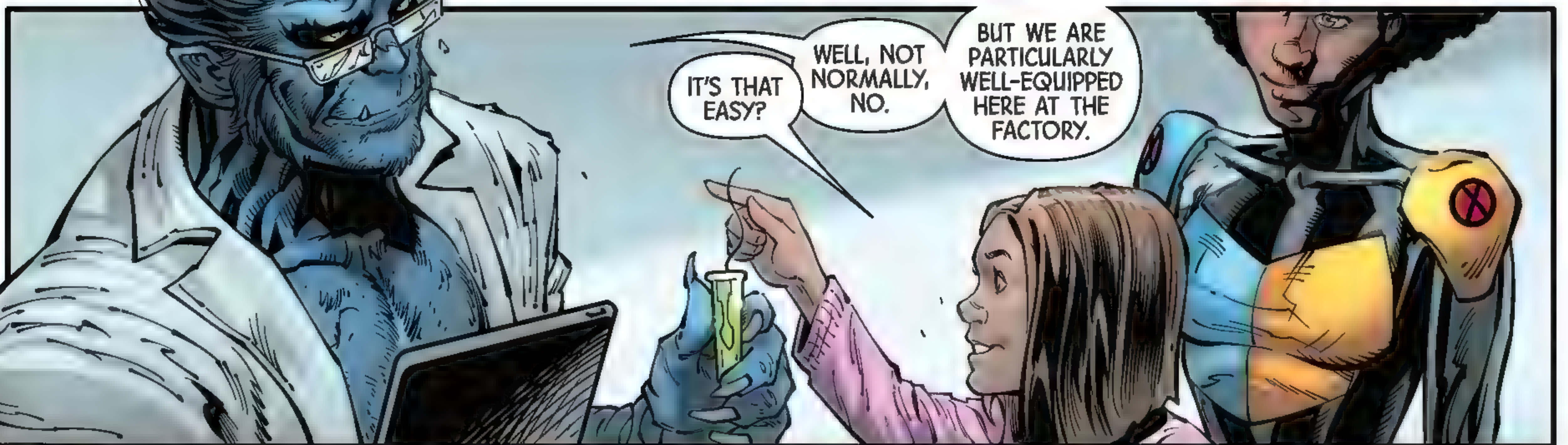
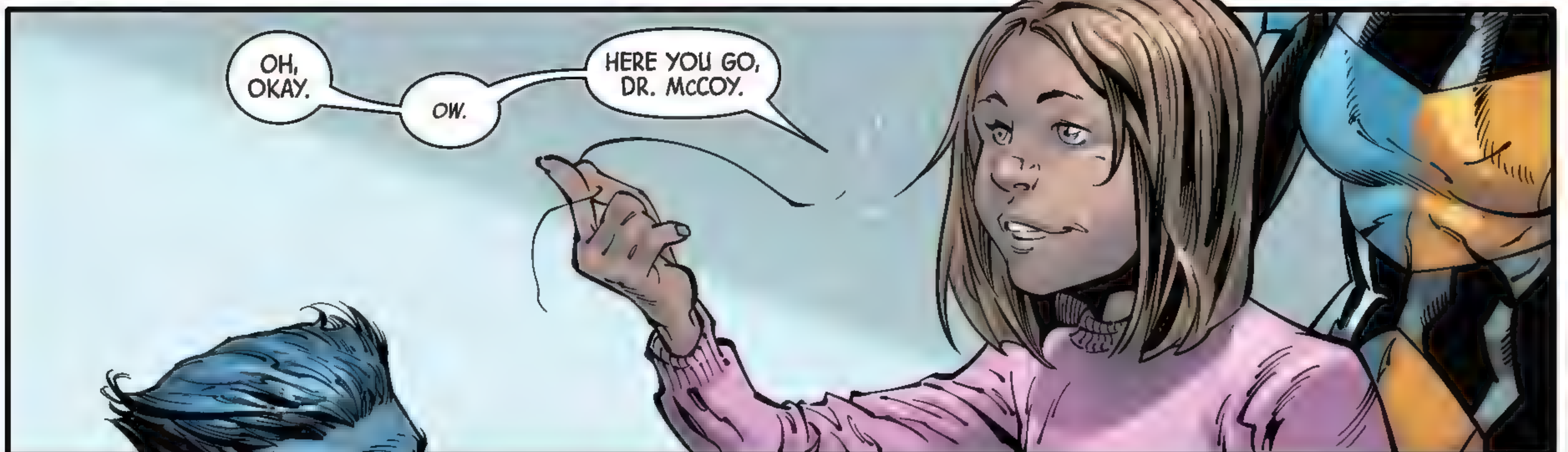




...DO YOU SEE
ANY VICTORIES
LYING AROUND,
MAGNETO?

BECAUSE
MAYBE I MISSED
THEM.

I'VE GOT
THIS THING WITH
MY EYES.





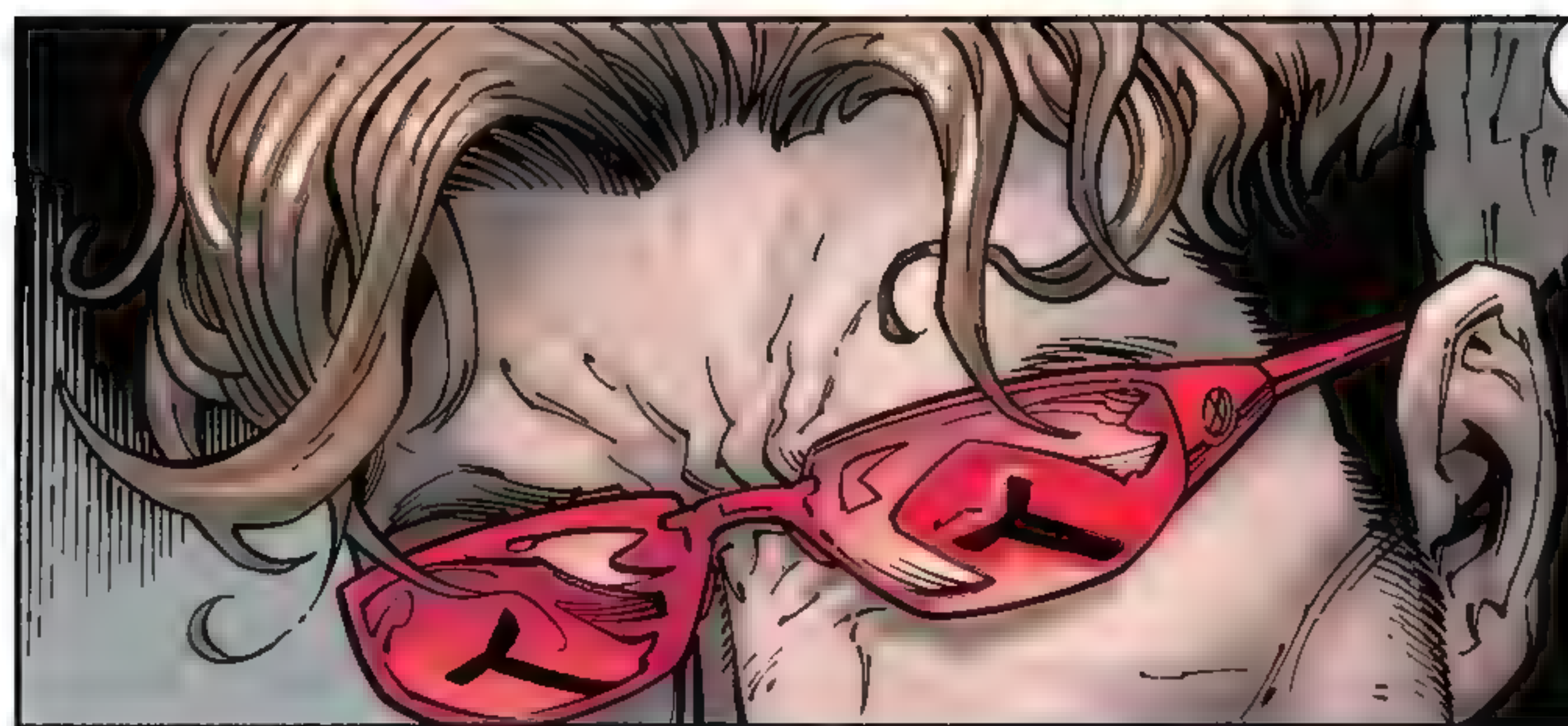
THIS IS
LOGAN BEHAVIOR,
SCOTT.

WELL,
EVERYONE LIKES
HIM.



OUR PEOPLE ARE IN *CRISIS*.
AND THEY LOOK TO
CYCLOPS.

YOU WERE
CHOSEN AS A BOY.
ANointed FOR
LEADERSHIP.



LOGAN IS EFFECTIVELY IMMORTAL. HE HAS THE *LUXURY*
OF TIME TO *WALLOW* IN HIS FEELINGS.

YOU DO
NOT. THAT IS YOUR
STRENGTH.

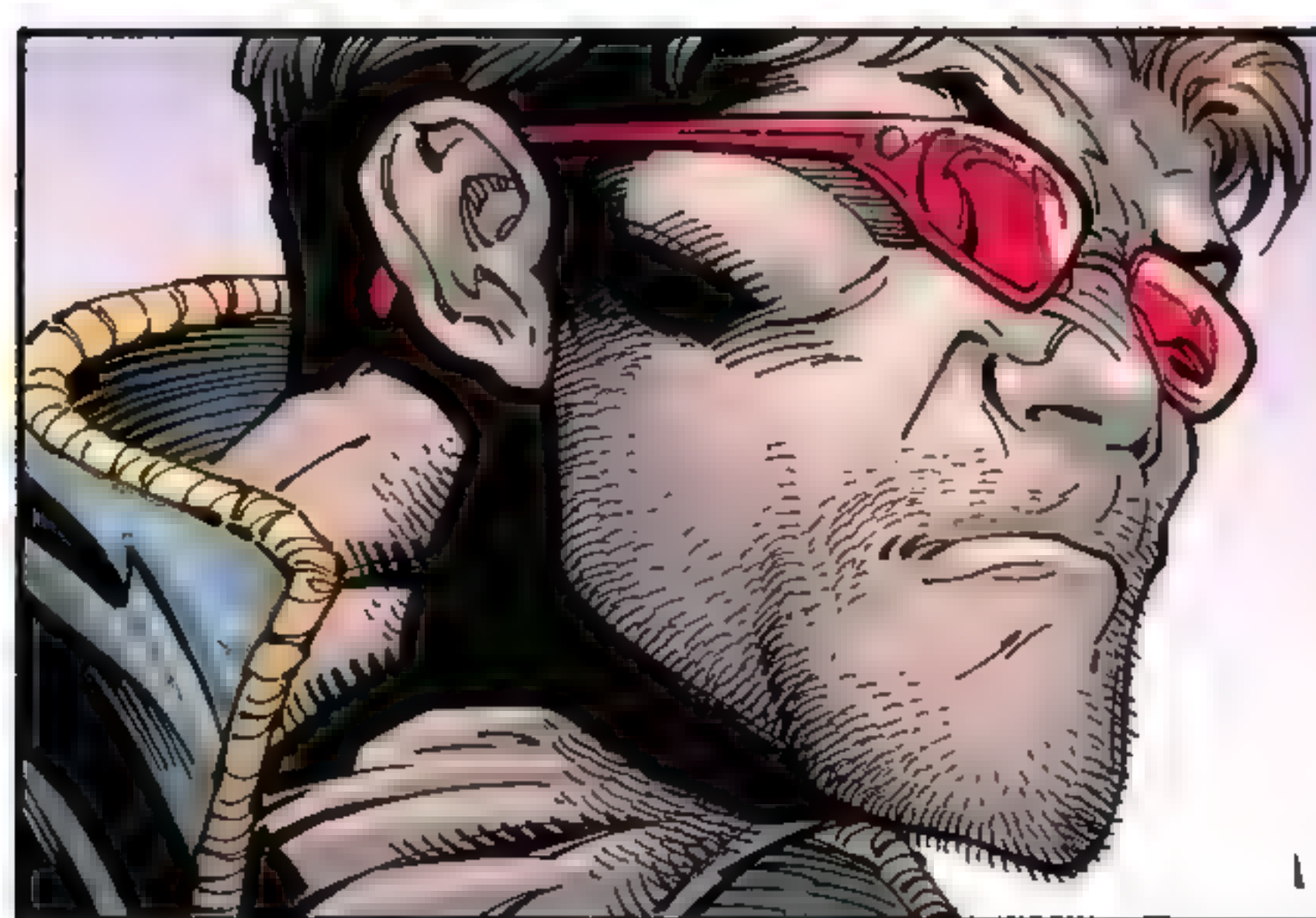
YOU HAVE
ALWAYS MOVED
FORWARD, BECAUSE YOU HAVE A
MISSION AND AN ALL-TOO-FINITE
LIFESPAN WITHIN WHICH TO
ACCOMPLISH IT.



I DIDN'T ASK
TO BE MADE INTO A
TEENAGED WARLORD.
TO HAVE THAT BE
THE TENOR OF MY
ENTIRE LIFE.

OF
COURSE YOU
DIDN'T.

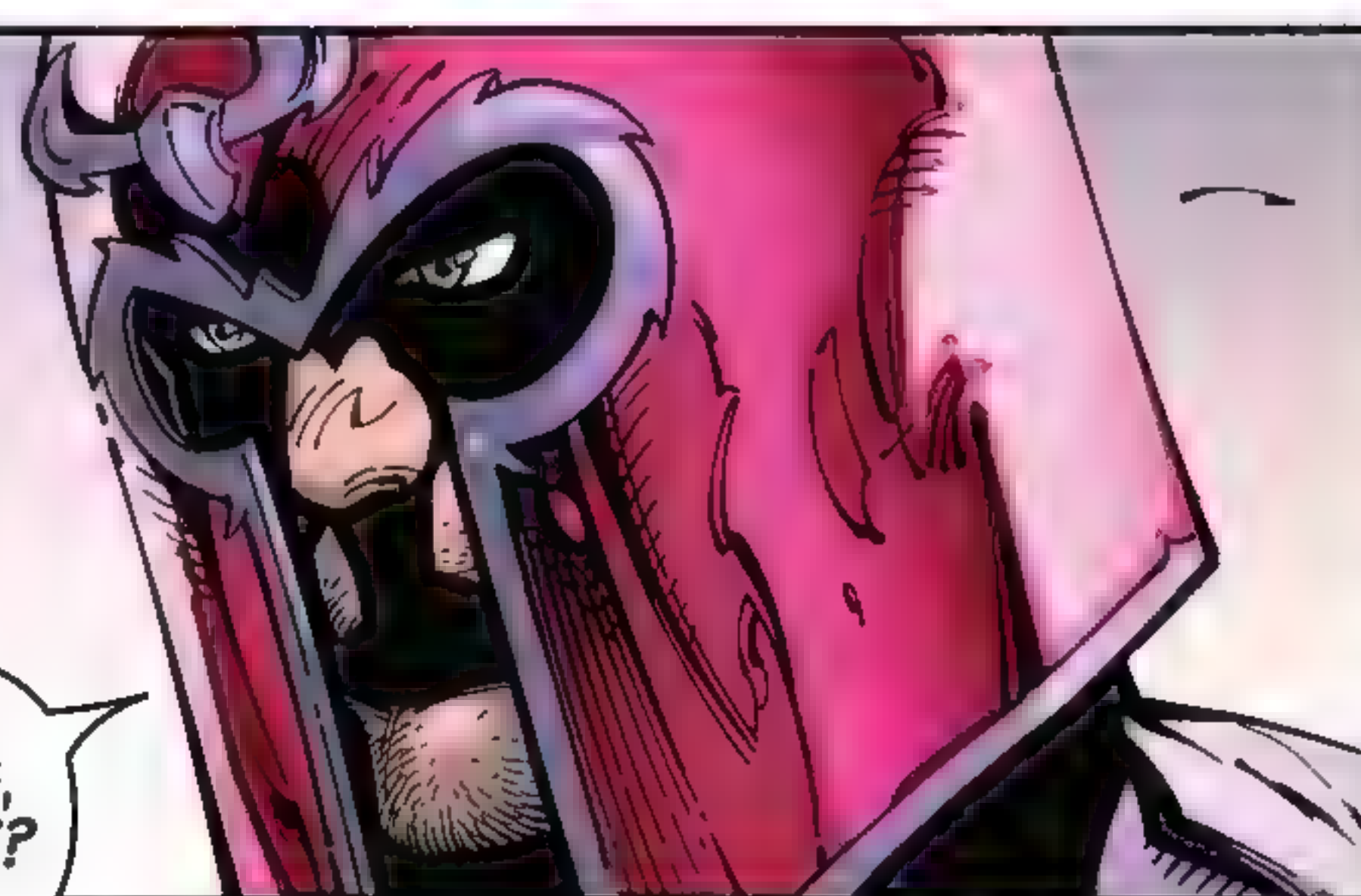
I NEVER
ASKED TO BE SENT
TO THE *CAMPS*, SCOTT.
I NEVER ASKED TO BE
HUNTED FOR WHAT
I AM, BE IT *JEW*
OR *MUTANT*.



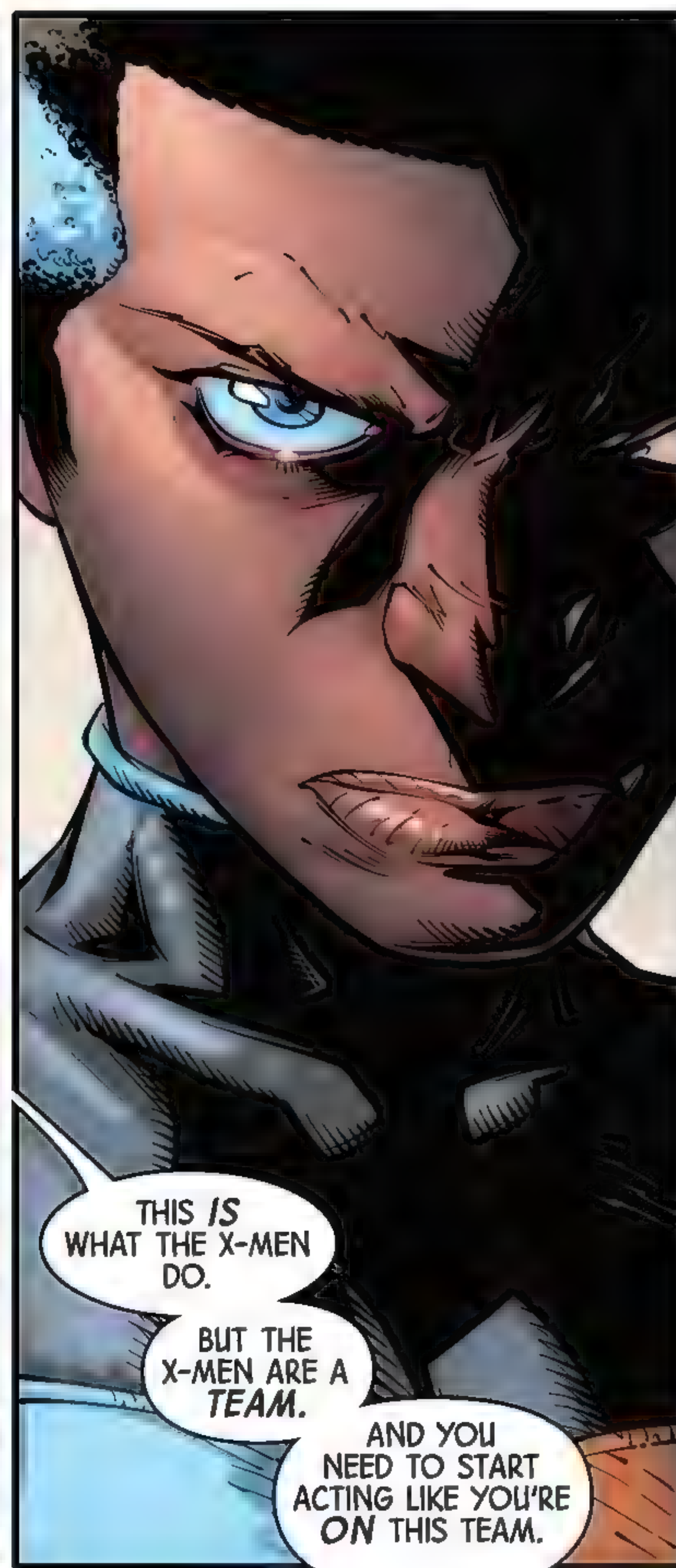
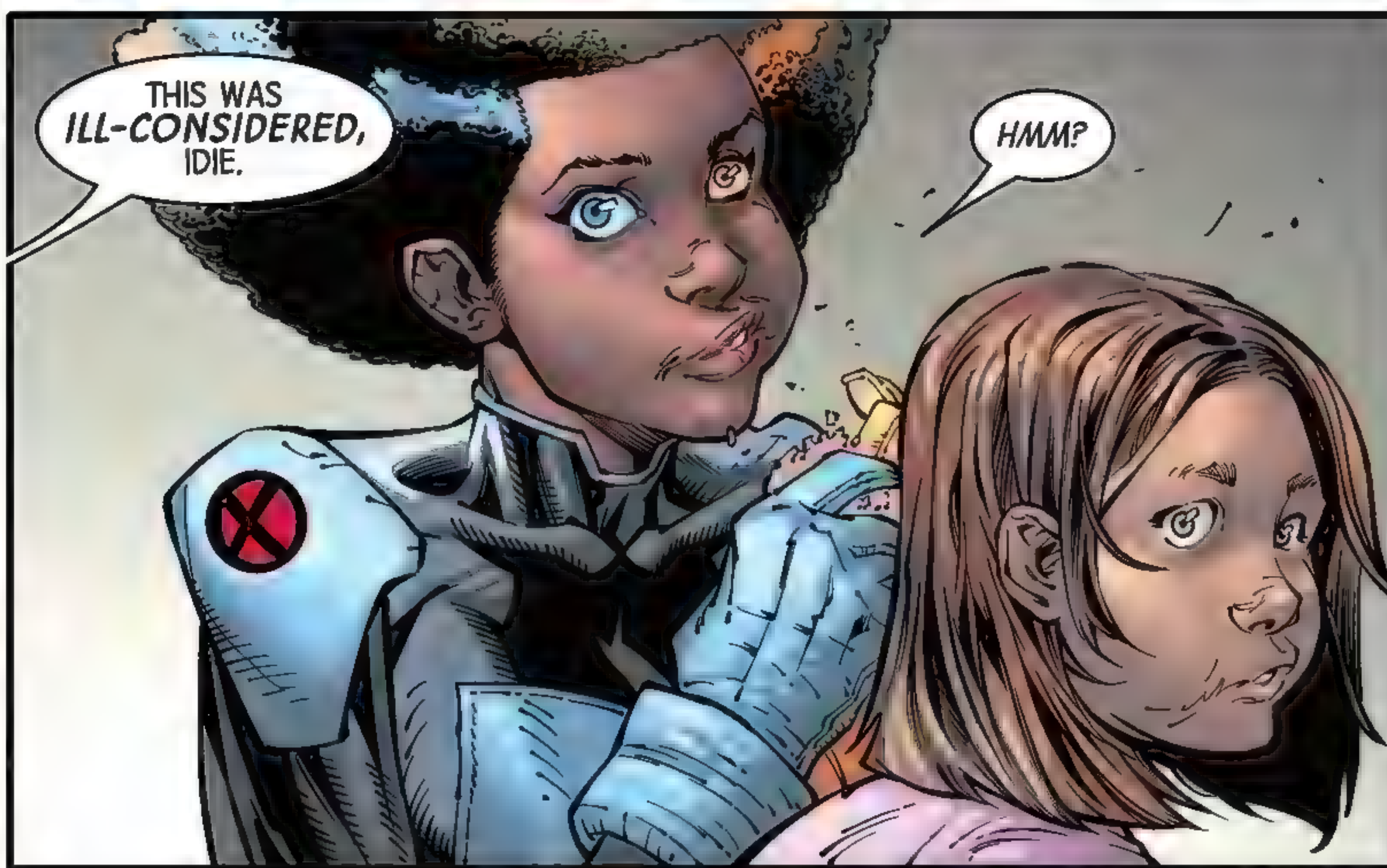
BUT *THE WORLD*
DOESN'T WAIT FOR
US TO ASK BEFORE IT
INFLECTS HORRORS
UPON US.

ALL WE
CAN DO IS *SPITE*
IT BY *SURVIVING*,
OR *DIE*.

WHAT
WILL IT BE,
CYCLOPS?









YOU'VE SPENT
TWO WEEKS DRINKING
TERRIBLE BEER AND STARING
AT A **SENTINEL**
FACTORY?

GOD, NO
WONDER YOU'RE
DEPRESSED.



THIS LODGE
HAS BEEN IN MY
FAMILY FOR DECADES.
THERE'RE A LOT OF
GOOD MEMORIES
HERE.

AND NOW
EVEN **THAT'S**
GONE, SINCE THEY
BUILT THAT
FACTORY.

BECAUSE
EVEN HERE, A PLACE
THAT I ONCE LOVED,
I'M CONFRONTED WITH
CRUEL TRUTHS ABOUT
THE WORLD AND **OUR**
PLACE IN IT.



LOOKED
AT **THAT** WAY,
I SUPPOSE.

BUT THAT
FACTORY WAS
SHUT DOWN.
IT WILL **NEVER**
BUILD ANOTHER
SENTINEL.

WHILE **YOU**
AND **I** STILL LIVE
TO FIGHT.

LOOK AT IT
NOT AS CONSTANT
INSULT, BUT AS THE **SKULL**
OF YOUR **ENEMY**, SET
OUT ON A STAKE AS
A **WARNING**.

MAX, THE
AVENGERS
TRASHED THE
FACTORY,
NOT **US**.

DO **NOT**
PICK APART MY
RHETORIC, YOUNG
MAN.

AND GIVE
ME ANOTHER OF
YOUR TERRIBLE
BEERS.



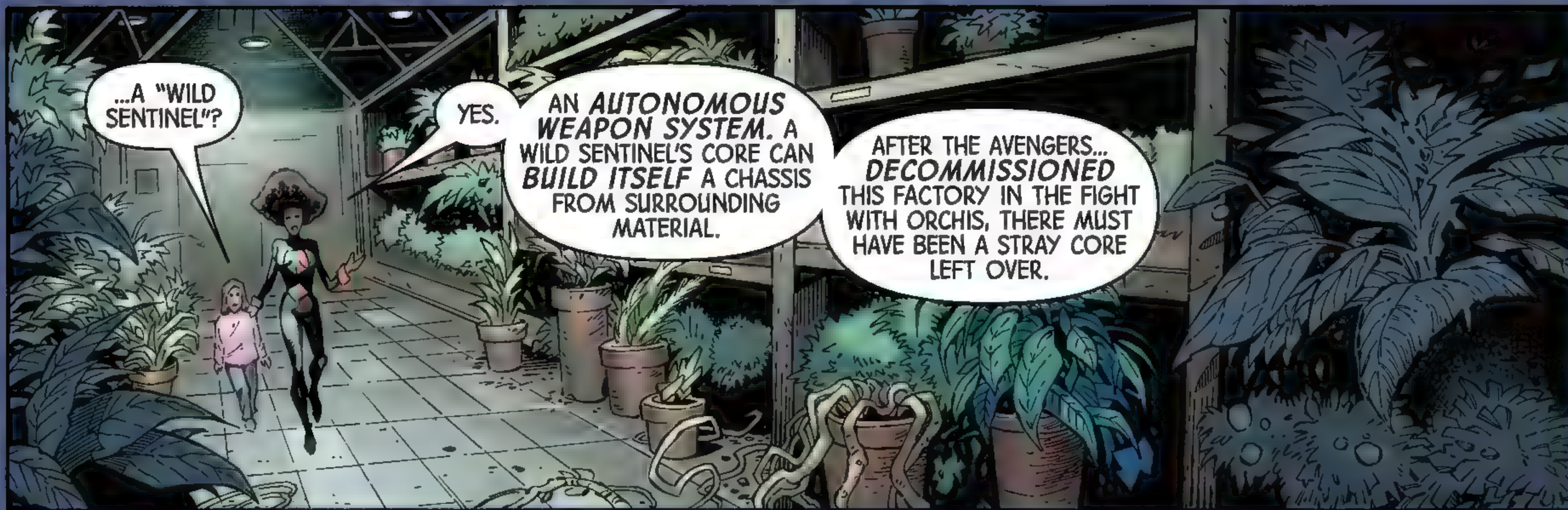
I **KNEW**
YOU'D WARM UP
TO THEM.

IT'S THE
FAINT TASTE OF
DOG--

CRASHH

WHAT
WAS THAT?



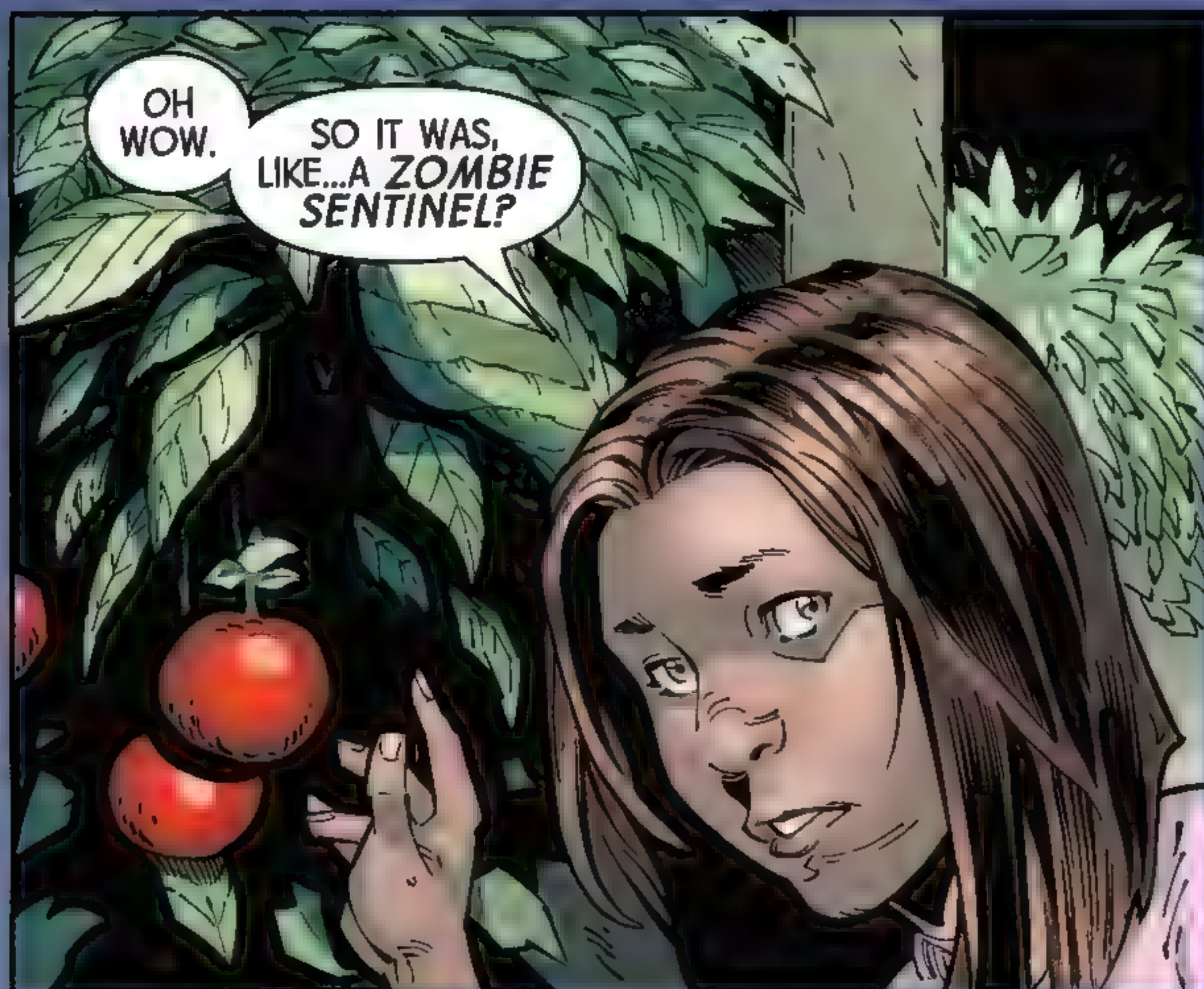


...A "WILD SENTINEL"?

YES.

AN AUTONOMOUS WEAPON SYSTEM. A WILD SENTINEL'S CORE CAN BUILD ITSELF A CHASSIS FROM SURROUNDING MATERIAL.

AFTER THE AVENGERS... DECOMMISSIONED THIS FACTORY IN THE FIGHT WITH ORCHIS, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A STRAY CORE LEFT OVER.



OH WOW.

SO IT WAS, LIKE...A ZOMBIE SENTINEL?



I... SURE, THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.



IT WALKED FROM THE FACTORY TO THE TOWN LIKE IT WAS *FRANKENSTEIN*. LIKE A MONSTER. OR...NO.

IT WAS A MONSTER.



AND I KNEW IT WAS COMING FOR ME.

I...

"...I KNOW WHAT THAT'S LIKE."*







...SHOULD
HAVE BURNED THAT
FACTORY TO THE
GROUND.

DAMN
WILD SENTINEL
TECH!

PLAN,
CYCLOPS?

WILD
SENTINELS ARE
MORE ADAPTABLE
THAN **BASELINE**
MODELS.

I'D ESTIMATE
I CAN HIT IT...
THREE TIMES
BEFORE IT ADAPTS
COUNTERMEASURES
TO MY OPTIC
BLASTS.

BUT I'VE
TRASHED MORE
SENTINELS THAN
MOST. IF YOU CAN GIVE
ME THE OPENING, I
CAN KILL IT.

WHATEVER
IT'S DOING, IT'S
GOING THROUGH
MERLE TO
DO IT.

WE NEED
TO STOP IT IN ITS
TRACKS.





YOU'LL GET
THREE BLASTS,
YOU SAY.

HOW
MANY DO YOU
NEED?

IF I
HAVE A
CLEAR SHOT
AT ITS A.I.
CORE?

ONE.



THEN
YOU SHALL
HAVE IT.



DON'T
MISS.



CHANGE

THERE IS NO
PLACE IN THIS
WORLD FOR YOU
ANYMORE.

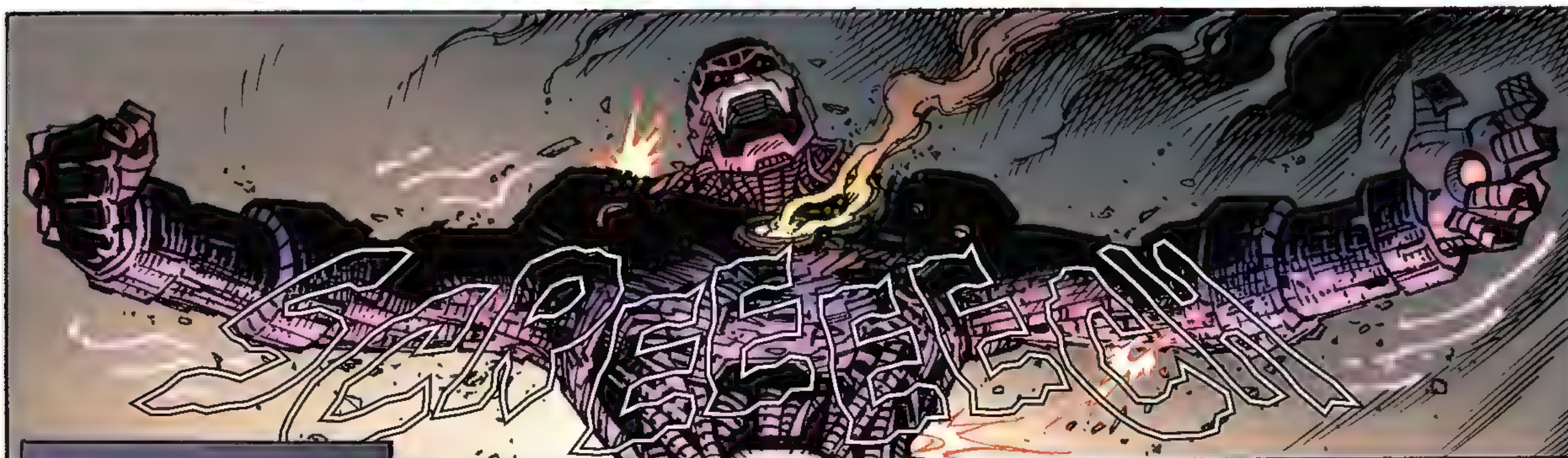
YOU
ARE A RELIC. A
REMNANT.

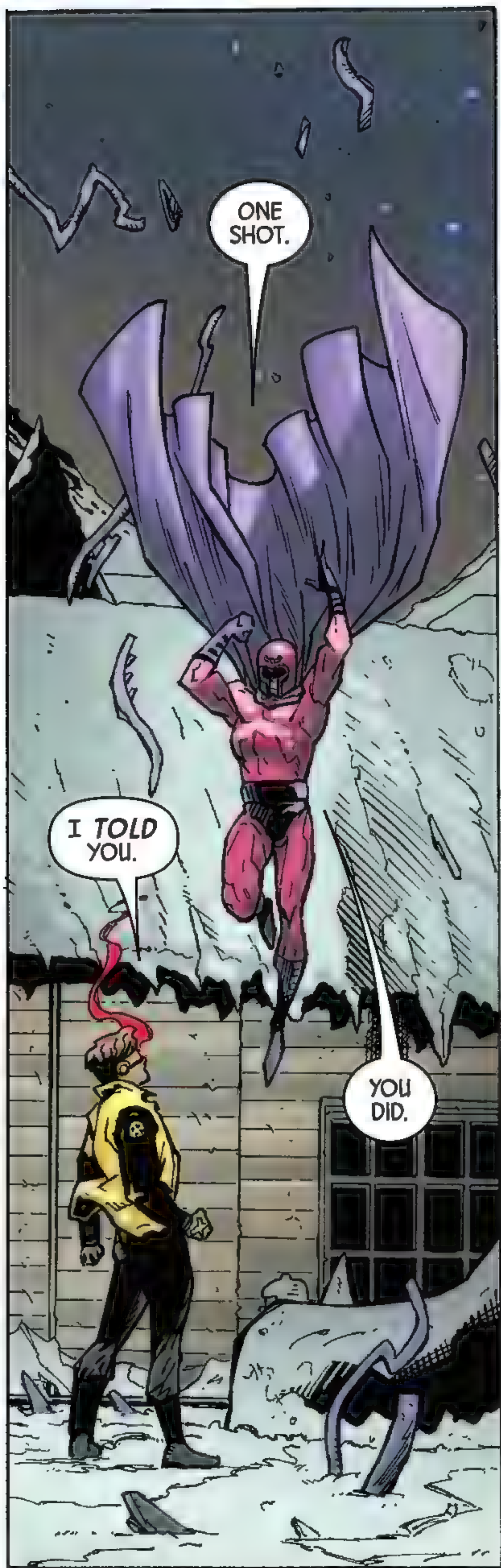
A
MONUMENT TO
HATRED.

RNN--
TO
FEAR.

BUT I--
HRRN--
DO NOT HATE
OR--RNN--
FEAR.

STRONGER
THAN--
--YOU
SHOULD
BE!



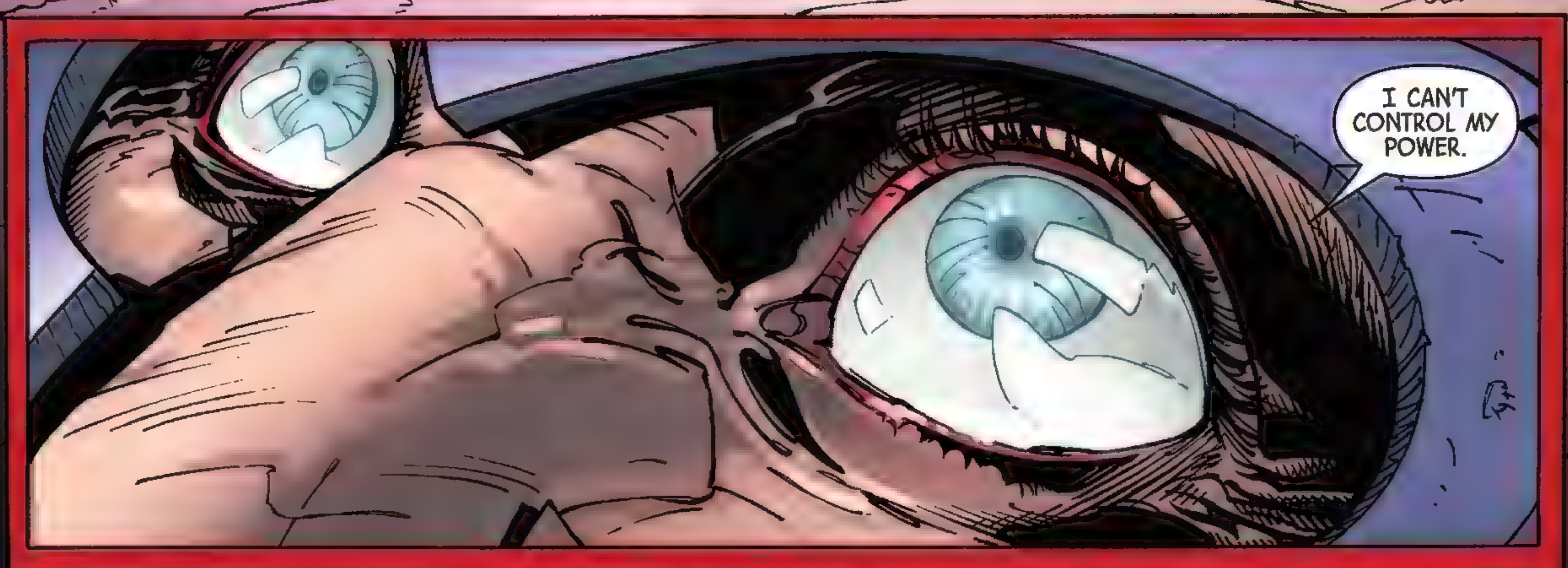




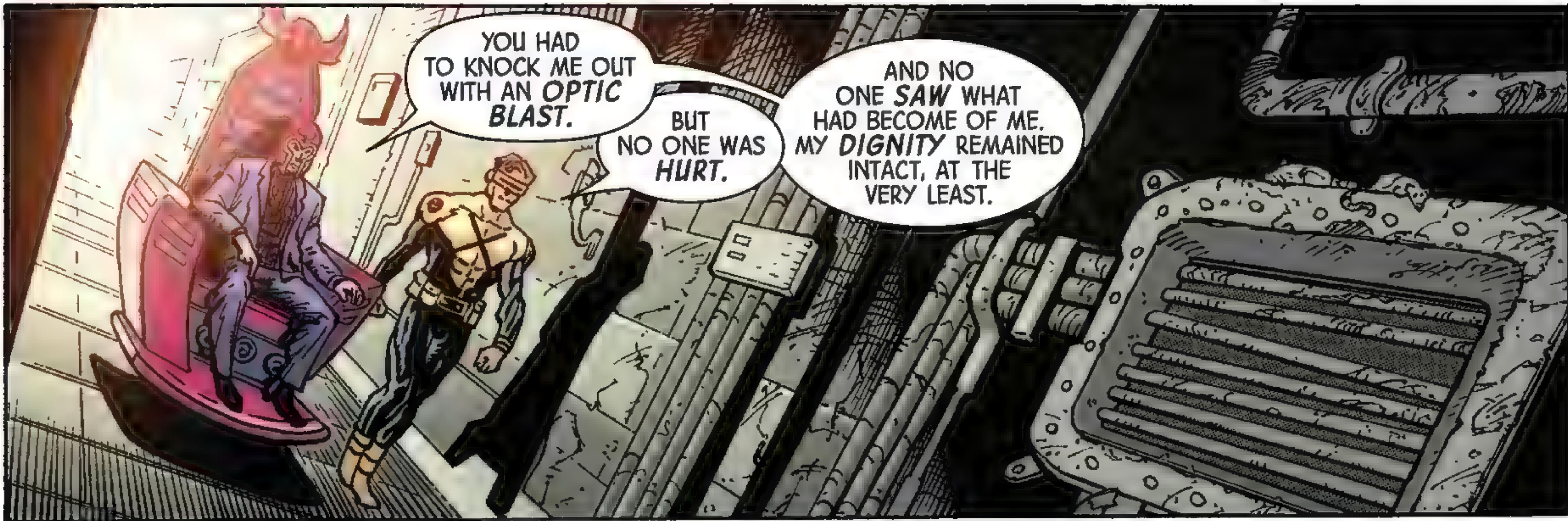
MAGNETO!

WHAT IS THIS--?

I CAN'T--



I CAN'T CONTROL MY POWER.



YOU HAD TO KNOCK ME OUT WITH AN OPTIC BLAST.

BUT NO ONE WAS HURT.

AND NO ONE SAW WHAT HAD BECOME OF ME. MY DIGNITY REMAINED INTACT, AT THE VERY LEAST.



R-LDS.

RESURRECTION-LINKED DEGENERATIVE SICKNESS.

AS IT TURNED OUT, THERE WAS A PRICE TO BE PAID FOR CHEATING DEATH. A FLAW IN THE DIAMOND THAT WAS KRAKOAN RESURRECTION.



WE DON'T KNOW THAT FOR SURE.

HANK IS TRYING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT. HE'LL FIGURE IT OUT--



THE WEAKENING OF MY BODY IS ONE THING. BUT LOSING CONTROL OF MY POWERS?

I AM JUST THE FIRST OF US AFFECTED.

AND I WAS ONLY RESURRECTED BY THE FIVE ONCE.



HOW MANY TIMES WERE YOU RESURRECTED, SCOTT?

HOW MANY TIMES WAS QUENTIN QUIRE?

WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN AN OMEGA-LEVEL TELEPATH LOSES CONTROL OF HIS POWERS?



THE RESULTS ARE IN.

PIPER COBB, YOU ARE...



...ONE HUNDRED PERCENT *HOMO SAPIENS SAPIENS*.

WHICH IS TO SAY: YOU ARE A HUMAN BEING AND NOT A MUTANT.

WHAT? NO, THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT...

I'M SO **HUNGRY** ALL THE TIME, AND THE **CRAMPS** AND **PAINS**--



I THOUGHT...

I WAS SURE...

IT'S ALL RIGHT.

NOW YOU **KNOW**. THE SENTINEL WASN'T AFTER YOU.



SO, WHAT... WHAT DO I DO NOW?

ILLYANA AND I WILL TAKE YOU HOME, AND YOU WILL WAKE YOUR MOTHER UP. THINGS CAN GO BACK TO NORMAL.

NOTHING IS NORMAL IN MY HOUSE, IDIE.

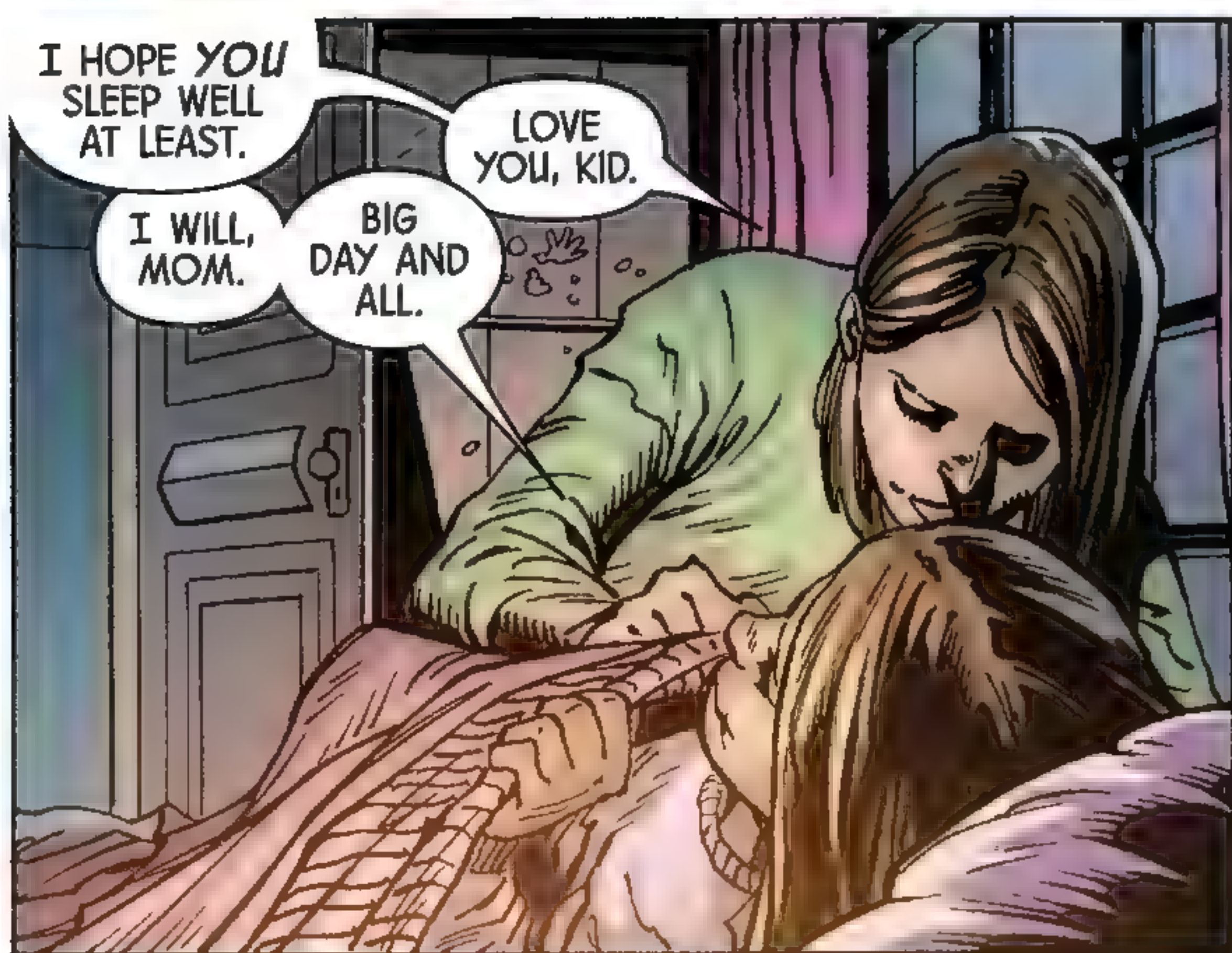


I KNOW. THERE...THERE IS **LITTLE** I CAN DO ABOUT YOUR MOTHER.

EXCEPT FOR **THIS**: WHEN SHE **NEXT** BRINGS YOU TO PROTEST, I WILL BE WHERE YOU FIRST SAW ME.



AND THEN I WILL **SMILE**, JUST FOR YOU, AND YOU WILL KNOW YOU HAVE A **FRIEND**.



THE NEXT MORNING.



--QUENTIN,
I HAVE LUNCH
PLANNED WITH THE
CHIEF OF POLICE. I DO
NOT HAVE *TIME*
TO ARGUE WITH
YOU.



YOU SIMPLY ARE
NOT ALLOWED TO
STRIP MY QUINJET FOR
PARTS TO FEED TO THE
MARAUDER!



"OBSOLETE"?
THAT IS A MK1
QUINJET, YOU
PHILISTINE. A
CLASSIC--



UrrkK!



...HUNK OF
JUNK, MORE
LIKE.

MCCOY?

MCCOY?



X-MEN

“The dream is dead.
So, what **now**?”

That was my question going forward in trying to figure out what an X-Men book would look like after the end of the Krakoa Era. An enormous, powerful chapter of the X-Men had just closed, and while that story was over, the X-Men continued, like they always did. And the answer to that question turned out to be a simple one—the dream may be dead, but the dreamers live on. Where there was once the one dream of Krakoa, its absence has created a vacuum to be filled with a host of others. Cyclops dreams of defiance from his Factory in Alaska, while others take root in New Orleans, Chicago, New York and Hollywood, none of their dreams the same. The future of the species is wide-open—whose dream will define the next step of mutant evolution?

Some mutants have reintegrated back into the human world. X-MEN isn't about those mutants: Ours are the ones who can't, won't, go back. Former mutant terrorists, villains

and assassins, our misfit X-Men have built a home and a base from the ruins of the previous age. Let the world hate and fear the X-Men. If the world has a problem, the world knows where to find them: a home built on the bones of shattered Sentinels, marked with an X.

The dream is dead, and so new dreams rise.

(But among those dreams, like a shark in a shoal, is a nightmare: one called 3K.)

There's trepidation in starting a new volume of X-MEN, especially coming in the wake of something as important to people as Krakoa was. But there's excitement as well, excitement fit to drown the trepidation. Ryan Stegman, JP Mayer and Marte Gracia have been creating extraordinary work in careers where extraordinary is the norm—the sheer physicality and power of Ryan's lines, as described by JP's inking, combined with Marte's signature sugar-shock colors, make this book positively vibrate in your hands. I mean, if you're reading this, you

already know what I'm talking about. We're all working to make the best X-Men book we can, so I hope you'll stick with us and see what's coming down the pike.

I just hope we survive the experience.

—Jed MacKay
Halifax, Nova Scotia







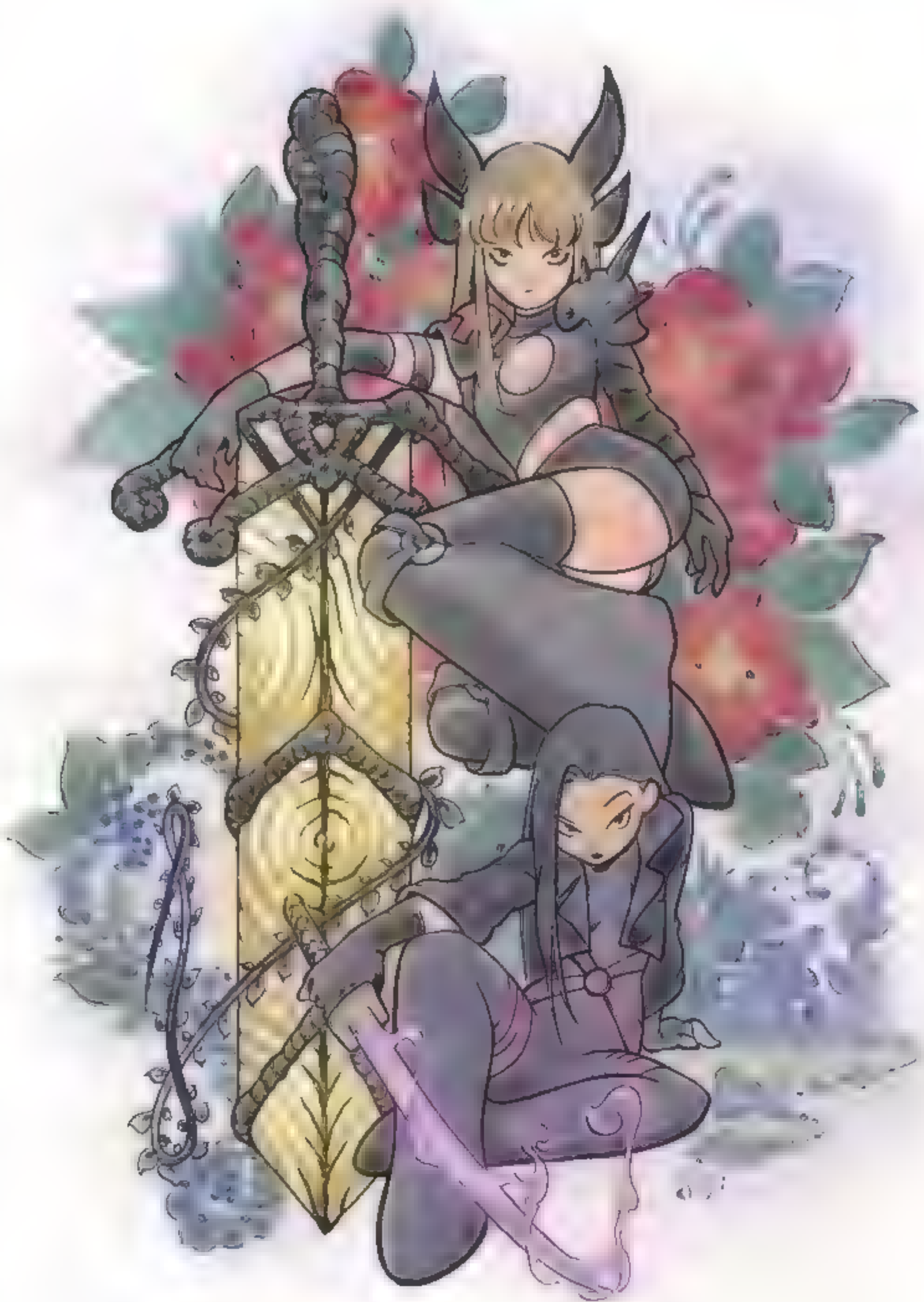
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PEACH MOMOKO



#1 Negative Space Variant by
JOHN TYLER CHRISTOPHER



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#2 Disco Dazzler Variant by
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#4 Variant by
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#5 Variant by
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ALESSANDRO CAPPuccio & MARTE GRACIA**



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ROGÊ ANTÔNIO & MARCELO MAIOLO**



**#6 Variant by
DERRICK CHEW**



#6 Variant by **JULIAN TOTINO TEDESCO**



#7 Variant by CORY SMITH & MORRY HOLLOWELL



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FROM THE ASHES OF THE KRAKOAN ERA, A NEW AGE BEGINS FOR THE X-MEN!

KRAKOA IS GONE, ORCHIS HAS FALLEN — but the X-Men remain, always. Cyclops leads, because that is what he does. Beast builds, because that is what he does. And from their new home in Alaska, the X-Men raise a flag of defiance. Mutant business is their business. Join Scott, Hank, Magneto, Psylocke, Kid Omega, Temper, Magik and the unstoppable Juggernaut as new forces in the world move into position, battling for the destiny and philosophy of the mutant species. And when a crisis arises in San Francisco, the X-Men must test their mettle against an entire invading alien fleet! But how did they come to possess their HQ, the Factory, and how difficult of a position does that put them in? Plus: The shocking return of Trevor Fitzroy and the Upstarts!

COLLECTING X-MEN (2024) #1-7 —
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